THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aᵒ. Dⁱ. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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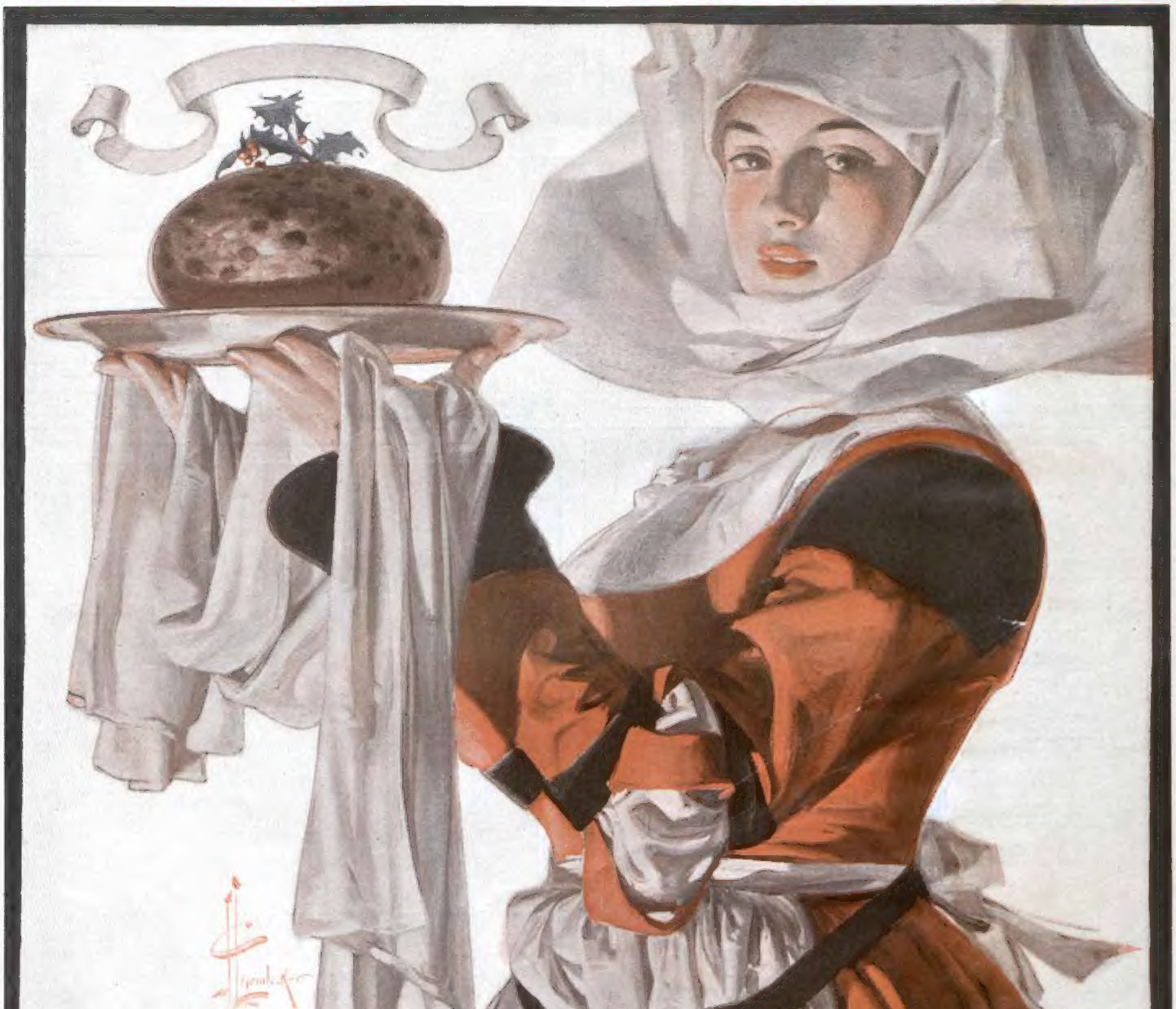

DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

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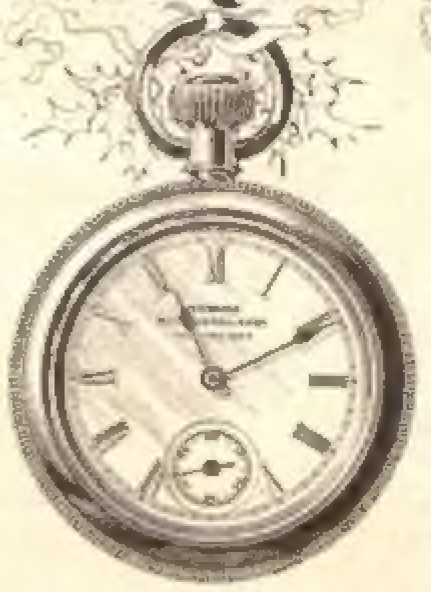

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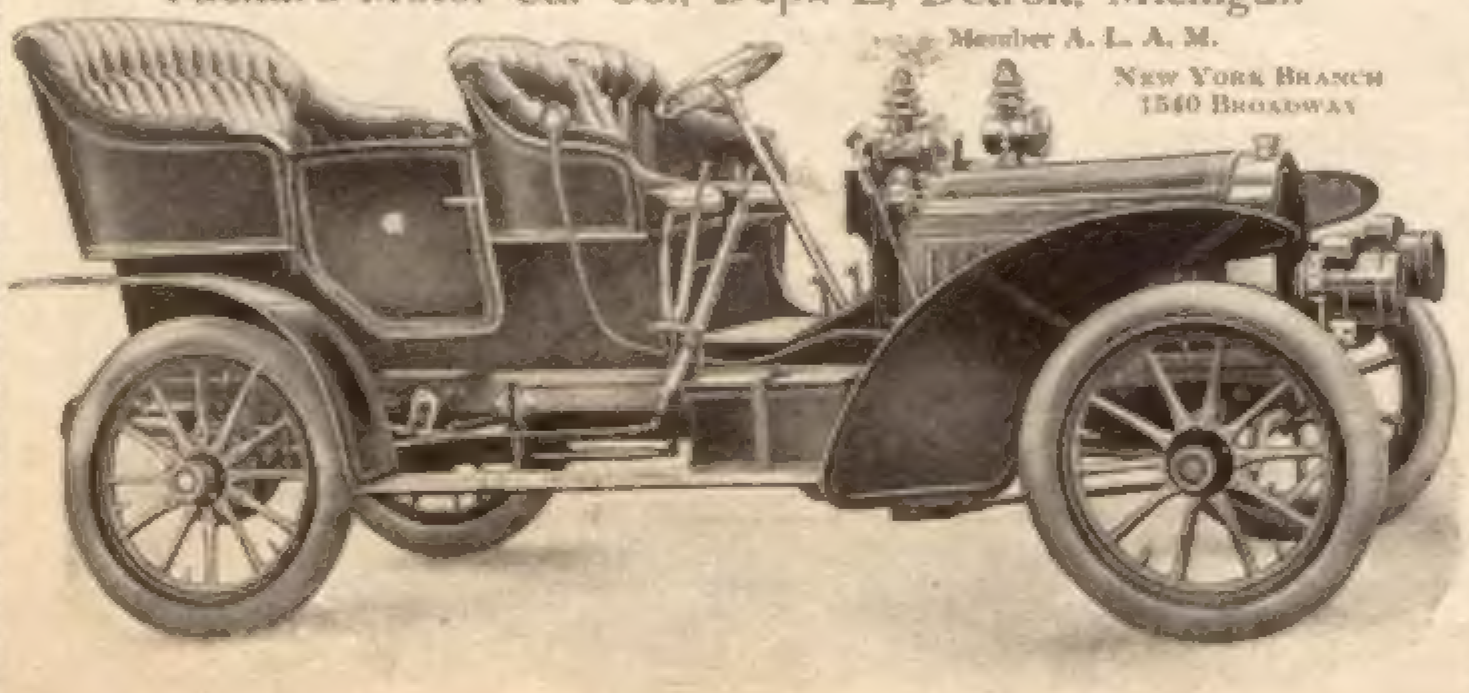

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THE REORGANIZATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

The Great Problems Before the Nation

By William Allen White

THE meaning of the result of the recent general election seems to be a personal triumph for President Roosevelt. That is the biggest thing on the horizon of politics — chiefly because it is so near. Of course, the effect of the result on the Democratic party, and also on the Republican party, is plain, being also well in the foreground of the national consciousness. But, beside the splendid dramatic and understandable climax of the scene in the American political drama, with the victory of the hero over the powers which conspired against him, the fortunes of the two party organizations are of no more real importance to the audience than the fortunes of the contending mobs of supers in a play. Every one who stops a moment to consider the matter knows that the Democratic party must be reorganized; that it must return to its historic place as the party of criticism and opposition, and that it must decide, in the next four years, just exactly what it will criticise and oppose, and not content itself, as it did in this campaign, with mildly coughing behind its hand at Republican principles and programs. Similarly, serious consideration of the subject will convince the casual student of affairs that the Republican party must also be repaired and refitted.

The Republican party of the nineties is not the Republican party of to-day. Not merely have issues changed — protection and the gold standard becoming obsolete by their general acceptance — but the basic principles of issues have changed in the four years last past. The Republican party has turned the corner and is now on a new road. So strong is the leash of party loyalty on men that few Republicans realize how far they are in a new highway, going in a different direction from that which McKinley led them. The average Republican has not begun to feel strange among the new issues, because he is surrounded by his old party friends. But for three years the party has been following President Roosevelt, and he has led the way from the consideration of problems that concern the accumulation of national wealth toward problems that concern its equitable distribution.

For thirty years the great issue with Americans, dominating public questions and private plans, has been: How to get rich. Protection was a plan to make us rich. It promised to give the nation a huge balance of trade, and kept its promise. It guaranteed to open the mills, making manufacturers enormously wealthy and giving workingmen employment at better wages than the European scale, and the guarantee was made good. Similarly the establishment of the gold standard was a pledge that capital would increase itself in trade in which labor should be employed at living wages, and the pledge was kept. The anti-trust law and the law establishing the railroad commission were laws of another sort, but, though they were enacted, they were held in the background, the one hardly enforced at all and the other enforced perfunctorily in too many cases. For instance, in the eight years that Grover Cleveland was in office he instituted only forty-one suits to enforce the laws for the protection of commerce. McKinley's record is almost parallel. But in the three years that President Roosevelt was in office he started fifty-eight suits to make the pirates of commerce let loose of some of their booty. These laws for the protection of commerce are not laws that concern the production of wealth, but rather concern its distribution; and nearly every great measure which Theodore Roosevelt has advocated before Congress with any zeal has been a measure which would compel the freebooters of interstate trade to divide their ill-gotten plunder with the people from whom it was immorally, if not illegally, obtained. That part of Wall Street which is engaged in speculation and promotion, and not in honest upbuilding of legitimate industries, regards Roosevelt as an enemy to property rights. And by a curious process of political alchemy the rank and file of the Republican party — men who shuddered at the theories of Bryan — regard President Roosevelt as the special defender of the commandment against stealing.

A New National Attitude

THIS is a new attitude toward property for the American people to take. Property rights have been held sacred. Heretofore the people have not gone behind the abstract of title. Might made right. The rich man was good by reason of his wealth. Larceny paused somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars and became "misapplication of funds." At a million it became a "marvel of high finance." When a dispute concerned a sum of money set down in seven or eight figures the interference of the sheriff, until three years ago, was regarded by the American people as official impertinence, no matter what moral turpitude covered the disputant who was in the wrong. But that spirit has disappeared. The American people, following their leader, are now quite willing to believe that one set of morals must govern all men, and that mere wealth does not signify goodness, any more than mere poverty proves virtue. These things have been said a thousand thousand times before, but until now they have not come into the political creed of the people — for until now the people have not had a leader who made this doctrine a part of his working theory of life. The people are slow to make ideas and ideals part of their lives. Mere belief in the truth does not make the truth powerful in a people. The doctrinaires of social science have been preaching the equality of all men before the moral law for Heaven knows how long. But now the people have dramatized this idea, with Roosevelt as the hero, staged it at the recent election, and are making it a part of themselves.

Therefore the triumph of Theodore Roosevelt at the recent election means infinitely more than the personal victory of a man. Indeed, the fortunes of the President from now on are immaterial — except that he is needed as a leader during the few critical years while the new movement in American politics is taking solid form. But the tendency manifest in this election, to consider problems of distribution rather than those of the accumulation of wealth, is a strong, definite and permanent one in American politics. Theodore Roosevelt can give it great aid by merely living and working with the people during the coming four years, but the tendency has gone beyond him; it is in the heart of the people. Perhaps he had less to do with it than it had to do with his attitude. For the organs of publicity in this country — the reputable magazines, the great daily and weekly newspapers of high repute, the coming public men, Root, Taft, Folk, LaFollette, Bryan, Lodge, Knox, Leonard Wood, Jerome, Beveridge, Crane, Bailey of Texas, Butler of Columbia, Herrick of Ohio, and thousands of minor leaders of American thought, together with the spirit of the universities — reflect this conviction: the American problem is the problem of distribution, and not the production of wealth.

We know well enough how to get rich, but we do not know — as a nation or as individuals — how to be fair. The problem of distribution is the problem of fair play. Roosevelt calls it a "square deal." The issue is not between labor and capital, as such. That branch of the main issue is rather better expressed as the issue between wickedly aggrandized capital abusing its power and dishonestly organized labor viciously misusing its power on the one hand, and the ordinary run of American people on the other hand. But that is merely a branch of the issue; a vital branch, of course, just as honesty in public service is a branch of the issue; and it is big in the minds of the people just now. Also, on the other side, the encroachments of Government functions on the rights of the individual become an issue growing out of the main issue. This makes it difficult to define the main issue in explicit terms. Fair play and a square deal are something like the pledge to do right, capable of liberal construction. Yet the thing that is in the minds of the people as an issue is something like this: At some place between one million and a hundred millions a man must, in the piling up of wealth, gets enough; and enough means all that he needs to supply himself and his household with every sane luxury that modern civilization offers.

That certain men earn all these luxuries is beyond a question of a doubt; just as it is sure that millions of other men do not earn these luxuries. Mr. Rockefeller's invention of a system of distribution for oil and its by-products entitles him and his house to everything that civilization can offer. But after a man has enough it is not fair to society that he should use the surplus riches which society bestows on him to pile up wealth by oppressing the people. He should not, for instance, use his name and credit and ready cash to take money from the people in stock-jobbing schemes. He should not, for instance, use the power that vast wealth gives a man to corrupt legislatures and courts in order to thwart the people in their desire to establish equitable railroad rates, just tax laws, decent pure-food laws, honest laws protecting commerce. And that is just what aggrandized wealth is doing in America to-day.

Mr. Multi Millionaire, of New York City, has railroad attorneys under him in many States. These attorneys for certain railroads in which Mr. Millionaire is interested have other attorneys in their employ who try the lawsuits. Mr. Millionaire's assistants are primarily interested in politics. They control local policies, pack State conventions of both parties by furnishing passes contrary to law, handle legislatures as best they can, name United States Senators, who in turn name United States Judges, and the railroad interests which Mr. Millionaire represents in the West become the most powerful factors in the politics of these Commonwealths. Mr. Millionaire, who is probably a man of the highest personal charm and unquestioned personal probity, doubtless justifies his course by claiming that he is protecting the interests of his clients. What he really is doing is throttling local self-government. His agents do not use direct bribery — unless forced to it in an emergency — but they do use the power which their passbook — an illegal possession, by the way — gives them to prevent the people from expressing themselves freely and honestly about their own affairs.

Mr. Millionaire's case is but one of a score in which organized wealth uses its organization to oppress the people. Standard Oil's now famous deal in Amalgamated Copper is another instance. Still another is Mr. Morgan's manipulation of the Northern Securities Company merger. President Roosevelt thwarted this plot and held it up to public contumely. Jay Gould's excursion in Erie thirty years ago furnished another apt example of the power a rich man has to skin the people if he will. Not a month passes in this country that cases of the oppression of the people by organized wealth are not discovered and known of all men.

Not the Man, but the Principle

IT IS to shear organized wealth of its power for evil, and not to take from the rich man whose wealth is honestly earned an ounce of his power to enjoy the luxuries of life, that the fair-play problem, or, as Roosevelt puts it, the "square deal," has come into American politics. And it is this problem — or the desire to work on this problem — that underlies the personal triumph of Theodore Roosevelt at the polls. By the overwhelming popular vote that President Roosevelt received he is made the leader of this movement, and the Republican party is committed to the policy of the "square deal."

It is hard to believe that the party that eight years ago was advocating the policy of "hands off" is now ready to lay hands on capital, and such rough hands, too, when capital goes wrong. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, . . . lest one good custom should corrupt the world." And each change comes through the growth of righteousness in the people. Leaders may play and caper before high Heaven only inside the little ring made by popular intelligence. As the people see more and know more, leaders may do more.

Theodore Roosevelt has a larger field than Grant had, or than Harrison had, because he is the leader of a better people. The amount of white paper consumed by the printing presses is ten times more than it was in Grant's time. Free rural delivery, the railroad and the telephone have graded up the greenhorn. The generation that crowded the schoolhouses during the eighties is now entering mature life. It is impossible that there should be so much mental growth in the American people as there has been in the forty years since the war without a proportionate increase in moral perception. They can tell right from wrong, not merely in the little affairs of their own circumscribed lives, but in the larger affairs of public life.

That this growth has been slowly coming during the past generation is proved by the fact that one by one the bribe-takers have been forced out of public life, so that there is scarcely an unclean man in the American Congress. The leaders of the Senate of the forties and fifties would fail of election to-day if they were before the American people. It took a generation for the American people to see the iniquity of imprisonment for debt, and three generations for them to appreciate the moral obliquity of human slavery. Such things the American people to-day would see and remedy in a year. In 1892 the people saw no wrong in the campaign committees of both parties accepting contributions from persons or corporations expecting favors from the Government. If the concerns which would benefit by free trade desired to contribute to a free trade campaign fund no one cared, and when the manufacturers who would prosper by the establishment of protective tariffs on their wares contributed to the protective tariff campaign fund, Republicans said: Let those who ride pay fare. The thought that legislation was being sold for a price did not get far into the consciousness of the people. But in the recent campaign party leaders little and big, in the States as well as in the nation, were anxious to prove that only clean money passed through their hands; and the New York papers that were jocosely proud of Hanna's culinary achievements with the political frying-pan in '96 were horrified lest Cortelyou's hand might be smudged with a little fat. There was no reason why Hanna should collect contributions from trusts and why Cortelyou should not do so — except that the people in eight years have grown in moral sense, so that they can see why Cortelyou should not make the trusts deliver their wealth to him.

Ten years ago Theodore Roosevelt was regarded by the public generally and by his party leaders in particular as a pestiferous young mugwump, smart enough to maintain party regularity. Roosevelt has not changed. The people and the people's leaders have grown, so that they regard with worshipful confidence the very characteristics which a dozen years ago were under general suspicion. A man like Blaine could not lead the Republican party to-day in any State in the Union. The present leaders of the party who are not mere holdovers from the nineties are men who appeal to the moral convictions of the people. Righteousness is everywhere manifest in public life; and by righteousness one doesn't mean sanctimony or unctuous piety, but rather a desire to live a clean personal life, to observe the amenities of personal honor, to despise thieving in any of its many disguises, to avoid sham, to tell the truth, and to measure every deed by a personal conscience not cauterized by a life full of past wickedness and shame.

The Hour Brings the Man

EVERY American community knows of young and middle-aged men of that sort entering public life, and finding success there. And they are succeeding in politics because of the righteousness of the people. The popular mind begets the popular leaders; and Theodore Roosevelt leads the American people to-day because they believe he is a righteous man. Cleveland led them because they believed he was a brave man; Blaine was a magnetic leader; McKinley was shrewd and lovable. And for these predominant qualities these men were chosen. The qualities of the leaders in the past proved what the people were. And when the people chose Roosevelt because he was righteous — chose him four years ago in spite of his protests that he had other work — they proved their righteousness as well as his. They are now, therefore, in a proper mood to consider the problems waiting behind the door which they are about to enter.

Any real solution of the problems concerning the fair distribution of the vast wealth piling up in this country will require of the people absolute unselfishness tempered with high moral intelligence, because the temptation to meet private greed with public covetousness will be present while these questions are under discussion. The demagogue has been pretty generally retired from public life, but when these questions concerning the distribution of wealth come up the demagogue will return. When the country considers the problem of the trusts the tendency will be to make laws that will go too far, laws that will annihilate where they should control capital seeking investment in so-called trusts. When the railroad question is before the people the shyster in politics will seek popular favor by promising confiscatory laws. Heretofore reformers who have discussed these questions concerning wealth and its distribution have inflamed the people by calling their attention to the wrongs done by capital, without pointing out the obvious good that organized wealth has done and is doing in building American commerce. Reformers have been visionary and impractical, and, what is infinitely worse, they have stirred passions of hatred and malice and greed in the hearts of ignorant people, and the promised reforms have not come. A people filled with hatred and malice and greed, controlled by leaders that those vices breed, attacking hatred, malice and greed in the form of angered corporate wealth, can have only a fight — they cannot settle anything. Such qualities of heart and mind are not constructive. And so the problems most vital to the perpetuity of the liberties of the people and the permanence of this Government have remained open questions, waiting until a sane, conservative, unselfish nation should find itself in a mood to settle them righteously.

The time is ripe to begin. The election just over, wherein hundreds of thousands of Americans forsook their party for the sake of sheer patriotism, shows that a high purpose is moving in the nation. Strong passions are submerged in the desire to see absolute justice prevail between man and man. The "square deal" idea that appealed to men and made them vote for Roosevelt and send him an almost unanimous Congress is a rough phrase covering the noblest sentiment that has stirred American politics since the Emancipation Proclamation. That sentiment was too deep for noise and for the hurly-burly of partisan political demonstration; so men said it was a campaign of apathy. It was a campaign of righteous fervor. The votes prove it. The million plurality was not an indorsement of the Republican platform. It was not an indorsement of the Republican party. But neither was it a personal triumph for Theodore Roosevelt. It was a triumph for the ideals of common honesty, simple justice and courageous manhood, for which the American people believe most sincerely that Theodore Roosevelt stands. He is not a magnetic person. He can reduce the temperature of an audience by his oratory as quickly as any man in public life. They did not vote for him in spite of his ideals as they voted for Blaine; the people voted for Roosevelt because of his ideals, and for no other reason in the world. He played the dramatized part of Civic Righteousness in the great morality play before the people.

Merry Christmas at Oak Hall

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

OH, THEY were so wealthy and so exclusive! They were members of America's real aristocracy, and never a Sunday passed that their pictures did not appear in one or more of the brilliantly successful metropolitan newspapers.

There were ten of them — and another. The ten were social equals who could pay their little one hundred and twenty-five dollars a day at the St. Regis and not feel it. They all said so. They said that one hundred and twenty-five dollars a day for board and lodging was a mere bagatelle.

Mr. and Mrs. Evremond were giving the house-party at Oak Hall, their palace near Greenwich, a palace that had cost millions — so many millions that they had both lost count. One arrived at the palace after the passage of miles and miles of winding drives embowered by trees that had been transplanted at the age of five hundred years each. It takes money to transplant a five-hundred-year-old tree, and these had come all the way from California. There had been those who had said that such a thing could not be done, but Evremond was a man who knew not the word impossible. He did what he wanted, and he wanted to do whatever money could do. And money can do everything: so he did everything.

Each one of the eight guests (four men and their wives) had come up to the palace in an automobile that might have been made out of precious stones and yet not cost so much. There are bourgeois people who never talk of money. Why? Because they have so little that it is not worth talking about; but these people had so much and spent it so continually that, as they had to talk about something, they talked about it.

Oh, and the other! There were ten in the house-party, and there was also another. He was a pianist.

He had not come from New York in an automobile, but he had been met at the station by a very smart fellow in livery and had been driven over the miles of expensive macadam in an electric runabout that had cost three times what it was worth, and had been bought for that very reason.

Poor fellow, how out of place he was among these aristocrats! But it had been their mad whim to desire music, real music, and he was good looking and well mannered and would look well on a piano stool, and, besides, he had had the good sense to say that if he came as a guest it would cost nothing, but if he came as a pianist it would cost a thousand dollars for the four days of his stay. And Evremond had replied:

"My dear fellow, while we have no doubt, you understand, that you would shine as a guest, still we'd rather put it on a money basis and then we'll be free to ask you to play whenever we wish music. We thought of having the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but they had two concerts that interfered, and, besides, it would have been vulgar to make such a display of music as that."

And Evremond gave the young man a check for *two* thousand dollars in an expensive envelope, and the young man felt that the millionaire was a good sort in a way, because all these business details might have been left to the major-domo.

Christmas comes to rich and poor alike — that's one thing about Christmas. No matter how poor you may be Christmas will come if only you stay alive, and no matter how rich you are the passage of time brings Christmas. It fell out that this particular Christmas was a fine, frosty, sweet-aired day, full of good cheer; and the aristocrats all made merry. As became people of their position, they all went to a richly endowed church in the morning. This was a little unusual among people so excessively rich, but it must be remembered that these people were unusual in every way.

While they were gone from the palace the poor musician (who was really no longer poor with a two-thousand-dollar-check in his pocket) browsed in the library among the standard works, but his hand got so tired cutting the leaves that at last he stopped reading and amused himself by improvising on the piano. He did not go to church, for he was a

Unitarian, and there was no Unitarian church in the neighborhood. But he felt thankful for all his benefits, and determined that some of his money should go among those whose Christmas had been less happy than his.

At his own request the musician had eaten his meals in his own room, for he was proud, and pride takes curious forms. Instead of being proud to eat with these expensive people, he was too proud to mingle with them on an unequal footing. But Evremond was a kindly man, and he insisted that the poor musician should eat his Christmas dinner with them all.

If ordinary tables groan at such times with good things, this table howled and shrieked, for the dinner had cost in the neighborhood of — oh, it is impossible to set down the figures! At any rate, when the feast was at its height a strange musical noise was heard in the neighborhood of the magnificent electroliers, and, looking up simultaneously, all beheld a wondrously beautiful little being in a gauzy green cloak.

She was not more than three inches high, and she poised herself in air by fluttering wings like those of a humming-bird. This it was that had made the music.

"Oh, look!" cried every one at once.

"I am the spirit of Christmas," said the fairy in a thin, clear voice, "and I will give to each one of you either wisdom or riches or youth for the space of twenty-four hours."

"That's the finest phonograph I ever heard. How much did it cost, Evremond?" said a middle-aged politician, who sat at Evremond's right, and who was said to own his native State.

"This is no phonograph," said Evremond. "It's a living, breathing fairy, and I have had nothing to do with it." Then, turning to the fairy, he said: "We are wise enough."

"Yes, indeed," said all the guests. The musician said nothing. It was not for him to utter a discordant note, but he did think that he might know something more about music and still be eager to learn.

"And we're rich enough," continued Evremond. "This wealth is positively vulgar. Isn't it so?"

The Christmas spirit caused them all to say truthfully: "Yes, surely." Then, all together, they said: "Let us have youth for twenty-four hours. Take us back to twenty years."

"You shall all be twenty," said the fairy, and drawing from nothing a delicate fairy wand of silver, she waved it in the air and — presto! — the ten aristocrats and the musician were twenty years old.

But what a difference in their stations!

Evremond was a lusty freight-handler. Mrs. Evremond was a pretty shop-girl. Some of the guests were what they would have called "impossible"; one or two were simple country folk; one was a rough plainsman, and one of the ladies was an immigrant, fresh to our shores.

The musician was a Massachusetts boy of high ambition. He could name his ancestors eight generations in direct ascent back to Governor Bradford; but ancestor-worship did not trouble him. A musical career was his one desire, and for it he was about leaving home and friends.

Instinctively the rest felt that in the mere matter of birth he was their superior, but he was too well-bred to let his own consciousness of the fact show itself.

"Come," said he, "the evening is young yet. Let us have music and dancing. To-morrow we will be middle-aged, but to-night let us throw away care and have a Merry Christmas."

And forgetting in the joy of youth the incongruity in their various stations they danced together to his music. But ever and again they stopped to gaze in wonder at the magnificence that surrounded them. Only the musician was aware of nothing but the music. And sweet and merry dances flowed like rivulets of sound from his brain and found expression on the keys of the grand piano at which he sat.

. . . .

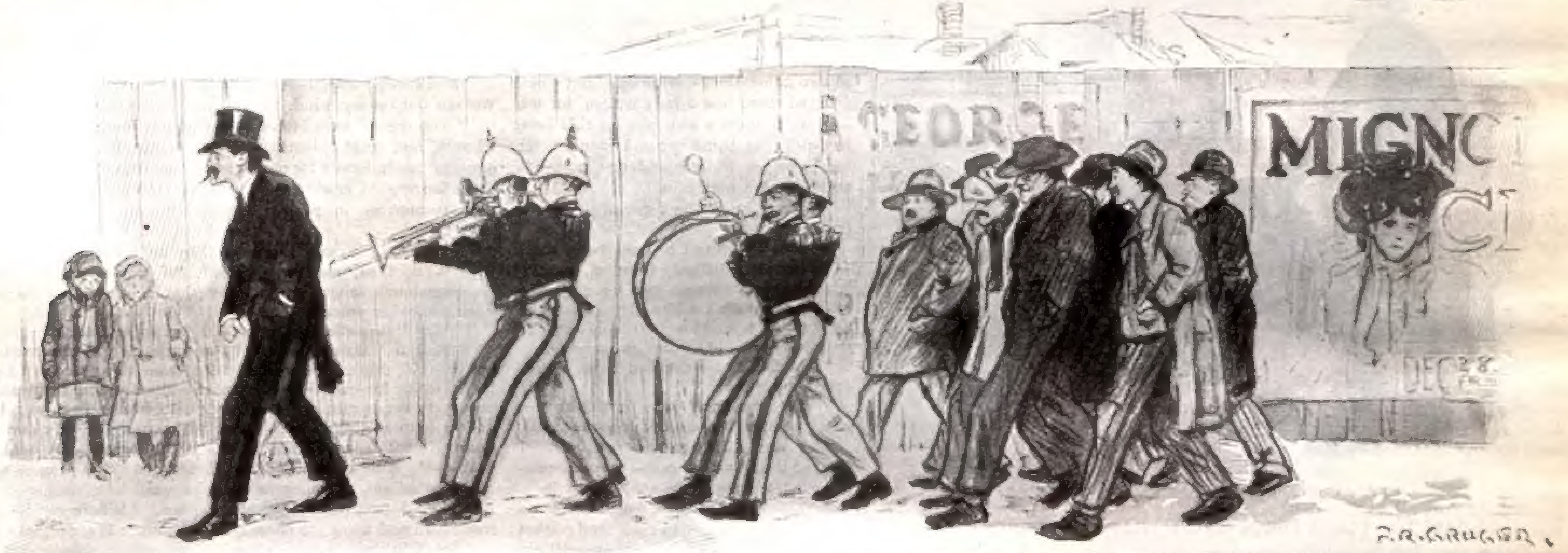
Next week this notice found lodgment in more than one society column among the New York papers:

> Mr. and Mrs. George Evremond entertained a house-party of eight at Oak Hall on the Sound at Christmas. Exclusives of the exclusive, none was there who could not sign his check for a hundred millions. But for the nonce they forgot money and went in for a real English Christmas. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Dobbine, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith-Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. Chaunessie and Mr. and Mrs. Barke-Onne.

And a Lyceum organ called The Talent had this note:

> A Piano-Hitter Sits Down in a Tub of Butter
>
> Richard Cabot Russell, a pianist of no particular fame, was engaged to furnish the music at Oak Hall, the magnificent country estate of the Evremonds, oil magnates, and it is rumored that he received a "souvenir" in the shape of a check for two thousand dollars. Some men are born lucky.

Saint Nicholas Scraggs



"WE WENT EIGHT MILES TO THE STATION IN GOOD SHAPE"

By Henry Wallace Phillips

AUTHOR OF RED SAUNDERS

"I HAVE read some'ers," said Mr. Scraggs, "that some man whose name was a durned sight more important to him than it is to me, for I've plumb forgot it, said that he never begun nothin' unless he could see the end of it."

"His wife's family must have owned real estate," suggested Red Saunders.

"He didn't specify which end," excused Mr. Scraggs. "Maybe 'twas the front end he meant; then the proverb 'ud read that he never begun anythin' unless he could see the commencement of it; which is a wise and thoughtful statement, because had it been otherwise and therefore essentially different, why, how could he?"

"Of course not," assented Red.

"I s'pose," said the visitor, "that you mean what you say and understand what you mean, but d——d if I do. Is there any right or left bower in this game?"

"No," said Mr. Scraggs. "But this is the twenty-fourth of December, and I was thinkin' of another twenty-fourth of December. I began something then that come out rather different from what you'd naturally expect. That ain't so remarkable, for nothin' I ever had any hand in ever come out as anybody expected — barrin' Mrs. Scraggs, who, individuool, cool, calm and collectively, always says, 'Just what I expected, exactly,' and any man that says any one or all of the Mrs. Scraggses bound to me by ties of matrimony by the Mormon Church, party of the first part, Mrs. Scraggs, party of the second part, and E. G. W. Scraggs, party of the third, last and of no consequence whatsomever part — any man, I repeat, who says Mrs. Scraggs would lie is no friend of her'n and ought to be told so. But to restrain a nateral indignation at the hint of such a charge and to proceed: I want to say that this particular twenty-fourth of December I'm talkin' about came out so much entirely different from what I expected that I can't seem to forget it.

"There's something about Christmas that warms the heart and makes the noblest and best of our sentiments to come to the surface for a breath of fresh air. Yes, sir, there is, and they passed it around in Peg-leg's place that afternoon so hot, sweet and plentiful that I hadn't been there more'n two hours before my feelin's had rose to such a pitch that I went out and bought each and every Mrs. Scraggs a pair of number ten rubber boots, a pound of raisins and an accordion. The boots was useful; the raisins, of course, stood for Christmas cheer; but what in thunder I bought the accordion for I never knew afterward. I'd give a ten-dollar bill this minute to know. It was a tremenjus idee at the time, but that's all I recall of it. I sent the hull shootin'-match around to the house by a small boy with a hand sleigh and a card sayin' 'Peace on Earth' on top of it.

"After this, havin' done my duty by my fambly, as I saw it at the time, I wandered into Mr. George Hewlitt's emporium of chance, armed with six iron dollars and a gold collar-button. They took my six dollars away from me as though I wasn't fit to be trusted with 'em, and then I sprung my collar-button for another stack. As far as I could see, that collar-button was all that stood between me and a long, wide, thick and cold winter. Hows'mever, there was no unmanly tears in the eyes of the support of the noble house of Scraggs when he plunked the lot on the corner.

"'Slave,' says I to the dealer in the language I learned shiftin' scenes for a week, back in old St. Looey. 'Slave!' says I. 'I've stacked my life agin the cast in your eye, and I will stand the razzle of your dyestuff. Shoot! You're faded!'

"And he was, too. I caught that turn and about every other in the deal; split him in half on the last card, and from that on I ripped him up the back and knocked chunks off'n him until everybody got interested.

"The game grew too small for both of us. I had $400 in checks before me, and my original collar-button. I asked him for his limit. He replied that notwithstandin' the enormous and remarkable growth of institutions of learning throughout the country and the widespread interest in arithmetic, it hadn't been figured out yet.

"'Make good,' says I, tappin' the table with the finger of authority.

"'I got you,' says he, and slams his roll upon the table. 'There's $800.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I shall descend upon it in two flies, not counting odd chips. Shall we cut?'

"He shoved out a deck. I cut a four-spot. It come to me all of a sudden how futeel is human endeavors, how fleetin' is man's hopes, for we was playin' it high man wins. And then he cut a three-specker, and talked unwisely. Then he cut a king, and a soft smile lighted his face. I cut an ace. He looked at it, reached up and took down a sign:

ACE IS ALWAYS HIGH IN THIS HOUSE

—a sign he'd made with his own fair hands, and he says to me, 'You don't mind if I keep this as a sooveneer of the joyful occasion, do you? You can have the rest of the place, for I move after two beats like that.'

"So then the crowd was uproarious, and I treated several times for Mrs. Scraggs and several times for myself, divided the money square, wrapped her half in a parcel with 'God Bless our Home' marked on it and sent it around to her.

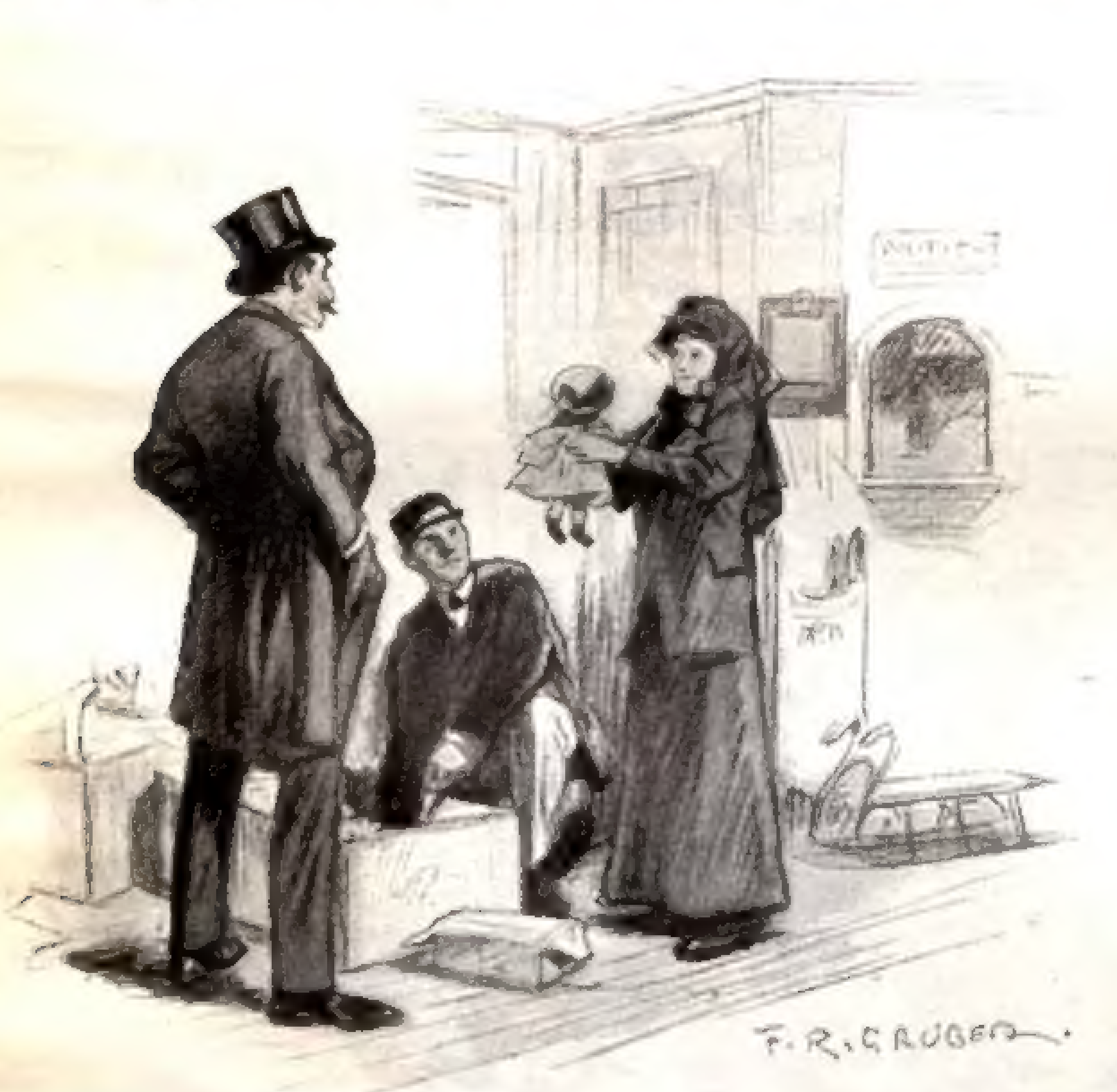
"It then occurred to me I weren't dressed according to my prosperity. So I cut the boys and ambled around to Eichenstein's to get some clothes.

"Old Eichy clasped his hands with innocent glee.

"'I have got id!' says he, clawing out some black duds. 'You remember dat 'biscobal mineesder who beat der sheriff to der drain? Dot is der close he orter t' und didn't bay for —dey fid you like a finger in der mud.'

"I tried to explain to Eichy that I didn't need no minister clothes, but he was shocked at the idea, so I bought 'em and put 'em on.

"It next occurred to me that with a new soot of clothes and money in my pocket I'd orter travel and see a little of the world once more, so I gathers the boys and four members of the Dogtown band, and we went eight miles to the station in good shape. It made the people look to see us marchin' in.



"ARE YOU REALLY THE REVEREND SILAS HARDCROP?"

"'Gimme a ticket,' says I to the station man.

"'Where are you going to?' says he.

"If there's one thing I can't put up with it's impudence from a railroad man.

"'What in the hereafter business is that of yours?' says I. 'You gimme a ticket, quick, or there'll be a wreckin' train due at this spot.'

"'Well, how can I tell what to do?' says he. 'Pay me for the ticket, and you get it.'

"'Sir!' says I. 'Do you mean to insinooate that I can't or won't pay for a dirty little railroad ticket? There you are—gimme a ticket!'

"I slapped what I had loose on the counter; he counted it careful and give me my pasteboard, just as the engine come a-hissin' and a-roarin' in. Gee, she did look bully to me! I hadn't seen a train of cars for two years. We detained 'em no longer than was necessary to treat the engineer and the rest of the crew proper in the matter of drinks, and I was off, leanin' back comfortable in the smoker, puffin' huge and prosperous puffs of real seegar smoke into the air, and with the careless thumb of wealth tucked into the armpit of my vest. I reckoned I must have dozed, for bimeby the conductor shook me by the arm and says, respectful, 'We're nearin' your station, sir.'

"I looked out, and I see down the track the most lonesome inhabited spot on the face of this earth. If houses has ghosts I should say that the ghosts of some forty houses that had committed the crime of not bein' properly built had collected themselves there—why, even the snow around the cussed things looked second-hand.

"I made up my mind on the instant that I'd never really intended to go there. But it was too late now. I didn't propose to back down before that conductor.

"'The names of all these little towns is so much alike,' says I, 'that I've forgot the name of this one already.'

"'Yes?' says he, raisin' his eyebrows. Of course, as a matter of fact, I hadn't thought to look at my ticket; but having started on this line I meant to buck through.

"'Yes,' says I. 'Would you mind giving it to me?'

"'Oggsouash', says he.

"There was silence for a second.

"'Hog's wash,' says I, musin'. 'Don't seem like I ort to have forgot that, does it?'

"'No,' says he; 'it don't.'

"There come a kind of awkward silence again, me thanking the Lord that we was almost there.

"'Injun name,' says the conductor.

"'Sure,' says I; 'of course; certainly; I remember now distinctly. What saloon do you recommend?"

"'Saloon?' says he, steppin' back.

"'Saloon,' says I, wonderin' where he found the queerness of my words.

"'Saloon?" says he. 'Why, man, it's a Prohibition, Presbyterian, Vegetarian Colony. I didn't know what to make of your actions when you got aboard, but from your face and clothes I supposed you was one of them ministers coming to scare the kids to death for a Christmas present. Ain't you one of 'em?'

"'I'm a sort—sort of connection,' says I with my expirin' breath.

"He looked at me as if he couldn't quite see the connection. 'Well,' says he, 'here we are, and they're expectin' you, for there's a lady waitin' on the platform.'

"'A lady?' says I, risin' from my tomb. I'd begun to think before there was truth in the sayin', 'You can't win at two games on the same day,' but when I heard there was a lady waitin' for me —well, if there's any man in this here bull-pen can think what I thought, let him whisper it in confidence, and I'll make it right with him.

"I never knew how I got off that train of cars.

"Well, I oughtn't to have been scart —it was the littlest, thinnest, palest, tremblingest woman you ever saw— why, there wasn't a Mrs. Scraggs on the face of the earth that couldn't 'a' dandled her in her arms like a baby.

"'Is this the Reverend Silas Hardcrop?' says she.

"'Yes, madam,' says I, thinkin' it best to humor her, even if she was small.

"'I wanted to meet you first—I wanted to say—to speak—there's something I felt I must tell you,' she says.

"Thinks I: 'No, you don't. So long's I've got a gun in each hind pocket I reckon the men folks and me will get along all right, but private conversations with ladies is off the bill-of-fare.' So I says:

"'Y-a-a-s?' in a tone of voice to put out a bonfire.

"'Oh, it doesn't matter,' she said quick and shaky; 'it was silly of me. I only thought——' Well, she was tremblin' with cold or somethin', and kind of near cryin', too—one of them women that wears themselves out by botherin' to be good, and if they are good, botherin' about what ought to be done next. In short, as the sayin' is, I forgot my part.

"'Why, you poor little critter', says I; 'you're near froze to death—take a drop of this,' pullin' out a flask of Peg-leg's best.

"'What?' she says, starting back in horror. 'Can that be *whisky?*'

"'Madam!' says I, rememberin', 'how dast you? That's a prescription put up by my favorite physician—a small dose will do you a large good. Try a piece, and we'll go in the station, where it's warmer, I hope, and talk it over."

"She strangled some, but downed a trifle.

"There was a good old lignite fire blazin' away in the station.

"'Now that you've been *so* kind to me,' she says, 'I dare tell you what I thought.'

"She had stopped shiverin'—Peg-leg's best knocked shivers quick.

"'I don't want you to think I do not believe in our tenets, because I do, I *do!*' says she; 'but it's been such a hard and weary year, with no brightness in it, and the old times come to me so, and they haven't had anything—*really*, you know, and it's awful to think of Christmas going by without —without—I *know* it's a Pagan festival, and that Christians should pass the day in meditation and fasting, but—don't you see?'

"HER EYES SNATCHED WIDE OPEN . . . WALKIN' KNOCK-KNEED AND CIRCULAR"

"'Certainly,' says I. 'If there ever was a guilty party that didn't do it, why, she's not him—you and me agree there, entirely.'

"'I beg your pardon?' says she, lookin' at me with them scart-deer eyes of hers. 'I don't quite understand—I'm *so* stupid.'

"'Yes, that's what's apt to come of vegetables,' says I. 'But tell me more about the Pagan festival.'

"I fancy Peg-leg's best couraged her up some.

"'I don't think it's a Pagan festival for children to have fun and toys for Christmas. I don't,' she says, 'I can't. And to think of them sitting there in that cold church for hours to-morrow—ugh!' she says.

"Well, dear friends and brothers, I did think of 'em sittin' in that cold church. There was a time when I uset to behave fine for a month previous to December twenty-fifth, for the priv'lige of seein' Uncle Santy Claus tumble down the chimbley; and I want to say right here that all the good times I have seen sence ain't got near enough to them good times to catch their dust. Besides which, the merry Christmas in glassified form with which I had encouraged myself at Peg-leg's, and the wad of that beautiful sensitive plant, the long green, which was reposin' on my heart, says to me: 'Scraggsy, spring yourself—jump, boy, jump!'

"And furthermore, in the wildest dreams of my youth I had never figgered on spendin' a cold and cloudy Christmas in the bosom of a Presbyterian, Prohibition, Vegetarian Colony. It stood to reason if I didn't do something to that colony the colony would do a thing to Scraggs. I made up my mind that right here was where I jarred Oggsouash to a finish.

"And further still, that poor little deluded, cold-potato-fed woman was on my mind.

"'You mean,' says I to her—my eddication in the Mormon Church, and what I learned about play-actin' in St. Looey, standin' me in handy for manners—'that these here children, the offspring of cold water and vegetables, is expected to pass to-morrow in prayer and meditation, and be better for it?'

"'Yes, sir!' says she, impressed by my manners.

"'Well, then, madam,' says I, 'if you'll excuse my onprofessional language, I'll say that that's a low-down, Scandahoovian outrage.'

"'Now,' says she, eager, 'that's *just* what *I* think.'

"'Madam,' says I, bowin', 'I'm enchanted to see such a spirit—I'll think kindly of turnips from this day on. Let us prescribe for ourselves once more—the directions say take one every three minutes until you feel better. Besides, you got to help me, and you'll need your strength. My duties demand that I leave here by the night freight, but before that——' And I give her her directions. She jumped up and hustled out, as young as ever she was.

"Then I went up to the telegrapher. 'Where can I buy some toys and truck, to come out on Number Three?' says I.

"He didn't pay no attention.

"I reached in and took him gently by the hair, drawin' him part way through his cubbyhole so's he could hear plain.

"DEY FID YOU LIKE A FINGER IN DER MUD"

"'My young friend,' says I, 'is it any part of your notion that I grew up on cabbages? Does it please your youthful fancy to picture me picketed out to grass, and chewin' my cud on a sunny slope?'

"'Ow!' says he. 'Leggo m' hair!'

"'You are now in the hands of E. G. W. Scraggs,' says I, 'an honor which I shall give you cause to appreciate if you don't lend me your ears to what I say. Do you think you can hear me now?'

"'Yes, sir. Oh, yessir, yessir,' says he.

"'Good,' says I. 'Then telegraph to the first place east to send one hundred dollars' worth of toys out here on Number Three. Here's your money.'

"Well, he picked away, and then we waited. Bimeby we got the foolishest kind of answer: 'What sort of toys? How much of each?' etc.

"'Michael and the Archangels all,' says I, 'how am I supposed to know? Ain't that part of a toy-shop man's business? Here, young man, you tick-tack 'em that I want toys—children's toys—to use up one hundred plunks—I want 'em on Number Three—and if *they* don't arrive I *will*. I will arrive in their little old toy-shop and play with them till they holler for ma. Tell 'em I never felt more impatient in my life than I am this minute, and that I'm getting more so per each and every clock tick. Mention the name of Zeke Scraggs, so they won't think it's Mr. Anonymous behavin' frivolous. Tell 'em I mean every word of it. Go on; do it.'

"So he did.

"Then comes a sensible answer: 'Goods go forward by Number Three.'

"'Sure,' says I. 'Will you join me?'

"'I certainly will,' says he, and bimeby he cried because I looked so like his father, who was just the same kind of short, thickset, hairy kind of person I was.

"Then my poor little deer-eyed woman come back with a roll of cotton-battin'; at the same minute Number Three pulled in. 'You get Jimmy, there,' says I to her, 'to help you whack up the play-toys, whilst I disguise myself as Santy Claus.'

"She stopped and looked at me, then she says in a scart whisper, 'Are you *really* the Reverend Silas Hardcrop?'

"'I'm just as near bein' the Reverend Silas Hardcrop as I shall ever get,' says I.

"There come a twinkle of somethin' almost like fun in her eye. 'I told them,' says she, 'that you would address them at seven, sharp.'

"She and me and Jimmy finished Jimmy's lunch and sat around, whilst I told 'em anecdotes concernin' life as it was lived outside the bonds of Oggsouash, till quarter to seven rolled around. Then we took the back way to the church.

"I don't think it has ever been my privilege to gaze on 150 faces all so astonished at one and the same time as when I stepped forward to the centre of the stage at Oggsouash and addressed the meetin', me bein' clad as Santy Claus, in flowin' white whiskers, hair to match, Jimmy's coat that come down almost to my waist, a baggage-truck of toys behind me, and a gun in each hand.

"'Dearly beloved brethren,' says I, 'I shall try to interest you for a few minutes, and I urge and beg and pray of you that if any male member of your number here assembled feels in any way nervous or fidgety during the course of my remarks that he will conceal it with all possible haste and discreshun, because otherwise I ain't goin' to have the bill for the consequences in my mail.

"'How Oggsouash and I come together is neither here nor there, although I could find it in my heart to wish it was,' I says. 'But now that the worst has happened, let us meet the consequences like men—you, like men raised and prostrated by such things as cauliflower, sweet potatoes and hay, washed down by the water which flows in all its glistening uselessness among the hop-toads and mud-turtles of Oggsouash Creek; and me, like men that pick the hindleg of an ox at a sittin' and make the spirits in Peg-leg's place go down like the approach of Arctic breezes. Y-a-a-s,' says I, 'let us do it, for what the devil else is there to do?

"'To resume,' says I. 'It may be that there ain't a man drifted further from what the standards of this here place is than I be, but I'm willin' to put my hand to an affydavit statin' it never crossed *my* mind to draft a set of rules as an improvement on the Almighty's. There's where you put it all over me. I have held up a train to hear what the passengers would say, but lackin' the advantages that has doubtless been yours, I duck when it comes to reformin' Heaven.

"'It struck me with the force of a revelation when I arrived at your glowin' mertroppollus this afternoon that to make any human bein', particlerly children, forget for a time that they lived in Oggsouash was a religious duty. I have therefore furnished a few trifles for the purpose. I move you, ladies and gentlemen, that we turn this Christmas Eve into a Pagan festival. All in favor of this motion will keep their seats—contrary minded will please rise,' and I cocked both guns.

"'Carried, unanimous,' says I. 'Now, please let each young person come forward as his, her or its name is called. I shall be severely displeased if you don't.'

"Then I read from the list the lady had furnished me, and the kids come up. The last party on the list was a little gal that had been poppin' up an' down like a prairie-dog, fearin' she was goin' to git left, and when at last I sings out 'Annabella Angelina Hugginswat!' here she come, her eyes snatched wide open by the two little pigtails that stuck out behind, walkin' knock-kneed and circular, as some little girls does, and stiffer'n a poker in her j'ints from scart-to-death and gladness.

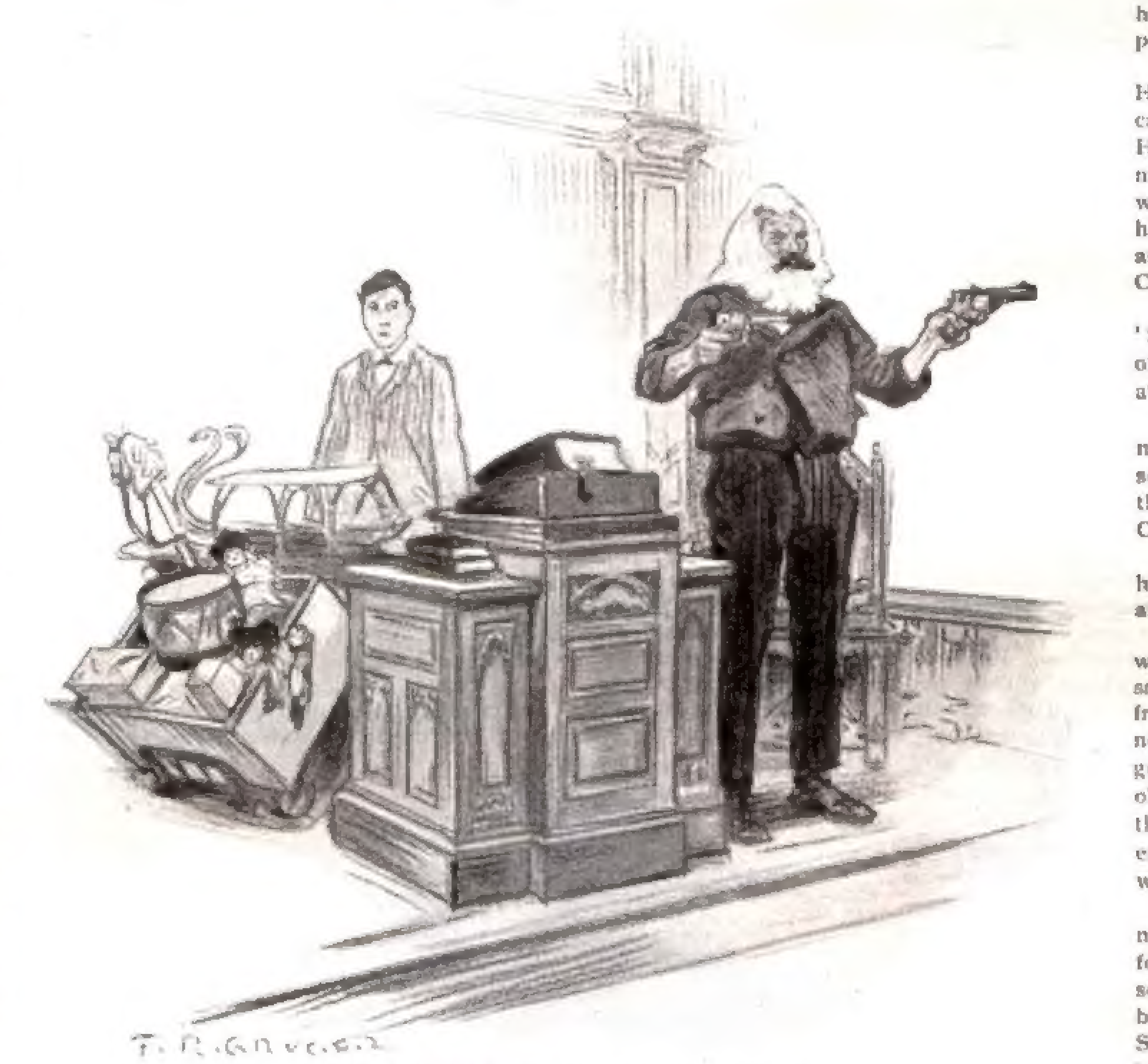
"'Angelina,' says I, pickin' up the big doll-baby I'd saved for her, 'you must be the fond parient of this child,' says I. 'Raise it kindly; teach it that it's been damned since the year of our Lord B. C. 7604; feed it vegetables, Angelina, and keep it away from strong drink, even if you have to use force.'

"Angelina, she didn't mind my pursyflage, but she just stood there quiverin' all over, lookin' at her prize.

"'Ith that my dolly?' she says.

"'That's your sure-enough dolly, little gal,' I says.

"She took hold of it—her little arms was stiff as railroad ties and her hands was cold.



"'DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,' SAYS I"

"She looked at me again and whispered:

"'Ith that my dolly, *really, truly*, mithter?'

"She looked so darned funny standin' there that I grabbed her right up and kissed her.

"'If anybody tries to take that dolly away from you, you let *me* know—skip!' says I, and down the aisle she runs hollerin': 'Oh, papa, papa! Thee my dolly!' Seems she didn't have no mother, poor little thing.

"Well, sir, old human nature is human nature, after all—elsewise it would be a darned funny state of affairs—but anyhow, that little gal's holler did something to my friends, the Oggsouashers. I don't think I overstep the mark when I say some of 'em smiled a kindly smile.

"But I didn't have no time to study it. If I missed my freight I stayed in Oggsouash over night, so, reasonin' thus, the tall form of E. G. W. Scraggs might 'a' been seen proceedin' toward the railroad track at the rate of seventeen statute miles per hour. Just as I hooked on to the caboose comes a feller pastin' after me.

"'Say!' he whoops. 'Say! We want to thank you!'

"'Turn it in to the kids,' says I. 'Good-night, Oggsouash, good-night,' I says. 'Partin' is such sweet sorrow that I could say good-night as long as my wind held out.'

"Well, sir, it was nigh three in the mornin' when I hit Castle Scraggs agin, after the coldest walk to be found anywhere outdoors; but when Mrs. Scraggs come to the door—and it was one of the blackest-eyed and snappiest of the race—and she says, 'Zeke Scraggs! Where you been?' I just fell into her arms.

"'Bear with me, Susan, or Mary Ann, or whatever your name is,' says I, 'for I've had a ter'ble time.'

"'You behave yourself, you old idiot, or I'll do you personal harm,' says she.

"'Thank you, thank you for them sweet words, spoke by somebody *alive*, anyhow,' says I. 'And this much more, Mrs. Scraggs,' says I, 'before we part. If ever you hear me complain of anythin' concernin' you ladies just you say "Oggsouash" to me and hold your hand, so, to indicate an empty glass.

"'Good-night, Susanna—Merry Christmas,' says I. 'On my word of honor, there has been one moment of my life when I was glad to see you.'

"And I left her standin' there, with the candle in her hand, paralyzed.

"And I can conclood, as I suggested in the beginning, that I had not foresaw one item of these occurrences when I risked that collar-button."

Profitable Politeness

COLONEL JOHN BOYD, one of the best-known gentlemen in Washington, and one of the most popular, lifted himself from poverty to independence by an act of courtesy. In his own home one evening, recently, he narrated the incident quietly and unpretentiously.

"I was an assistant doorkeeper for the House of Representatives in 1871. As I came through the swinging doors of the House one afternoon I observed a large man of businesslike demeanor conversing with another assistant doorkeeper, and I heard the large man saying: 'I am very anxious to find Senator Sargent, of California.'

"The assistant doorkeeper answered: 'Senators are to be found at the other end of the Capitol. It is none of our business at this end where the Senators go.'

"'I am aware of that,' replied the large man, 'and I have had the Senate wing searched, and have been advised to seek the Senator over at this end of the Capitol. Can you aid me in any way?'

"'No, I can't,' was the answer. 'I have trouble enough at this end looking after the Representatives.'

"The large man was turning to go away, when I touched him on the shoulder and said: 'You are evidently a business man from California; and as that is a long journey I will try to help you. What this gentleman has told you is true: we are not obliged to look for Senators; but I believe that I can help you if you will be kind enough to occupy my chair by this door while I am away.'

"Thanking me very earnestly, the large man sat down, and I hurried off, looking for the California Representatives, and soon ascertained that they were all assembled in the restaurant, and that Senator Sargent was dining with them. I whispered to the Senator, telling him what manner of man was seeking him, and he immediately arose, excused himself to the Representatives, and went with me. The large man was greeted very cordially by the Senator, and they went together to the restaurant to join the other Californians. Before going the large man asked me if I could call at his hotel at eight o'clock that evening, and I answered that I could do so. He then gave me his card, saying: 'I will thank you to be prompt.'

"I was struck dumb with amazement when I read on the card, in fine script, the words 'Collis P. Huntington, California.' It was the great railroad builder, the pioneer of Pacific railroads. That night I was ushered into his room exactly at eight o'clock. The large man gripped my hand most cordially, saying:

"'I observe that you can as easily be prompt as polite. I want to know what salary you are receiving.'

"'I am paid $1000 per annum.'

"'I want you to go to work for me at $1800 per annum, and I need you right away.'

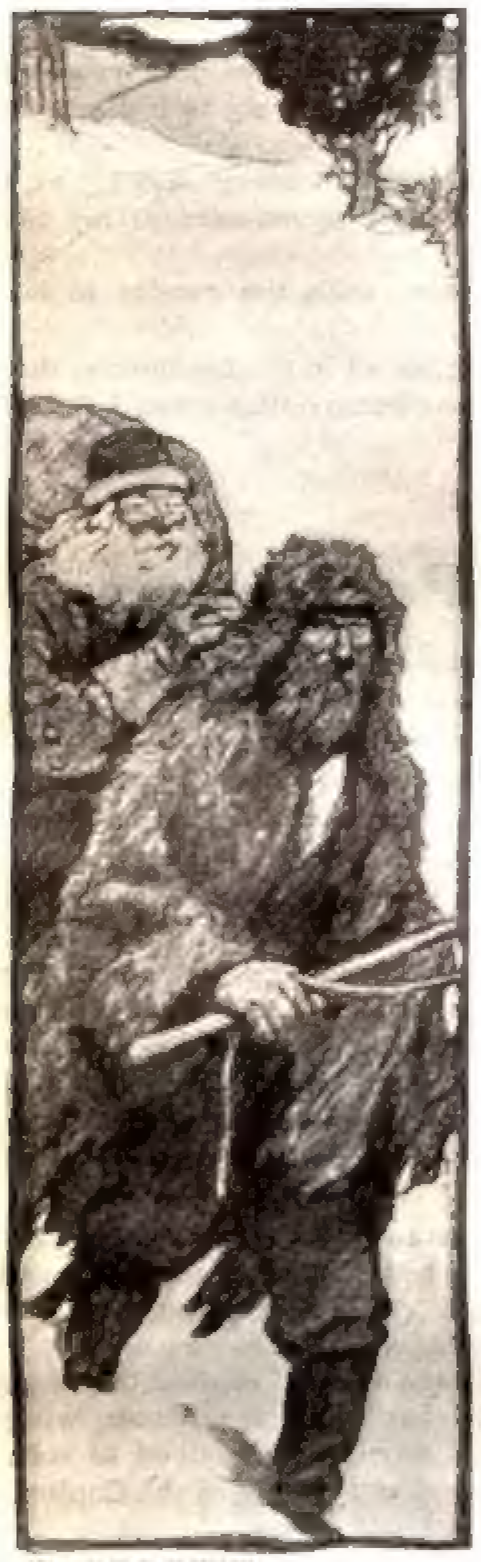
"'But am I capable? Can I do the work?'

"'That has been investigated by me, and you will fill the bill. Do you accept?'

"I accepted at once, and resigned from the House on the following day. Mr. Huntington wanted information concerning pending legislation, a matter with which I was very familiar, and all I had to do was to write occasional letters and keep him informed. My salary was gradually and voluntarily increased; and, in fact, my fortune was made from that time on. And I found my employer a great, big, lovable man, too."

Some Old-Time Christmases

By Rebecca Harding Davis



ON THE DAY THE CHIEF ACTORS WERE THE KRISTKIND AND THE WICKED BELSNICKEL

WHAT usually happens when you uncover your real past to strangers? You show, for instance, to your neighbor a photograph of the old farmhouse where you were born. When you look at it you can smell the clover in the fields, you hear the cows lowing, you know that your mother is weeding in the garden yonder. You see yourself and Jack—two big, freckled boys, leaning from that attic window at night planning your lives out in the world, full of fighting and glory.

Just beyond that hill are the trees under which your mother has slept this many a year.

Jack lies dead in California. And your glorious life——?

All of these things are in that photograph for you. But your neighbor sees in it only a common frame house that needs repair badly.

The glories of the Christmases of my childhood, so splendid in my remembrance, would no doubt seem poor and cheap to this generation. For life was simple then as Charles Wagner would have it now, and bare of show and glitter. The nation was not as yet drunk with prosperity. The exchange of costly and beautiful things among friends and acquaintances—the gay, burdensome duty which now amuses and bores the whole country once a year—was then unknown. Then, only the few who loved you brought you gifts to remind you of the day when Christ was born. But what love went into the homely things! How you hoarded them!

Christmas trees then were unknown in this country outside of Pennsylvania. In Virginia we never had heard of Santa Claus. The stockings were hung in a row over the great fireplaces. But it was the fairies, we believed, who filled them so miraculously. We were told that they, too, rejoiced at the Infant's birth as did all living things. We believed that at sunrise the cows in the stable and the wild beasts in the mountains knelt, and even the dead arose and praised God that the Babe was born in Bethlehem. It was thought, too, that the sinner who left this world on Christmas morning was given a kindly greeting beyond the darkness, and that the gate of Heaven stood ajar for all comers during that hour in which the Son of God had passed through it on His way to save the world.

These superstitions belonged to the Scotch-Irish settlers of the Southern and Middle States. None of them, I think, ever penetrated into New England. Even Christmas itself was regarded by the descendants of the stern old Puritans there as a superstition, and, with Good Friday, Easter and all days set apart to commemorate religious events, was denounced as a remnant of "Popish idolatry." They rated the observance of them with gambling, dancing and other carnal delights. Even Sunday—under that name—they abjured and flouted. The Jewish Sabbath, a grim season of self-denial, they kept scrupulously. Thanksgiving was the one human festival of their year.

"I like Christmas," Henry Ward Beecher once said. "I can see the use and beauty of its observance. But it is new and foreign to me. I did not know it when I was a child, so my heart never warms to it as to Thanksgiving."

In fact, the day never has been acclimated in that chilly section of the States. I know at the present time large and important towns in New England in which Christmas is as foreign a festival as the *Jour des Morts*.

In the South, to which the Cavaliers, with many ungodly habits, had brought a creed full of tender and holy superstitions, Christmas was always loyally kept. In the darkest districts of the slave-holding States that master was rated by his neighbor as hard and brutal who did not rejoice the souls of his people by gifts on that day.

In one of these South Carolinian or Georgian plantations the field hands would gather by daybreak in a black ring around the lawn while the house servants, strutting among them, lofty and supercilious, drilled and ordered them about. The presents, given by the mistress or her children, usually were trifles—a red handkerchief, a pound of tea, or sugar or a lump of "baccy." "White meal," or wheat flour, was always coveted, though no self-respecting negro would eat the mawkish bread made of it. A loaf of this bread would fill the place of honor in a cabin for months. The proud possession of the luxury was held to raise its owner nearer to the social status of the whites.

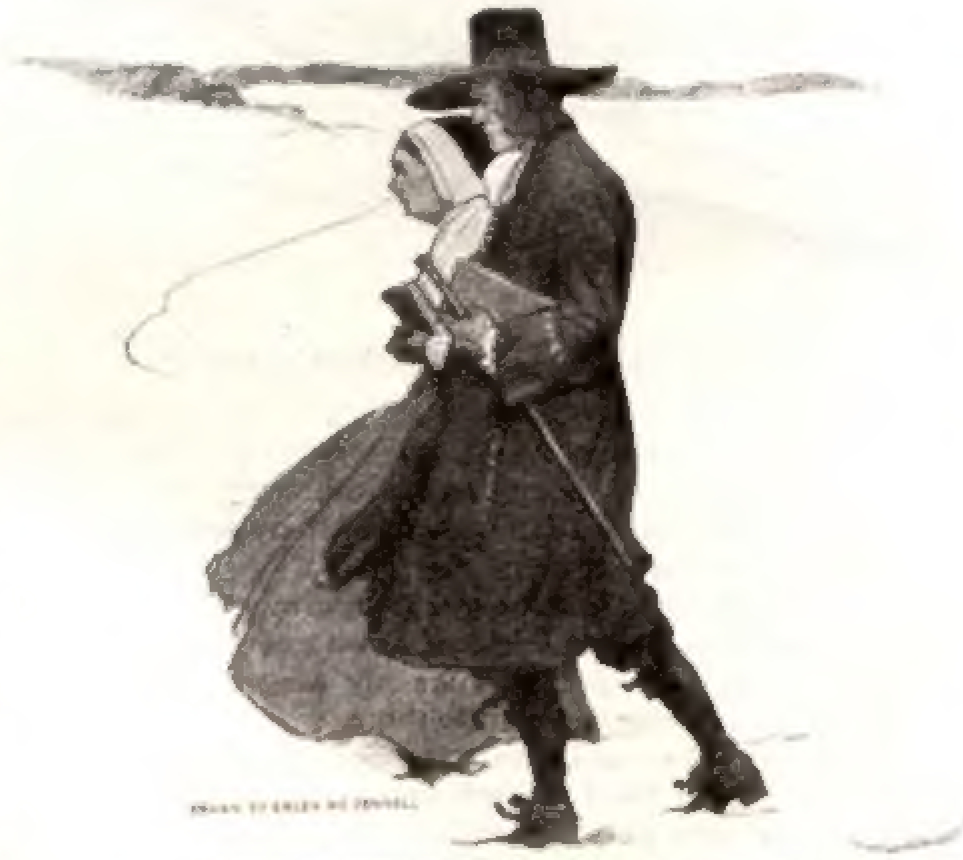
More hearty kindness from one side and loyalty from the other went into these poor gifts than Northerners could understand. The day was given up on the plantation to idleness and fun, and that was a poor cabin that did not belch forth the fat smoke of 'possum and hominy.

In Catholic Maryland and in German Pennsylvania the day was always set apart and scrupulously kept, though with different customs. With the mass of Protestant Irish in Pennsylvania and Virginia it was observed more as a family feast, a time when it behooved us to be forgiving and jolly together, rather than as a holy day. Peace and good will always found vent in heavy feeding and drinking. The housekeeper whose turkeys and mince pies then fell short of her own high standard vaguely felt during the whole year that she had failed in a religious duty.

"I hope," an old fire-eater said anxiously once in my hearing, "that the Christian faith of my household is beyond a doubt. Never in my remembrance has a Christmas morning dawned when egg-nog was not brought to our bedsides before we were awake. The rule is absolute, sir, absolute! Let others do as they may, we never neglect to honor the holy day."

This man's house and heart were homes always open to the poor and wretched. He lived to help, to give his money, his thought, his care, to the needy. But it never had occurred to him that this habit of his life had anything to do with religion. It was through the turkey and egg-nog that he professed his faith.

This queer alliance of soul and stomach is quite as firm and general now as in old times. We all have a vague sense of Christian duty done while we go through the courses of a modern Christmas banquet.

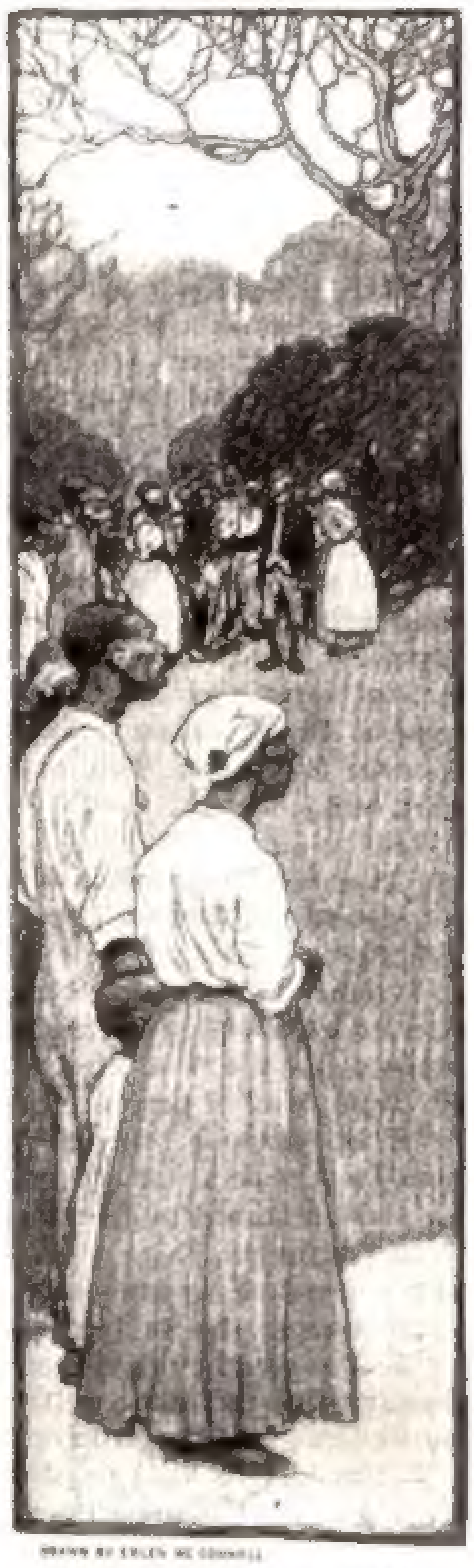


NONE OF THESE SUPERSTITIONS EVER PENETRATED INTO NEW ENGLAND

But it was from the Pennsylvania Dutch that we borrowed most of our Yule customs in this country. The tree came to us directly from them.

The Mennonites have a queer legend about it. Martin Luther, they say, was once lost in the forest in a frightful storm on Christmas Eve. He fell, and would have died but that he saw a strange gleam of white shining through the thick darkness. It was the light from the door of a woodcutter's hut, falling on the branches of a pine tree, which were covered with rime. He crept to the door and so was saved.

The pious Dutch folk now hang glittering tinsel on their Christmas trees in memory of that hoar frost, and insist that the custom of dressing a tree had its origin in the gratitude of Lutherans for this rescue of the great reformer. This can hardly be true, as the Christmas tree was known to the Germans centuries before Luther was born.



THE FIELD HANDS WOULD GATHER BY DAYBREAK IN A BLACK RING AROUND THE LAWN

But it is true that Christmas, with all its good cheer for soul and body, appeals to the Pennsylvania German more directly than to other men. His faith is simple and strong; he likes to be happy and he also likes to eat. He spends ten months in storing away food for the remnant of the year that is left. Whether his home be the big farmhouse of some rich Mennonite, or the abode of an Amish, he has sufficient store in it to stand a siege. His great red-roofed barns crown every hill from the Delaware to the Ohio; his cellars are packed with hogsheads of salted meat and huge bins of vegetables and fruit. He is always ready for possible war or famine. He is a generous fellow, too, always on the lookout for a chance to feed and comfort his needy neighbors. There are so few chances of merrymaking in his life that even a funeral is made into a feast for him. He stays his tears to feed the countryside for two or three days.

Naturally, to this hospitable, devout soul Christmas has always been a more important day than to less kindly folk.

I remember its approach one year in a small community of so-called Pennsylvania Dutch. They were all well-to-do folk. Each family owned a spacious modern brick house set in the midst of a skillfully tilled farm. In the house was the usual complement of rooms: a large parlor, a dining-room and fine, great bed-chambers, all handsomely furnished and kept in exquisite order. They never were used except at a funeral, a wedding and on Christmas Day. The family lived in the kitchen and the room above it. Over the roof of each house swung a large bell which rang out loudly long before dawn for breakfast, at eleven o'clock for dinner and at four for supper. Before sundown, while the birds still were singing, the family all were snugly tucked away in bed. I never saw such bells in any other community. They had been rejected by the fire department of Philadelphia, and a shrewd agent had persuaded these farmers that the possession of one of them was as sure a proof of aristocracy as a coat-of-arms or crest. Consequently they listened to the incessant frightful clangor overhead with much innocent joy.

Preparations for Christmas began in October. Heavy fruitcakes and puddings had been compounded a year before. Firkins of choice apple-butter made rich by quinces, cans of pawn-haus and liverwurst, barrels of pork and hogsheads of loud-smelling sauerkraut, were set aside for *Kristkindtag*. Two weeks before the holy day the master of the house went at night, candles in hand, through each barn and outbuilding, to whisper to every living thing, from the cattle and horses to the pigeons and pigs, the good tidings. He was coming. The hives were always visited first; the bees, as everybody knew, being a testy folk who held themselves to be the nearest friends of the family and would savagely resent any neglect.

A love-feast was held in the square church on the hill a week before the great day. The men, dressed in decorous brown, the full trousers plaited into a belt around their stout waists, the tails of their coats touching their heels, sat in the pews on one side; the women in short petticoats, capes of blue, and black coal-scuttle sunbonnets were ranged on the other.

Prayers were made devoutly and hymns sung. Then women, with decorous lawn caps and aprons, carried around huge trays of pretzels and shining tin mugs of scalding coffee.

This eating and drinking was done in solemn silence. When they had finished the servers took back the mugs and the company rose, sang a hymn, and parted, after a solemn shaking of hands, the richest man in the county greeting the laborer as "Bruder." It was not the Holy Supper, but a "love-feast," to enforce the truth that all Christ's children are brothers.

As Christmas approached the house teemed with fat dainties peculiar to the Dutch: cheeses compounded of pork and molasses, luscious pies filled with raisins, or with apples smothered in cinnamon syrup, crisp doughnuts in every shape, and a little sugar-cake called *Heilig kuchen*, which was made in enormous quantities and sent in boxes from house to house. On the day the chief actors were a young man who personated Kristkind tramping from farm to farm bearing gifts, and the wicked Belsnickel, clad in skins and armed with a huge whip to lash the bad children.

It is certain that when I was a child the great religious festivals had fallen into neglect throughout this country. There was a feeble echo in a few sects to the sound of Christmas bells or the victorious Easter trumpets. But the ordinary American was too busy in his first century of work here to pay much attention to religion beyond the saving of his own soul.

It was Charles Dickens who first taught English-speaking peoples the meaning of Christmas Day. Call him a cad, or his art bathos, if you will. That one thing he did. The story of Tiny Tim perhaps now seems to you forced and unreal. But it went around the world, bringing hot tears to the eyes of men and women, making their hearts throb with pity for their poor brother and setting their hands to work for him. The good day, as never before, was recognized as the expression of Christianity.

This new zeal for Christmas was fresh in the hearts of our people when the Civil War broke out. Naturally, the two things jarred. "Yank" and "Johnny Reb" had trouble to bring for one day in December the spirit of love and peace into their long years of bloody battering of each other and fury of murder and rapine. But it is a fact that they honestly did try to do it.

I remember countless little happenings during the Christmas seasons of 1861-2, which showed how human, after all, were the awkward machines in blue and gray who were marching in huge masses through the country—how glad each man of them would have been to hear that the great riddle was solved, and that he could settle down into Joe or Tom again with his wife and children, to find, perhaps, a crony and good fellow in that other Joe or Tom yonder whom he was sent out to kill.

In '61, too, the country had not yet begun to feel the stress of want. The crops of that year were large beyond record. The army was fed lavishly, and when Christmas drew near the stay-at-homes spent their zeal and affection in packing boxes for the boys in camp. Every woman, were she Dutch frau or New York belle, gave her time to baking cakes, or knitting woolen socks enough for an army of centipedes.

Christmas boxes never had more meaning than then, to these thousands of half-frozen fellows in camp. After all, they were not soldiers drilled to hardship, but college boys, thin-blooded clerks, fat, easy-going fathers of families who probably never before in their lives had slept out of their own snug beds.

They broke open the boxes, and inside were the fond, foolish trifles the women at home had sent—useless things, perhaps, at which the man playing soldier laughed as he took them out. But it was his old mother who had packed them—or his wife, or the children. As he looked up outside of the tent he saw the night, and beyond the fires of the enemy's camp. To-morrow—to-night might end it all, and he never would see mother or child again.

There was more meaning in these Christmas gifts than we shall find in ours.

I remember that an old Federal officer once told me of opening such a box on Christmas Day in '61. The camp was in Pocahontas County, down in the mountains of West Virginia. There had been a fight, a few days before, between detachments under Generals Milroy and Johnson, of Georgia. The Union troops kept the pass. They buried the dead and took possession of an old barn for a hospital. One or two wounded Confederates were stretched in the straw alongside of their own men.

The box came at sundown, and the lucky owner opened it in the door of the barn so that the sick men could share in the fun.

"I really didn't think of the Rebs," he said. "They were nothing to me but two dogs who had tried to pull down the flag. They were mere filthy heaps on the floor; their old home-made clothes were stiff with mud and blood. I handed one of them a cigar along with the rest, but he shook his head and turned his back.

"But presently, as I was unpacking the bundles, I saw him up, leaning on his elbow, watching me, his eyes very bright.

"'Cap'n,' he said—he had a low, womanish voice for such a huge fellow, 'thah's a picture thah—could I look at it? Just a minute. Thank ye.' It was a little photograph of one of the children. He handed it back with a long breath and then laughed. 'I thought it was my Jack. But it's a gell. My Jack's twice the size of her. He's bigger than other boys, let alone a gell.'

"I nodded and moved away. His rags were ill-smelling, and he had been justly shot down, busy at a bad work.

"Then it occurred to me that it was Christmas, and——

"Well, I sat down in the straw beside him and asked about Jack, and we smoked together. He told me his name and the town in Georgia where he lived, and at last asked me, in case he did not get well, to send word to his wife and mother. I don't know why I felt as I did. He was dirty and ignorant, but there was something fine in the man that brought him near to you. He died that night. I kept my promise, and when we crossed into Georgia I hunted up his people. His boy Jack is a friend of mine now. And it's odd, but I have come to think of his father as if he had been one of my kin. That all grew out of its being Christmas Day, I suppose," he added. "There's something in it different from other days that can't be explained."

THE BUBBLE SANTA CLAUS

How He Brought Christmas to Thompson's Place

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

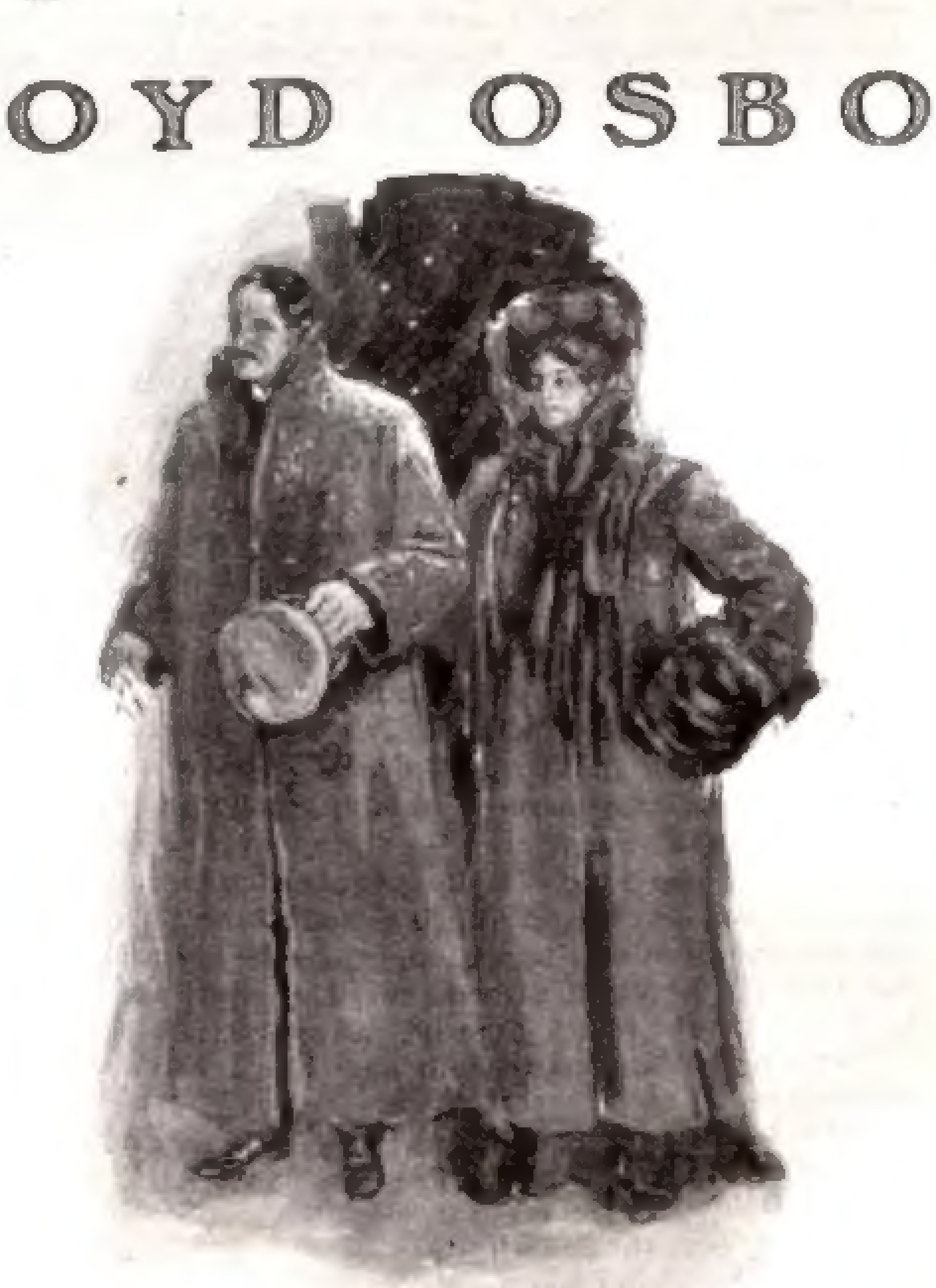
THE walking delegate called us off at two o'clock, and the word was passed along from story to story till at last it reached me away up on the roof of the skyscraper. I laid down my hammer—and with my hammer the new dress I was meaning to buy Molly for Christmas, our Sunday dinner for many days to come, all the little extras and trimmings that go to sweeten a feller's life, and some, too, I guess, of my own courage and hopefulness. Yes, I laid them all down, and marched out with the rest, feeling kind of queer and lost to be walking the streets with no job to do, nor none to look forward to. It was the first of December, I remember, blowing squally north-northeast, with the promise of snow.

Naturally, I tried to put a good face on to it to Molly, and tramped into our little flat as jolly as you please. She was sewing on her machine, and Kit was in his corner studying his engineering correspondence course, and it all looked so snug and homelike and comforting that it brought a lump to my throat.

"The housesmiths are out, Molly," says I, like it was the winning number in a lottery which we had bought of a poor old woman out of charity. "And what's sauce for housesmiths is sauce for roofers, old lady!" (I being a roofer, you understand, having taken up the trade when I left the sea to marry Molly, it needing a cool head and a sure hand on them twenty-five decked affairs, and unions less particular about where you was apprenticed, and how. I recollect telling the president of the Roofers' Local, No. 7, that I had learned roofing on the main-royal of a four-masted ship, and he was like to make objections till I passed him up a twenty-dollar bill private, when he said he reckoned that, after all, he didn't know no better school!)

"Oh, Dan!" says Molly, coming over to me with her big, blue eyes all wet, and throwing her arms around my neck.

"Don't you take on about it," I said, holding her tight, and feeling all over again what a treasure she was to me. (I always say a feller needs to have been to sea to appreciate a nice, sweet, loving girl—and when that same can forget you are twenty years older nor she is, and love you like you had curly hair, and was a Romeo—well, in all this mixed-up, topsyturvy business of living, with most of us fighting like mad for what we don't need, and would be far better off without, I put a good wife first as the only thing that ever really comes up to your expectations after you've got it!)



"OUR AUTOMOBILE IS STUCK IN THE SNOW," HE SAYS

Kit never budged from his place, and one might have thought he didn't care if it wasn't for the tears he was dropping surreptitious all over his diagram. I sat down on the big chair, with Molly on the arm of it, and I says to Kit, says I: "Kit, you bring me my pipe, and let's all three of us talk this over like sensible people!" So he came and snuffled on the other side of me, while I held the centre in a cloud of smoke.

"Molly," says I, "and Kit," says I, "as temporary chairman of this public meeting, let me pass up a few remarks for all of our consideration. Let's remember we're alive, which is always something; and healthy, which is not to be despised neither; and that nothing's so bad but what it might be worse! Which reminds me, boys and girls," I went on, "that I once surveyed the Pacific Ocean from the bottom of a capsized bark, with no more to eat than barnacles on the half shell; and I'd never have survived to grace the present occasion if it hadn't been for a red-headed Swede, who was always saying 'Hold on, boys,' just as we were about to let go, and who was always looking for sails when the rest of us was saying our last prayers. So, if you will kindly accommodate me with your attention I will ask you to regard me as the red-headed Swede of the present occasion!"

Little Kit lit up with the ghost of a grin, and I saw the glisten of Molly's teeth; which all goes to show what putting a good face on a thing will do, and how if you'll only talk big and bold when everything is tumbling (so to speak) you'll end by feeling the same way inside. The best lessons are those learned outside of school, and it ain't always from black-coated professors neither. I reckon Olsen's bones have been whitening the sea-floor this many a year, but here was the memory of that great, shock-headed, son-of-a-gun rising from the past to help me now.

"Boys and girls," I says, "it's going to be a long, hard, bitter strike. The whole building trade of this city is tied up till spring. December, January, February, March, April—there's five months to shuffle through the best we can, on the least we can, and as jolly as we can! Molly——"

"Yes, Dan," says she.

"What's the present level of the taycup?"

It showed up better than I could have hoped—thirty-nine dollars and forty-five cents, which, with the ten dollars ten cents pay-check in my pocket, raised the magnificent total to forty-nine dollars fifty-five cents. Kit, who was a lightning calculator, worked it out to nine dollars and ninety-one cents a month for the five we had to figure against. Ten dollars a month strike pay to this gave us nineteen dollars and ninety-one cents! It wasn't a fortune, was it?

"Molly," I says, "when the collector comes round today" (and lucky we were that he was late for once) "tell him he can take back this expensive flat, and remind him that we've paid his old rent straight to the minute these three years past, and that now, in our pinch, he must do the handsome, and throw in to-day and to-morrow free by way of a good-conduct prize!"

It showed what a good, faithful girl I had married that she didn't owe a stiver. Cash down every time, even to the milkman and the baker. We'd have a fair start, anyway, and didn't have to spill the taycup for past luxuries. No sir; there wasn't a string to a nickel of it!

"I'm not going to go with the procession," says I. "The first month living much as usual; the second on half that and debt; the third, eating up the furniture—supper on the pokerwork Indian—breakfast on a bead pincushion and the Bible your mother gave you; fourth month sleeping on the bare floor; fifth month, h—l; and all the time bumming around for a job, without a ghost of a chance against 20,000 men idle, and half of them starving! No, boys and girls, that isn't my red-headed Swede idea at all. We're all going to pack up and go to the country!"

"Country?" says Molly.

"Country?" says Kit.

"Yes, country," says I.

"I've seen this thing coming for the last ten days," I went on. "Them labor leaders and little kings have been acting that important, and giving more lip to the Employers' Alliance than the traffic could bear. So I have been a-looking around quiet, and spotting for a nice, unnoticed little crib where we might heave to and blow out the storm. And what's more, I've found it!"

They was both looking at me with big, round eyes now.

"It ain't a Biltmore," I says, "and it ain't a Newport cottage with eighty rooms and a dance-hall. But the rent's reasonable—one dollar a month—and there's a stack of tumbledown stables and outbuildings the owner said I might tear down and burn for firewood—and there's a pond for Kit to skate on—and a teamster I know, who is out with the rest of the boys, is willing to shift us there, lock, stock and barrel, for two-fifty!"

"Dan," says Molly, "somebody's been murdered there—I can see it in your eye—and there'll be b-b-blood stains on the f-f-floor!"

"Dirt, that's all," says I.

"But one dollar a month!" exclaims Molly.

"It's an old road-house on the Cook County pike," I explained. "It lies about seven miles of here, a little to the south of east, and mighty lonesome it looks, too, without a neighbor nearer nor a mile, and every window broke in. It was a failure from the start—nobody that passed it ever seems to have felt a thirst at that particular point—and it busted one feller after another till finally it's got to be a by-word, with tramps camping there, and decent people walking wide of it at night. But there are three likely rooms in the rear, with a good-enough kitchen stove once it's set up and cleaned, and what with our things we can fix it up very pretty and nice."

"Of course, Kit can be busy anywhere with his correspondence college and his books," says Molly wonderingly; "but Dan, dear, how will you manage to put in them long days?"

"Work!" says I.

"Seven miles from nowhere?" says she, incredulous.

"Molly," says I, "I've got an old magazine with picters and drawings of Columbus' ship, the Santa Maria. I'm going to jump in and do that ship three feet long, everything exact and to scale, down to little painted sailors pulling ropes, and Columbus hisself looking at America through a spy-glass! No Dutch toy, you understand, raddle-sided and Noah's Arky—but really well done and swell as only an old sailor knows how to do!"

"But who'll buy it?" says Molly.

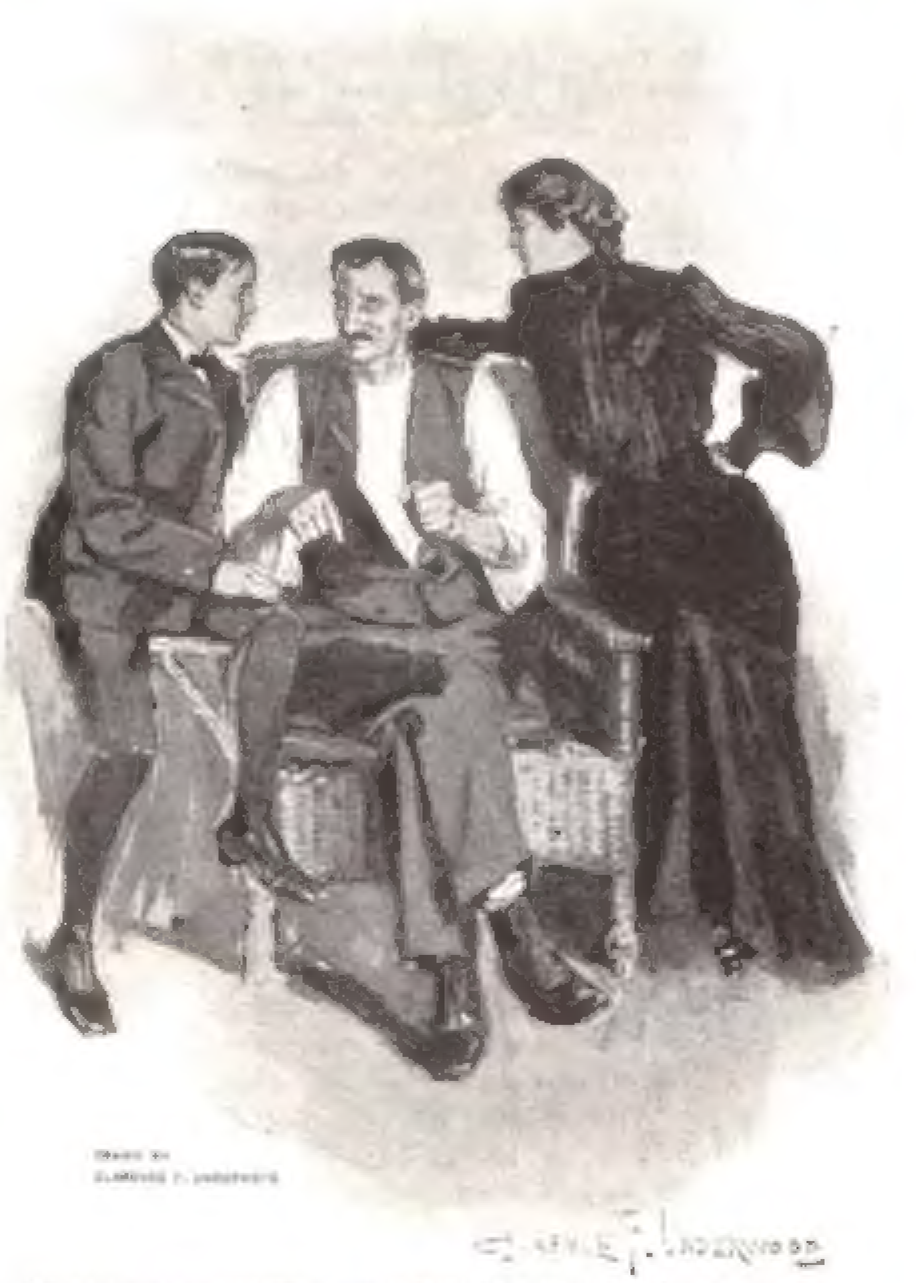
"It'll draw a crowd to any store window you put it in," says I; "and there's rent for you—three dollars a week—and maybe half profits in the case of a sale. Them Spitzer Brothers are always running spangled girls, and stuffed sea-lions, and all that into their windows at Christmastime—to draw the crowd and attract attention to their union-made, all-wool, nine-ninety-nine suits! Well, why not a ship—Columbus' ship—the brave old Santa Maria? It strikes me as a better idea than their present—General Kuropatkin in one of their nobby overcoats dictating dispatches to a full-fledged chief-of-staff in a pair of their marked-down gum boots!"

"Danny," says Kit, skidding on the arm of the chair in his excitement, "it's great—that's what it is—and you'll make fifty dollars out of it sure!"

"If it's a go," I went on very encouraged, "I'll follow it up with the Mayflower, with pilgrims on the topgallant fo'castle kneeling in prayer!"

"I'm proud of my old Dan," says Molly, giving me a dovy look and a hug; "and my, but we'll be so happy, all three of us together all day and every day!"

And while Kit and Molly is packing up, and taking down the chromos, and rolling up mattresses, and putting the tayspoons in a pillow-case along of the silver-plated taypot, and wrapping the fancy lamp in my old pants—and while they are doing all this, so gay and helpful and frolicsome, like we was off to Europe instead of giving up the rooms we was married in, and reefing down for God knows what black days to come—let me side-step a little and tell you about this here Kit.



"BOYS AND GIRLS," I SAYS, "IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, HARD, BITTER STRIKE"

To begin with, he wasn't our boy—and to go on with, he wasn't a boy at all—that is, unless you call eighteen years old a boy, while as a matter of fact he *looked* eight, and only stood a yard high. Yes, that's what he was—a dwarf. Not that he wasn't a shapely little feller, and the head on him was no bigger than the child he looked to be. There was nothing unsightly about Kit—only, you see, he had never growed. It had something to do with his mother worrying before he was born, his pa being one of them caisson fellers who take a big risk with their big money. Well, to get along with the story, the week me and Molly moved into the third story, rear-flat 44A, so happy at being just married that I can't look back at that time without—oh, well, the week we moved into 44A, 44B sported crape on its front-door knob. Tom Routh had fallen dead of that strange, sudden caisson disease; and when the news was broke to his wife she simply keeled over, too, and died on the floor. Molly had noticed the child about before, saying how polite he was, and how he always tipped his cap when passing her on the stairs; and now, when she heard all the hubbub and learned what had happened, she went into 44B with her great, big, womanly heart afire, to comfort the little feller and bring him into our flat. This was how Kit came into the family, together with his little basket-work rocking chair, and his books, and pens and paper, and queer ways—crept in almost—sleeping at night on my overcoat, and in the day-time helping Molly around the house.

Tom Routh was an Elk, and they was going to take charge of the boy, asking us as a favor to keep him for two weeks while they could make arrangements at some kind of Elks' Home. So Kit stayed on with Molly and me, snugging into the place like a lost dog, and finding consolation in my big voice and sailor ways, and in Molly's sweet and gentle ones. He wasn't a bit of trouble, and always so active and willing that Molly and me warmed to him wonderful. The day before he was to be took away—or the night, rather, for my wife and me was abed—Molly said she had been reading a poetry-book about a beautiful prince and a beautiful princess, and how the morning after their marriage the beautiful prince had told the beautiful princess that she might ask him one favor, and that he would grant it if it took his last cent.

"That's what any man would do," says I, as she stopped and waited.

"Pity I didn't ask *you*, Danny," says she, very artful.

"It's not too late, Beautiful Princess," says I.

"Oh, Danny, do you mean it?" she asks.

"Sure!" says the Beautiful Prince.

Then if she didn't put her arms around my neck and beg me to keep Kit!

That's three years ago now, when he was fifteen, and looked five. To some folks it might seem a risky thing—and likely enough it was—but I have never regretted it a day. I couldn't love him any better if he were my own son, nor could Molly. I have never seen so much human variety all in one little human body. Sometimes he's just what he looks—a child; and sometimes he's grown up, talking like a book, and making you feel an ignorpottimus beside him. And the fancies he has! And the way he says things, till I'm blessed if you can't see them! He'll pull up his little rocker beside me, and off we'll go cruising in our splendid yacht, me and Molly and him, even to the names of the sailors, and what we has to eat, and the sights we see, and the things that happen to us, both laughable and tremenjous! He knows every rope of a ship, and there ain't a town in the jography-book that he ain't acquainted with the main street of! Our trip acrost Central Africa was enough to make you hold your breath, and the things I've seen myself do, in the line of noble deeds, brings the blush to my cheek to remember even now!

But of course this was all in play-time. Kit had a work-time, too, and my, if he wasn't a tiger at it! Electrical engineering it was, with a correspondence university—not to speak of German and French, which he could read and write to beat the band, and stenography, bookkeeping and triangulation! Kit was a little wonder at his books, and he went at them bull-headed, till there wasn't a page that wasn't worn thin. Often he says to me: "Dan," he says, "my limited stature puts me outside all ordinary vocations except selling papers on the streets, perhaps. My only chance is to be an intellectual six-footer—to succeed by brain-power alone—and not having any hands, so to speak, to win a place with my head!" He would wag it at me as he spoke, very solemn, and tell me all the great things little men had done in the world! He hadn't no use for historical personages over five feet. The smaller they was the better he liked them!

"I'm playing a big game, Dan," says he. "I'm fighting against a handicap that might well make another feller lie down and give it up. But the day will come—mark my words, Dan—when I'll pay you back in thousand-dollar bills!"

"That you won't, Kit," says I very hearty.

Then he rocked in his little chair and thought about it.

"No, you're right, Dan," says he. (He only called me Dad in public, so as not to make people stare.) "For a million dollars couldn't repay what I owe you—nor all the treasures of Colossus. Kindness and love and noble hearts have no price," he says, "and nothing I could do would ever make it even between you and me!"

"Thank you all the same, Kit, for kind intentions," says I.

"Don't mention it, Dan," says he, like he had the thousand-dollar bills in his pocket. And he rocked and rocked, very silent all the evening.

. . . .

It was called Thompson's place—though why Thompson, when the last renter was named Blitz, and the one before that Stiggers, and the one before that again Flumenbauer, is more than me nor anybody can tell! Anyway, it was called Thompson's place—and mighty chill and bare and lonesome Thompson's place looked, too, that winter day when we all piled into it, with the wind roaring through the broken windows, and the dirt of ages lying around promiscuous. Bottles one might have expected to find, and likewise tin cans; but why the whole neighborhood seemed to have left its old shoes at Thompson's place is a mystery even yet. Nobody seems to have called there but what he departed without his shoes. Perhaps the customers didn't like it, and there was the reason, maybe, for why the place had never flourished. Shoes! Stacks of them! Mountains.

Howsomever, we soon fixed up the rear of the place very nice and tidy, finding the kitchen stove even better than I had hoped, not to speak of two others for warming. Kit made a desert island of it, and we castaways; and it give a snap to our pork and beans that he had rafted them through the surf from a Spanish galleon! In a couple of days the place had a regular home look, and in a week we might have lived there all our lives! Mighty snug and pleasant it is to look back on—me working at the Santa Maria, Molly singing over her mending and darning, Kit nose-down to his books—and the barn burning up piecemeal in the red-hot stove! We had been cooped up three years in a big city, in a squeegee flat you couldn't swing a cat in; and Thompson's place was sort of marble halls to us.

December opened hard, with fine, frosty weather and occasional peeps of wintry sun; and Molly and me and Kit used to take walks over the ice-bound fields; and we made a slide on the pond like a parcel of children, and slid there afternoons till Kit would order us all back to our jobs! The evenings never seemed long to us neither, for Kit's brain was a perfect mine of information, and he would tell us history from Adam up, and all about Mary Queen of Scots, and Bothwell, and Louey the Nineteenth, and the Man with the Iron Mask! I bore in, too, with reefs and palms and China pirates, and the kings I had hobnobbed with in the South Seas, and how we was druv below in the Moroa and blew up the ship—and all the strange things that had come to a man who had followed the sea for twenty years, and has taken his life in his hands many a time and often. There wasn't much of the wide world that I hadn't sailed over, nor things I hadn't done or tried to do in the time I put in before the mast and after; and it often seemed kind of strange, and brought me up with a round turn, to think I was here in Thompson's place, safe and sound, with all that wrack and ruin behind me.

Well, somewheres along near Christmas—the twenty-third of December, to be exact, and the time evening and late, with the snow drifting down outside like it'd never stop—Kit was performing one of his wildest feats of imagination, and holding me and Molly spellbound in the holler of his hand. We were all aboard the Constitution, Continental frigate, Captain Kit—and my, but things had been faring hard with us! It was blowing great guns, and we embayed off the Irish coast, driving steady on an iron lee shore. Captain Kit, he was handling her magnificent, but the elements was against him, and we was less than holding our own. The boats had all been swept away, and we had just been having a nasty time with a carronade breaking loose, when Kit orders me to let the prisoners up from the hold (we had hundreds and hundreds of them we had taken off the Shannon and the Teméraire in the fight of the day before). "Lieutenant Mygatt," says he, "they are brave men even if they are our foemen, and they shall have the same chance for their lives as we for ours!" "Is it as bad as that, Captain Kit?" says I, presuming on our old friendship and the imminence of death. "Lieutenant," says he, stopping in his little walk up and down the room, "shake hands, for it's maybe for the last time." Then he ordered me furrard to prepare to club haul the ship on the starboard tack. Well, the bo'sun had just cut away the anchor, and the cable was running out in a streak of fire, and I was standing by with my axe raised, looking for Captain Kit to put up his hand (which was the signal for me to let fly)—and we were all keyed up tremenjous, almost feeling the salt water in our faces, and seeing the rocks like they was real—when there came a loud rat a tat tat at the door!

It was a bit of a jump to get back to Thompson's place again, and I never saw so disgusted a look as passed acrost Captain Kit's face!

Then the door opened and a gentleman came in, followed by a lady. He was a splendid-looking chap in a furry coat, and the lady, too, was all swaddled up in sables, and the snowflakes glistened and ran all over them both.

"Our automobile is stuck in the snow," he says; "and we should be more than grateful if you could take us in for the night!"

"We're only poor folks, sir," says I, rising; "but you're welcome to the best we has!"

He give me a keen look like he wanted to assure himself as to the character of the place. It seemed to be satisfactory, as I could tell by the tone he went on speaking with.

"Lend me a hand with the car," he says, "and perhaps by shoveling we might manage to put it into one of your barns." Then he turned to the lady so loving and solicitous that they might have been bride and groom. She was about twenty five, and tall and slim and beautiful, with yaller-gold hair, and a face one couldn't keep one's eyes from! Molly drew her up to the stove, for she was shivering cold for all her splendid furs, and took her hands and warmed them in her own; while we men went out and tussled with that hell-wagon. It was the biggest thing of the kind I ever saw, but it might have been a fly in fly-paper for all the good it could make of its forty horse-power. The wheels went around all right—my, you couldn't see the spokes, even—but they had nothing to hold to; and Mr. Brander Pym (that was the gentleman's name) told me that for the last mile he had been digging a track for it with a board he had copsed off a fence!

"I wonder you ever dared try such a thing at this time of year," says I. "There's been snow in the air for three days past."

"It was a fool business altogether," he says, very genial. "But I haven't been married very long—in fact, five days—and my wife's heart was set on it—and what's more, she wouldn't hear of me taking my man!"

"Wives have to be humored," says I. "It's the price we pay for the love and comfort they bring a man!"

"Ha, a philosopher?" says Mr. Brander Pym.

"No, only a roofer," says I, laying on with the shovel.

It was tejous work getting that locomotive into the round house; and once it took a jump, and leaped six feet high, and nearly landed me under the cowcatcher! Mr. Pym, he worked as hard as me, for all his grand manners and princely ways, and I warmed to him for it. I like a man who's a man, whether he's forty times a millionaire or not—and Mr. Pym put his back into it good, and hustled for the big end! We were all quite jolly and acquainted by the time we had run the automobile under shelter; and all three of us went back to the house, stamping to shake the snow off us, and coming in all of a glow, carrying a ton of wraps from the car. Mrs. Brander Pym had her furs off, and was all nicely toasted and happy, and it seemed to me she looked more beautiful than before. She and Molly had made friends, too, and was smiling in each other's faces—and it came over me kind of strange to think of us fraternizing with such grand people and enormously rich and splendid! Not that I forgot my place, of course. If there's one thing a man learns at sea it is respeck; but one can be very friendly and all that, and yet not cross the batten. And the Brander Pyms were people of such high position that they had respeck, too—for me and Molly—and it was all like gentlemen everywheres, no matter whether they work with their hands for wages, or sit in offices on top of millions.

"Friend Mygatt," says Mr. Brander Pym, as we all sat sociable around the stove, "judging by present appearances we shall have to be your guests to-morrow as well as to-night—and the question is, have you got enough to feed us?"

"We're provisioned for three months," says I, "in beans, salt pork, salt horse, butter, flour, tinned milk, coffee and manavelins, laid in wholesale!"

He looked kind of surprised till I explained the situation—about the strike and all that.

"Then you are birds of passage, too?" says he.

"That's what we are, Mr. Pym," says I.

"Friend Mygatt," says he, "you're a brave and sensible man, and I wish you all luck out of your troubles!"

Kit acted shy, and kept out of range, rocking in his little chair in the shadow—though he had his ears wide open, and was taking it all in. After we had made up a bed for the Pyms out of their coats and wraps, and wished them good-night, Kit he snuggled up to me very confidential for the little talk he was busting with.

"Danny," says he, "I didn't know there were people like that in the whole world!"

"No?" says I.

"But so noble and handsome and splendid," he went on. "She makes me think of bygone queens that men have died for, to whom a rose from her hair or a ribbon off her neck was more than all the honors that kings could grant. When I was looking at her to-night it seemed as though she was making all history live for me!"

"Did she, old man?" says I.

"And I like him just as much," says he, meaning Mr. Brander Pym. "My, Dan, but don't his eyes flash as he talks, and every word he says rings out like a bell! He knows he's oceans above us, and this little place must seem to him as shabby and poor as Pitcher's Alley, and yet he acts like it was a palace, and we princes, too!"

"He's a gentleman, Kit," says I; "and the word's commoner than the article!"

"He's more than that," says Kit, reflecting. "He's—he's what I'd call a *great* gentleman, Danny!"

"He's old for his wife, ain't he?" says I. "Somewheres along forty, I reckon, while she's hardly more nor a girl."

"A gentleman like that—a *great* gentleman—is never old," says Kit, almost scandalized at my liberty. "He stands apart from the common herd as a king might, and so dazzling and glorious that it seems a privilege just to be near him!"

"That's right," says I.

"And Danny," says he, putting his mouth up close to my ear, "you and Molly mustn't tell him that I'm a—well, anything but what I look——!"

"I understand," says I, nodding. "Quite so, Kit!"

"I couldn't bear her to think I was a—a——" He couldn't bring out the word dwarf. I could feel it sticking in his throat like a lump.

"I'll see to it, Kit," says I, feeling a kind of a lump, too.

"And likewise Molly," he says pleadingly.

"Don't you worry about neither of us," I says, and ordered him to turn in, which he did most sorrowful, and his little face all bunged up.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and a mighty snowy, wild day it was, too, with the wind whistling through the broken windows of Thompson's place till it made you feel like you was at sea, and had better shorten sail—and that quick. Mr. Brander Pym he went out and took a good look to windward, saying when he came back that the red devil was stalled for to-day, if not for to-morrow as well. I heard him talking to his wife about it, proposing to get a farmer's sleigh and both drive in to Halstead, but she answered: "No, my love, I am happier here, truly I am!" And then he went on, evidently pointing out how poor and common Thompson's place was for one like her, accustomed to every luxury. And again she says "No," and began to run on about me and Molly, and how love was the only thing in the world, after all, and how her whole heart went out—— I didn't stay to hear more, being ashamed that it was as much. We had the jolliest breakfast together, and I'm blessed afterward if Mrs. Brander Pym she didn't jump up and insist on helping Molly wash the dishes, rolling up her sleeves on the whitest, plumpest arms you ever saw. And Mr. Pym, he sat smoking his cigar and taking it all in, with a beaming kind of look like he was saying to himself: "Ain't she a thoroughbred! Ain't I a lucky man to have such a wife! Ain't she the handsomest and the sweetest thing that ever stepped!" And in my humble judgment I reckon that perhaps she was.

Then we went out, he and I, and cut firewood, Mr. Pym taking off his coat and handling an axe fine, Mrs. Pym watching him from the window, and smiling with all her pearly teeth. My, but he was a thoroughbred, too, and six foot of perfect gentleman. I don't know how I got it into my head, but it seemed that he and Mrs. Pym had been sweethearts for years, with something hopelessly separating them that had only lately rolled away and made their marriage possible. Millionaires have romances, I suppose, just like other people, and run into snags, too, for all their money. In their remarks they was always referring back to a time when they had given each other up, and had said good-by forever. They both acted anxious that the other shouldn't forget it.

After dinner Mr. Pym announced that he was going along to Johnson's farm to hire a rig and drive into Halstead. Mrs. Pym wanted to go, too, but he wouldn't hear of it, saying it was too cold and too far. Then they said good-by like it was for the last time all over again, and as she saw him walking down the snowy road she burst out crying. My, but she was fond of Mr. Brander Pym; and as for him, he simply idolized her! After moping a while she seemed to get ashamed of how she was carrying on, and up she comes to Molly, putting her arm around her, and begging her pardon with a kiss. Then they went into one of the empty rooms to dress the Christmas tree out of sight of Kit. Lucky for us we had the whole outfit from last year—excepting the presents, of course—with colored candles to spare, and all the glass balls and tinsel put away careful, though the mice had gnawn the Dutch angel considerable.

The afternoon wore away like every other, and what with the still falling snow night came on even earlier than usual. The weather got worse than ever, till it was blowing a full gale out of the north-northeast, and sometimes the crazy old house would shake like it had shipped a green sea over the bows. Yes, a regular Christmas buster, and mighty glad I was not to be off the Horn—like I was once—pulling frozen ropes or passing the weather earing on the maintops'l yard. Mrs. Pym bore up pretty well till seven o'clock, when Molly spread supper, and I brought out the Christmas tree for Kit's benefit. Not that I meant to light it till Mr. Pym got back, but just to kind of cheer up Kit, who was awfully down in the mouth and miserable. It was precious little supper any of us ate, for Mrs. Pym was crying all over the place, saying her husband was lost in the snow. I went up to Johnson's

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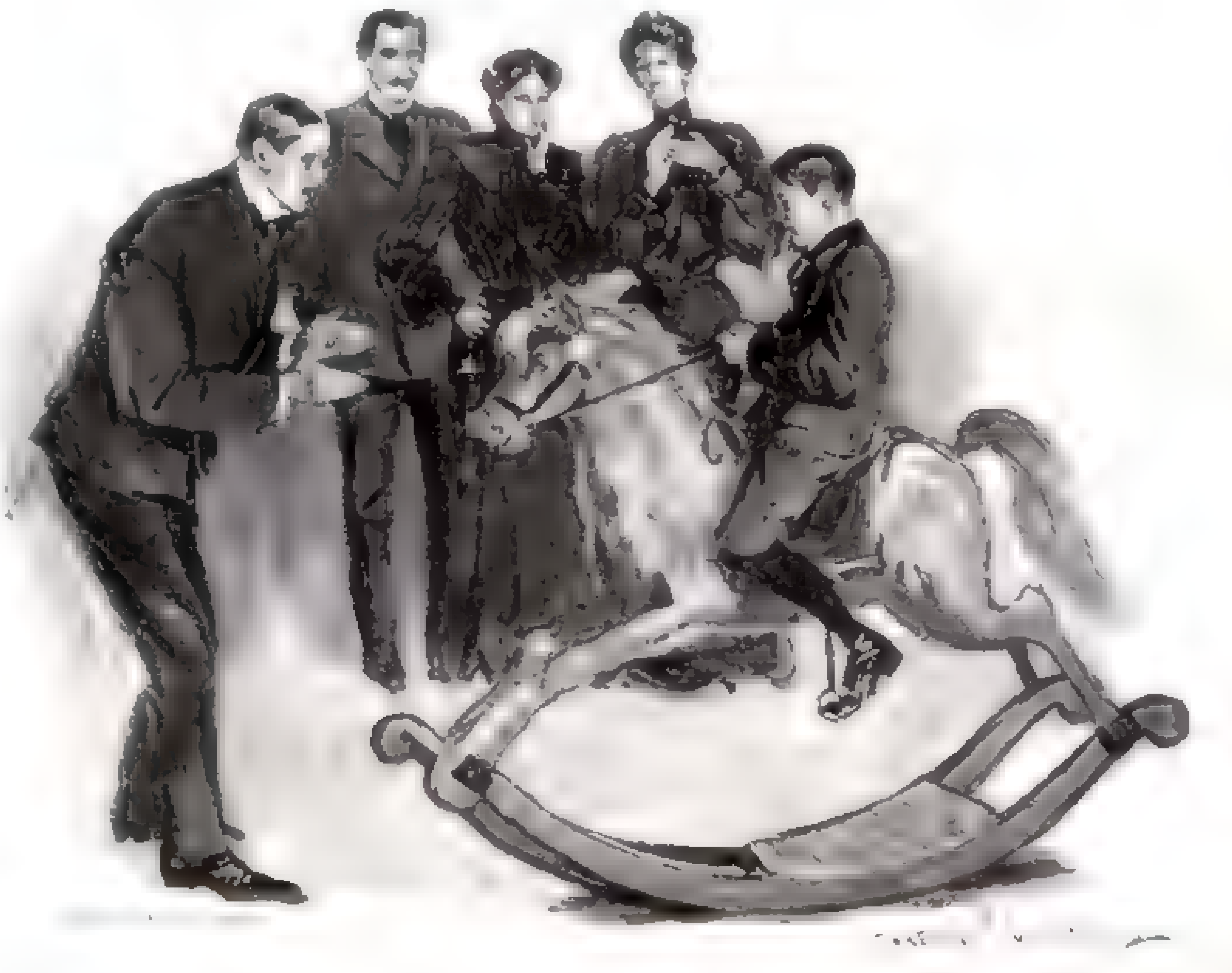


"MY, AIN'T SHE A BEAUTY!"

THE HOLIDAY TAX

Where $50,000,000 of American Pin-Money Goes To

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

THE last sections of the great annual European caravan have now returned. Only the stragglers and the stranded remain in the Strand and Piccadilly, in the Boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli. Last spring, as usual, they went, between one and two hundred thousand strong and laden with money. This fall they returned, moneyless, but laden with sundry goods, tangible and intangible. If the intangible goods, the ideas, baked, half-baked and raw, could be exhibited, a mighty amusing spectacle would be there; and the spectator would have a complete verification of Emerson's aphorism that what a man brings home from abroad depends entirely on what he takes with him. But, putting aside the intangible acquisition, let us look, or glance, rather, only at the tangible purchases — the souvenirs, presents, articles of art, clothing and the like.

LADEN WITH SUNDRY GOODS, TANGIBLE AND INTANGIBLE

Let us imagine them all put in one place, each article with the price mark upon it; and let us imagine all the travelers assembled and inspecting each the other's purchases. It is impossible to hear or to think for the laughter. Everybody is saying of her neighbor that he or she must have been crazy, doubly crazy — crazy to have bought such trash, crazy to have paid such a price for it. And presently it dawns upon those tens of thousands that they have all been fooled — or, what is infinitely more depressing, have made fools of themselves. And to laughter succeeds silence, and each takes up his or her pack of tomfooleries and silently steals away.

We have the reputation of being very shrewd people, and probably we are. But every man is shrewd only for his own environment. A forest guide wouldn't do for a city detective nor a city detective for a forest guide. And the American, experienced only in ways American, is as a mewling infant in the hands of the shopkeepers of the European resorts. They are good and ready for him — or her. He — or she — is not ready for them. The result is our millionaires loaded down with worthless or nearly worthless "art treasures," and our school-teachers from small interior towns cumbered with imbecile souvenirs that stand for nothing unless it be that on the site of their purchase was illustrated the old adage, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'

THE AVERAGE "CONNOISSEUR" KNOWS NOTHING

Our European excursionists spend in purchases every year upward of $50,000,000. The most startling fact about the resulting purchases is not their uselessness, nor even their dearness. It is that ninety per cent. of them, at least, could have been bought in the shops of our large cities for less money. This is true of clothing, of souvenirs, of objects of art. Precisely the same articles could have been bought at home for less money if the purchasers had taken the trouble to inform themselves as to the contents of the stocks of goods which our enterprising retailers buy in quantity abroad.

These bargain-hunting, bargain-taking travelers have been lugging the stuff all over Europe, have been paying excess baggage and customs duties, have had endless trouble and annoyance and anxiety, and the big shop round the corner had the very same thing for less money. They may have seen it on the counter there; but they didn't buy it because they didn't really want it.

There was a time when the returning traveler could be sure that whatever he brought home would be a novelty; something that could be got only in Europe, and only by going there after it. To day the traveler, unless he is very well informed indeed, can be certain that what he buys is to be had at home in quantity and cheaper. This has been brought about by the great merchants of America. They have penetrated into every nook and corner of the world. They have their agents scouring all markets and going back of markets to the small factories and special producers that are the sources of all the novelties in the markets.

Many Americans who go to Bohemia make a point of buying Bohemian glass and lace. It may interest them to know that the best glassworkers in Bohemia are in the employ of American wholesalers, and that every spring the agents of merchants in New York, Chicago and St. Louis collect the best of the winter's product of lace from the peasant women in the farmhouses of Bohemia. And these products, bought cheaply in large quantities, are put upon the retail market at less prices than tourists pay the shopkeepers of Carlsbad, Prague and Vienna. This is only one instance taken at random. The same thing is true of every kind of article that catches the tourist's eye and hypnotizes his common-sense. And the buyers for American merchants are experienced men and have taste that is certainly well up to the average of taste among tourists.

Every once in a while we read, in a more or less awe-stricken way, how such and such a millionaire has bought in Paris or London or Rome a wonderful collection of pictures, or potteries, or armor, or carpets, or tapestries, or what not. And he has. And usually in those collections there are a few articles of real value — but rarely a single one that is a genuine treasure. It is amusing, and a little irritating, to read the discussions in the European papers on these purchases. But amusement could not describe and irritation would not measure the feelings of the buncoed millionaires and the fooled American art "connoisseurs" could they know the truth, the ghastly truth.

On no subject in this world — not even on politics — is there so much rubbish talked as on the subject of art; and when people know nothing about art and wish to convince themselves and others that they know a great deal their output of rubbish becomes appalling. But the most of us are in that humble attitude toward the "connoisseur" which the plain burgher of a New England town of the seventeenth century held toward the town schoolmaster. The difference is that whereas the schoolmaster really did know a little something, and so was not wholly an impostor, the average "connoisseur" knows nothing — unless it can be called knowledge to have at one's tongue's end a lot of the slang of art.

In Europe there are too many people who really know about art for the "connoisseurs" to be taken seriously. As a rule European journals note the great American acquisitions of "priceless treasures" with a sly allusion that will be understood only by the very few.

But once in a while the haul is so tremendous, or the fraud so stupendous, that the joke is too good to be kept. Then articles appear that make an American wish his very rich countrymen would stay at home until they have added to their native good sense a trained instinct for the beautiful.

However, the melancholy part of the caravan's annual burden is not the awful things worked off in bulk upon our millionaires. They can afford the loss, and the new purchases will not be out of harmony with the rest of the contents of their palaces, and nobody need go to the palaces unless he wants to. The tourist of modest means is the one whose investments seem and are the most depressing.

There are none too many people in the whole of any country who really know how to shop. Intelligently to shop one must be informed, first, as to what he himself actually wants to buy; second, as to what the market supplies of the kind of thing he wants; third, as to values; fourth, as to the man he is dealing with. These are, crudely, the simplest requirements for stepping round the corner to get a dress or a suit of clothes, or a centrepiece for the dinner-table. If few of us know how to shop where we shop every day, what must be the fate of those of us who try to shop in a foreign land where we have never been before, or at least have never lived, and where we are imperfectly, if at all, acquainted with the language?

If foreign shopkeepers were absolutely honest, if they had no human nature in them, if eagerly sought to restrain their customers from making foolish purchases, would they be able to do it?

In the early part of September the sidewalks of the Rue de la Paix and the Rue de Rivoli — to confine ourselves to Paris and a small part of its shopping quarter — are thronged with Americans. You hear nothing but American spoken — American, American English and American French. And to the eye of the initiated the parade must suggest the procession of animals to the lion's den. These Americans are almost hysterical in their eagerness to be robbed. Eagerness? Yes, and delight. At sight of the bad bargains their eyes glisten. They fancy they are craftily dickering with the wily shopkeepers. They accept his "reduced" price — which is still double, treble, quadruple often, the actual value, if it is justifiable to use the word value in connection with trash. They take up their "short" change without looking at it. They go gayly away with their purchase, leaving the shopkeeper looking almost shamefacedly after them. What an incalculable evil in debauching character our easy-going, carelessly-lavish, enthusiastic countrymen and countrywomen have done.

There is one subject on which no sensible man will ever give a woman critical advice — that subject is her clothes. So, what follows must in no way be construed into advice or even suggestion in matters of dress. It is merely fact.

The Paris dressmakers — those who really determine fashion — show their real, latest styles to American customers only with the greatest reluctance. A few American women do see in advance what the French women will wear during the next season, but only a very few. The styles shown most of the American women who throng the establishments near the Place Vendôme are nearly a season old, are often nearly a year old. After the American women have bought and have gone the American dressmakers come. They get and take back styles later than the ones the American women have bought. After the American dressmakers have also returned home the real fashions are brought out; and these bear the same relation to the others that the finished work of an artist bears to his preliminary sketches and trials. It is the simple truth to say that all but a few dozen of the tens of thousands of American women who buy in Paris dressmaking establishments are in more than one way deceived and cheated.

THE STYLES SHOWN MOST OF THE AMERICAN WOMEN ARE OFTEN NEARLY A YEAR OLD

The best shops in Paris — and the best hotels and restaurants, too — have special American prices. It is hardly necessary to say that that word special has no cheerful meaning when coupled with the word American. It would be unfair to the shops and other establishments not to add that for these extortionate prices the Americans are themselves to blame. Nowhere on earth can any one get his rights of whatever kind unless he has the knowledge of what, exactly what, his rights are. The Americans do not know their rights in the European retail markets; they encourage Europeans to cheat them by a lavishness and carelessness that are the result of a false shame about money. It is just as well not to forget that one need never be ashamed to ask a price of a man who isn't ashamed to charge it.

CUMBERED WITH IMBECILE SOUVENIRS

Of the fifty millions spent for purchases by our excursionists in small individual amounts, probably a good forty millions are literally thrown away. They would better be spent on sightseeing. The more in the head and the less in the baggage when you land at New York again the better off you are likely to be. Ignorance and enthusiasm shouldn't be standing by when your pocketbook is open. They are a pair of thieves.

Christmas 'Way Down South

BY FRANK L. STANTON

You hear dat fiddle's music — de clappin' of de han's?
Dey beats de jubilation of de halleluia ban's!
You hear dat flo' a-creakin'? En don't you hear de call:
"Balance ter yo' partners, en swing yo' ladies all!"

Chris'mus times, good people!
Heel en toe you lif'!
Yander come de white folks
Ketch 'em "Chris'mus Gif'!"

Who dat, 'way off yander, rackin' down de road?
De ole-time, gray-head deacon, wid a congregation load!
De meetin'-house is empty — can't miss de Chris'mus chance —
Dey muster heerd de music, en dey comin' ter de dance!

Come in dar, you people,
En swing aroun' de hall!
Heel en toe, en roun' you go,
En "Chris'mus Gif'" ter all!

De very backlog's dancin', en up de red sparks go,
En pelt de ha'nts wid fire, whar dey moanin' in de snow!
Dey better take de road home, en hunt de holler tree,
Fer dis here time is Chris'mus, en de fiddle's flyin' free!

Watch out fer dat mistletoe!
Ketch you, I be boun'!
Kiss her fer dat "Chris'mus Gif'" —
Swing yo' sweetheart roun'!

Come in — de whole plantation — en jine de dancin' feet,
En glimpse dat peaceful 'possum — dat turkey, brown en sweet!
De table piled wid plenty! — come in, en take yo' place,
En see de deacon smack his mouf en say amazin' grace!

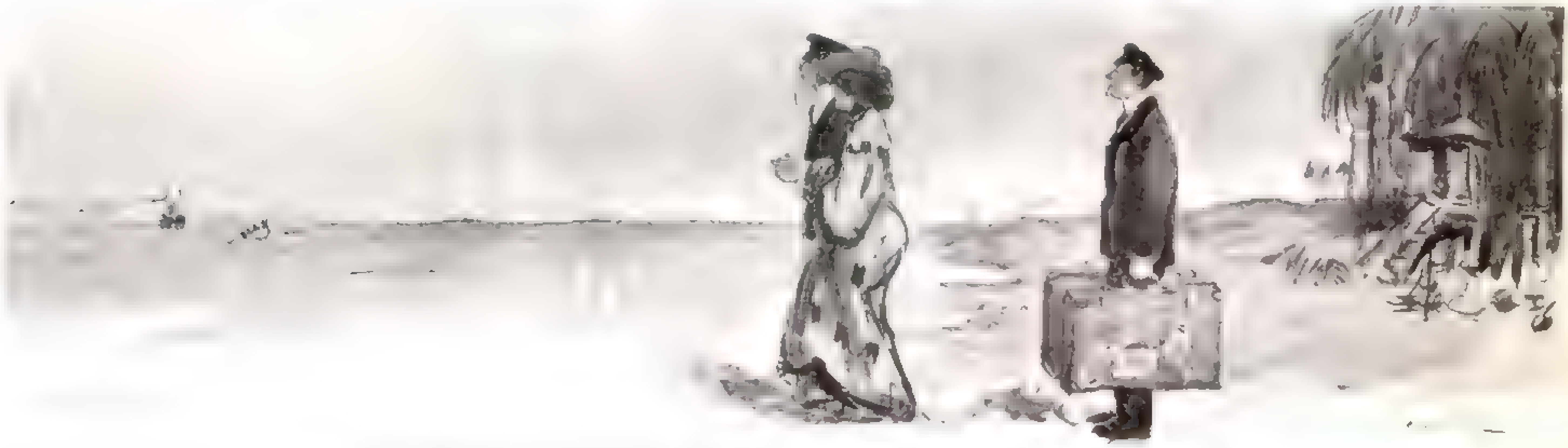
Ain't dis halleluia
Ter de soul er you?
'Pears like Heaven come down ter airth
En tell you, "Howdy do!"

Chris'mus times, good people! Des let de music roll!
De snow done hide de medders, but de summer's in yo' soul!
Han's roun' — de ole Ferginny Reel! en let de shadders creep
Like ghosts acrost de snowfiel's — but we'll dance de stars ter sleep!

Chris'mus times, good people —
Bes' time sence de fall!
Glory halleluia,
En "Chris'mus Gif'" ter all!

Shipwrecked Without a Chaperon

Being a Narrative of the Unusual Adventure of a Certain Sort of Man, an Uncertain Sort of Maid and a Quite Exceptional Man-Servant



AND WILLIAMS STOOD RESPECTFULLY BEHIND THEM WITH A DRESS-SUIT CASE IN EACH HAND

By George Randolph Chester

III — THE PRINCESS STARTS A TRUE DEMOCRACY

WHEN Miss Rawlins emerged from her tent she was an Indian Princess in all her finery, so far as costume went. Her gown of buckskin, gay with bright beads, came just below her knees, and her limbs were encased in fringed leggins that did not seem at all incongruous with her heavy tan walking shoes, in favor of which she had discarded the moccasins. To carry out her costume more completely she had braided her abundant hair in two long plaits, which hung down in front and were bound at the ends with bits of ribbon, interlaced in true Indian style. In this guise she presented herself to Williams at the fire, and he promptly burned his hand with hot grease. And no wonder!

"Gosh!" was what Williams said; but whether he said it about the burn or the stunning effect of her "get up" he did not explain. Either was enough.

The meal consisted of hot corn bread, scrambled eggs, canned succotash and coffee, and it looked very appetizing. As soon as it was ready the Indian Princess tripped gayly up to "the wigwam" to awaken Mr. Vanderman. In a moment more she had called in fright to Williams.

"I can't awaken him," she cried. "He is scarcely breathing!"

Williams ran up the steps and bent closely over Mr. Vanderman, then felt for his heart a moment and turned away relieved.

"Let him alone," he said. "He's all right, but you couldn't arouse him with a hot poker for a couple of hours yet. He's dog tired, that's all, and he needs just this sort of a sleep."

The young woman was so grateful to the man of experience that she wanted to shake hands with him again, but she didn't. Instead, when he started to set the table for one she promptly put his plate with her own.

"There is no need of our keeping up this class distinction out here," she explained. "It's silly."

"Mr. Vanderman will not be pleased," protested he.

"Van will be very much pleased when I insist on it," she assured him with a coquettish laugh, and then she checked herself with the reflection that she must not break down too many barriers.

The two of them ate, without inconvenience, the meal that had been prepared for three. They had been very hungry, and they enjoyed a most agreeable chat. It was impossible for Miss Rawlins to avoid the thought that Williams in civilization and Mr. Williams in the wilderness were two quite different beings. In the world of big events, now, Van was about the ideal man: clean-minded, polished, wealthy and devoted, what more could a woman ask? But here, down to the primitive, basic conditions of life itself, Mr. Williams, strong, energetic, resourceful, an unfailing "provider," no doubt an invincible fighter when protection was needed, and, withal, handsome, intelligent and pleasing of manner —— Miss Rawlins sprang from the table and announced that she was going to wash the dishes and clean house.

Williams had completed the thatching of one side of the hut and was well along on the other when she joined him and demanded something to do. Mr. Vanderman was snoring by this time, breathing deep and long, farther into his lungs than he had since he was a boy, and neither work nor talking disturbed him.

"I thought you might offer to help," said Williams, "and so I left you these bottom rows. I shall let you do as much as you can, for this must be done before night, and it is getting late in the afternoon. Just take my knife and cut a strip of bark from each branch, then use it to tie the branch to the pole so that the branches overlap, just as you see I have done it. While you are doing that I will cover the top part of the front wall and then make a door."

He was outside whistling merrily as he framed together a door of poles and thatching, and Miss Rawlins, inside, was humming an accompaniment to the whistle and finishing the front wall, when Mr. Vanderman, who had been restless for some time, suddenly turned on one side and blinked his eyes

For a moment he could not realize where he was, but as it all came back to him, he sat bolt upright

"Hello," he called, "I must have slept soundly What are you doing?"

"Helping to build about the coziest little nest that was ever put together in a tree," she answered. "Isn't it a charming summer cottage?"

"It is a marvel under the circumstances he replied; "but that is scarcely proper work for you to do. Why don't you let Williams finish it?"

"For one thing," she replied, plunging directly into the argument that she knew must come, "the place must be completed by nightfall, and one pair of hands could not finish it For another thing, we are not in New York now, and class distinctions must be in a measure given up We are all shipwrecked, Mr Williams as well as ourselves, and we may have to stay here forever, where money has no value and services cannot be hired, so we shall all have to turn in and make a living. We are in a truer democracy than that of America just now, and we shall have to be courageous enough to live up to it. Won't that be fine?" she ran on, kindling with altruistic enthusiasm. "We shall at last accomplish the only really, truly democracy in the world!"

Mr. Vanderman failed to warm to a true democracy He was quite silent for a long time. He was not without reason and he prided himself on his fairness but he had never before been asked to surrender his caste. Caste? Certainly! The aristocracy of America is a real thing, not to be denied, and a greater stickler for class distinctions than that of England because based on less recognized grounds—hence more vociferous. It has to demand the recognition that across the Atlantic is accorded without the asking.

"If Williams is willing to accept pay for his services, allowing it to accumulate, and taking chances on his getting back to where he can use the money, I don't see where our relations are changed"

Thus Mr. Vanderman, after a period of dispassionate cogitation.

The argument was unanswerable.

"Van, come help me thatch this wall. It's getting very late"

Thus Miss Rawlins, abandoning argument with shameless haste, and resorting to woman's unfailing weapon—imperiousness

Her victorious opponent actually laughed It pleased him to get the better of an argument with her. He arose, nevertheless, and took up a leafy branch'

The true democracy had begun. In theory it was quashed, but in practice it was rampantly established

The western sun was now streaming in at the door, and, as Miss Rawlins had been working in the shadows, Mr. Vanderman had not noticed her striking costume. Now she stepped into the doorway for a moment, ostensibly to give him some directions, but in reality to give him the full force of the combination in one deadly shock

"*What* have you got on?" he gasped, dropping his thatch.

"The only thing I have, besides my traveling dress. I must keep that in good condition, you know, in order to be presentable to the people who take us away from here," she answered him, adroitly touching on his weakest point.

The argument was unanswerable

Her fiancé thatched away in profound silence. Although beaten by force in his first contention, about the true democracy, and by logic in the second, about the dress, he was far from being satisfied on either count, especially the latter. Every now and then, as they hurried the completion of the "boudoir," he glanced at the abbreviated costume and shook his head. It was certainly becoming, very, but——

"I am quite glad, under the circumstances, that Mrs. Pottering is *not* chaperoning us just now," he said to himself as he fastened the last branch of the thatch in place

It was growing dusk by this time and he was hungry. His long sleep had wonderfully refreshed and strengthened him. Williams came up the stairs with his completed door, a clumsy arrangement which had to be lifted into place and lifted away again, but it was the best that could be done, and it could be "locked" by an inner cross pole. As some necessary work was still to be done on the hut Miss Rawlins decided to give Mr. Vanderman a further illustration of the "true democracy" and the necessity for it by preparing the evening meal, ordering him to come along and help. He went with her, protesting on the way that the yielding of an act, nor even a series of acts, was not by any means the relinquishment of a principle. He helped her, however.

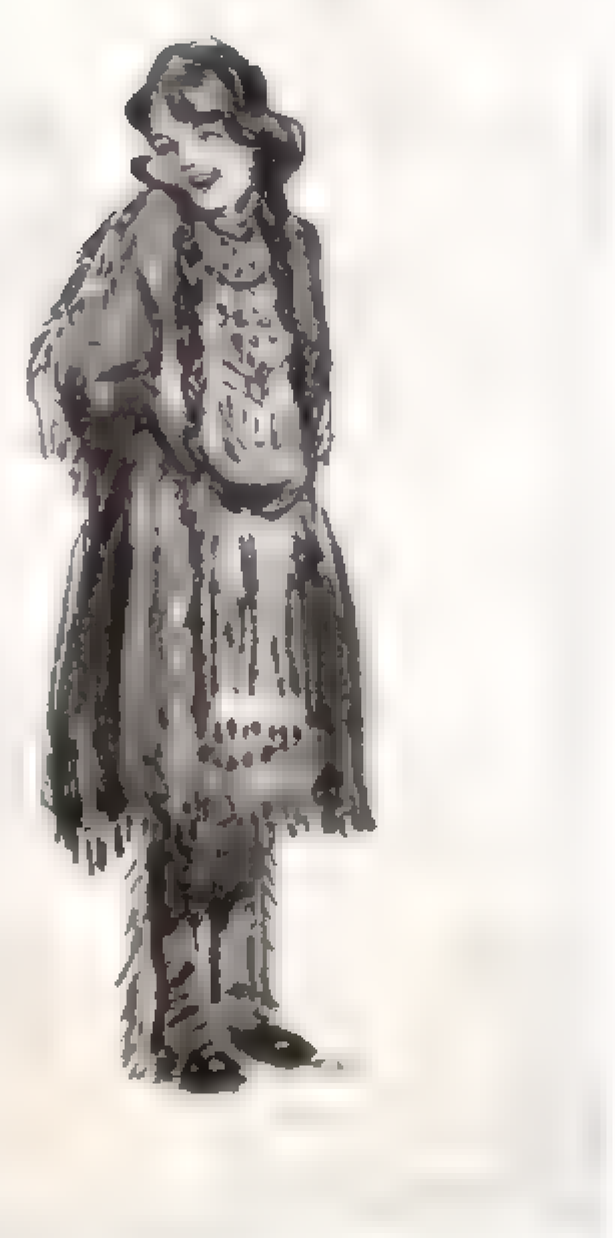
In the mean time Williams made, with stiff twigs, four cones about four feet in diameter, and fitted them around the four trees of the hut, mouth downward, like deep, flaring cuffs. These were to keep snakes from crawling up at the corners. With clay he constructed deep bowls around each tree, filling them with water to keep crawling things away, and then went to pass judgment on the cooks

Three covers were laid upon the boat seats!

"You must be hungry yourself, Williams," said Mr. Vanderman pleasantly. "Be seated."

Miss Rawlins covertly patted him on the back. He had done the thing most gracefully.

"Van insists on calling this dinner, Mr. Williams," she laughed; "and I hope it will taste better under that name.



IN THIS GUISE SHE PRESENTED HERSELF TO WILLIAMS

We shall continue to have luncheon at noon, if we can find anything to eat, just as we do at home."

"We shall find plenty of food," he replied. "The forest back there would support a colony of a hundred or more. That's what makes me think we are so far from the track of ocean travel and so distant from the mainland. If it were convenient of access so rich an island could scarcely escape being claimed as a coaling station and populated with government employees, or, if near to other islands, would certainly be held by a little kingdom of savages. We've simply got to go ahead on the assumption that we are to live and die here. If we should be rescued we shall be better off in the agreeable surprise of it than if we wear our hearts out in looking for a sail that never comes."

There was food for thought in that remark. Even Mr Vanderman was compelled to reflect throughout dinner that contact with the world was necessary to sustain his assumption of superiority. He would not admit that Williams could ever be his equal in birth and breeding, but he saw with dismay that these qualities were of no value here Williams, he perceived, was of the most value of the three to the community, and might even, in the course of time, affect, if he chose, not only an equality but a supremacy. It was a very disagreeable thought, and he was glad to dismiss it when Miss Rawlins suddenly called attention to the beauty of the fading sunset

"That's so!" exclaimed the practical Williams, springing to his feet. "We have no time to lose, for that light won't last half an hour. There is no twilight here, just daylight, then sunset, then the darkness dropping down like a curtain of ink. Before nightfall we've got to gather wood enough to keep this fire going all night. Miss Rawlins, if you will go up along the edge of the trees and pick up all the dry sticks you can find, Mr. Vanderman and I will bring up the boat and arrange it for a bed."

It was a crisp, decisive order, and Mr. Vanderman, though he saw the necessity for it and obeyed with alacrity, resented it. The natural leader had already asserted himself. The true democracy had come, paused for a fleeting instant, and had gone in the same instant. The government was now an autocracy, and Williams was the autocrat!

Miss Rawlins smiled as she hurried about her appointed task. No woman objects to being properly and wisely bossed. She loves an autocrat. The dictator in this case was the only one of the trio who did not realize the ethical change. He was too busy.

Under his direction the boat was carried up near the fire, all the seats taken out and a bed made in it with the tarpaulin and one of the blankets. Another blanket was reserved for Miss Rawlins and the third for the man on watch. These preparations completed, they helped Miss Rawlins search for wood until a sufficient amount had been collected, and night was upon them. For the first time in that busy day they began to realize how much alone they were. A rousing fire helped to cheer them a little, and for perhaps an hour they sat by it, chatting and dreading to separate. Miss Rawlins was the first to suggest retiring, but after she had gone "home" she came out again and sat in her front door, watching the men smoke, until Mr. Vanderman discovered her

"Williams," said Mr. Vanderman, arising at once, "I shall take the first watch to-night, as I had a very good sleep to-day. But first I am going over to make a call upon Miss Rawlins, and until I return I wish you to remain within sight and stay awake."

"I don't see the need of that," objected Williams. "We ought to get all the sleep we can, as it will be pretty much broken at the best. I'll just stretch out here by the fire for a snooze until you return."

"You will do just as I tell you. You must remember that Miss Rawlins is alone on this island with us, and I wish all the proprieties observed, even more strictly than if we were at home. You will please to remain awake."

"Yes, sir," said Williams deferentially.

Mr Vanderman walked away with a much more comfortable feeling. He was still the master!

In the few rods intervening between the fire and the bower of Miss Rawlins he had satisfactorily worked out the ethics of the situation

"I am so glad you came over," exclaimed the girl as he doffed his hat at the bottom step. "I'm afraid I was going to have an attack of the 'fidgets.' Wouldn't Mr. Williams like to join us? It's so very lonely."

"Williams has been instructed to remain just where he is," rejoined Mr Vanderman. "Apropos of him, I have been thinking over what you said about our changed relations while here, and have come to the conclusion that you are partially right. It is necessary for us to have an executive head, and he is by nature and experience exactly fitted for it. I see, too, that one person cannot do all the work necessary to support three, the other two remaining idle. Back in the States, it strikes me now, it takes the surplus earnings of more than a hundred workers to support one idle family in luxury. There is no way for any one of us, I now perceive, to escape a certain share of the drudgery, and, in so far as relates to practical matters, I am willing to defer to Williams, and even to put myself under his direction. But when his executive and official capacity is not in requisition, and strictly social relations begin, I am still his master and shall remain so."

Miss Rawlins laughed softly. She had a keen sense of humor, and his nice class distinctions were delicious under the circumstances.

"The 'true democracy' idea doesn't seem to appeal to you," she rather mischievously remarked.

"There never was a 'true democracy,' and never will be," he replied

"The first class in sociology will now recite," she mocked "Dear me, we shall be discussing evolution and comparative theology next, and after such a heavy dinner it might not be wholesome for us. I say, Van, wouldn't this make a delightful winter home, if you only had your yacht out in that little bay, ready to steam away when you tired of it all?"

"Poor old Penzance," he sighed. "I'm very sorry to lose that yacht. It was a beauty. I wonder what has become of the rest of our party"

"I'd wager that Mrs. Pottering is safe and sound," was the flippant response. "I don't believe that any ocean on earth would dare to drown one of her irreproachable deportment."

From then on the talk centred around the friends that had been taken from them by the storm. Miss Rawlins came down step by step until she sat just above him, but Mr Vanderman made no move even to take her hand. There were times when, while yielding all due admiration for the thorough gentleman that he was, she rather wished that he were not so excessively proper

Williams sat grimly smoking his pipe when Mr Vanderman returned and, after a few brief directions about the fire, he handed over a gun to use in case wild animals attempted an attack, and tumbled into the boat.

IV—A LITTLE MOONLIGHT ORATOR)

THE moon was riding well up in the sky when Mr. Vanderman awoke Williams and, with a sigh of comfort, rolled himself in the warm blanket of the boat. Williams fixed up the fire and sat down to pass his watch with stolid patience, but there is something in loneliness and moonlight that arouses sentiment in the most prosaic of us, and, before half an hour had passed, he found himself humming an old ballad. Another and another recurred to him, and unconsciously he let out his voice a little. He had a good barytone, and in former days had known quite a bit of music that just fitted it. Finally the stirring Bedouin Love Song came to his lips, and, allowing himself to be carried away with the spirit of it, chiming so well with the time and place, he rose to his feet and, taking off his hat, sang it fervently to the quiet sea and the soft moonlight

Mr. Vanderman replied with a dignified and perfectly proper snore, but from the edge of the wood there came the soft clapping of hands, and Williams was startled, on turning, to see Miss Rawlins standing in her doorway.

"*Encore, encore!*" she sang, her voice hushed in deference to the moonlight

He bowed with his hat sweeping the ground.

"I'm very sorry that I awakened you," he apologized

"You didn't," she assured him. "Come up here and talk to me."

He came and leaned easily against the bottom rail of the stairway. She stepped half-way down so that they could talk without raising their voices. She was clad in a kimono that he had hastily packed for her.

"I've been awake for the last hour," she said, sitting down; "and I'm so glad you sang. It took away my loneliness. I never knew that you had such a splendid voice."

"Any voice would sound good on such a night as this," he modestly replied. "Isn't it glorious, this moonlight? It makes me feel as if I would be willing to live my life out here. What a wonderful place this would be for two people, who worshiped each other in the story book fashion, to live and to love!" Miss Rawlins came down a step or two. This, now, was proper moonlight talk. Mr. Vanderman had not risen to the occasion like this. "Back in the forest there," he went on, with a wave of his hat at the background of silver-tipped trees, "nutritious food, that waits only to be plucked, hangs, always ripening, on trees that never die. Strong grasses, soft and pliable as silken strands, grow there ready to be woven into fabrics as beautiful as any that swing to the glide of a princess. Think of the joy of spending a perpetual honeymoon, through balmy days and moonlit nights, in such an earthly paradise as this!"

"And here I thought, all this while, that only the Irish had 'the gift of the gab,'" was her laughing comment on this flight of oratory.

"I am half Irish," he retorted, with a ready appreciation of the humor in the situation. "My mother was a Fitzgerald."

"Then you are entitled to rhapsodize," she replied. "Go on with your little fairy tale. You interest me." She was half laughing and half in earnest.

"I'm not 'rhapsodizing,'" he declared. "I feel just that way about it. It would be as near Heaven as a mere man might wish for. Why, think of strolling along that silvered beach with the green sea singing at one's feet as it does to-night! Think of wandering underneath those endless canopies of trees, hand in hand with your other self, with no thought of the morrow, no envies, no heartburnings, no striving after ambitions that, when won, give no joy." Miss Rawlins sat on the third step from the bottom now, her arm resting on the rail. He inadvertently let his warm hand rest upon her arm and let it stay there for a moment. She moved not a muscle. "Think," he continued, "of prattling little ones around one's knee in such an environment as this. Think of them growing up strong and helpful men and women, untainted by any knowledge of the selfishness and shallowness and littleness of the world, all united in one happy, loving, contented family. How that would take off the curse of dying alone of old age in this remote spot, with the last miserable survivor praying for death, or, with excusable cowardice, seeking self-destruction!"

Her round throat, showing low in the kimono, was ivory-white in the moonlight, and she was very thoughtful. A fine baritone voice is very impressive after nightfall. The wide world had narrowed down to this tiny island, and there were but these three upon it. In primitive days men ranked according to their prowess alone, their ability to provide against the hard conditions of life, to battle against nature and their fellowmen; and women, too, chose their mates by this standard. The fire was dying down and it would soon need replenishing, but they two remained a long time silently looking out upon the sparkling sea. A night bird flew shrieking through the forest behind them. Neither one noticed the shrill cry. A sharp tongue of the fire leaped high in a last effort, then flickered and died out.

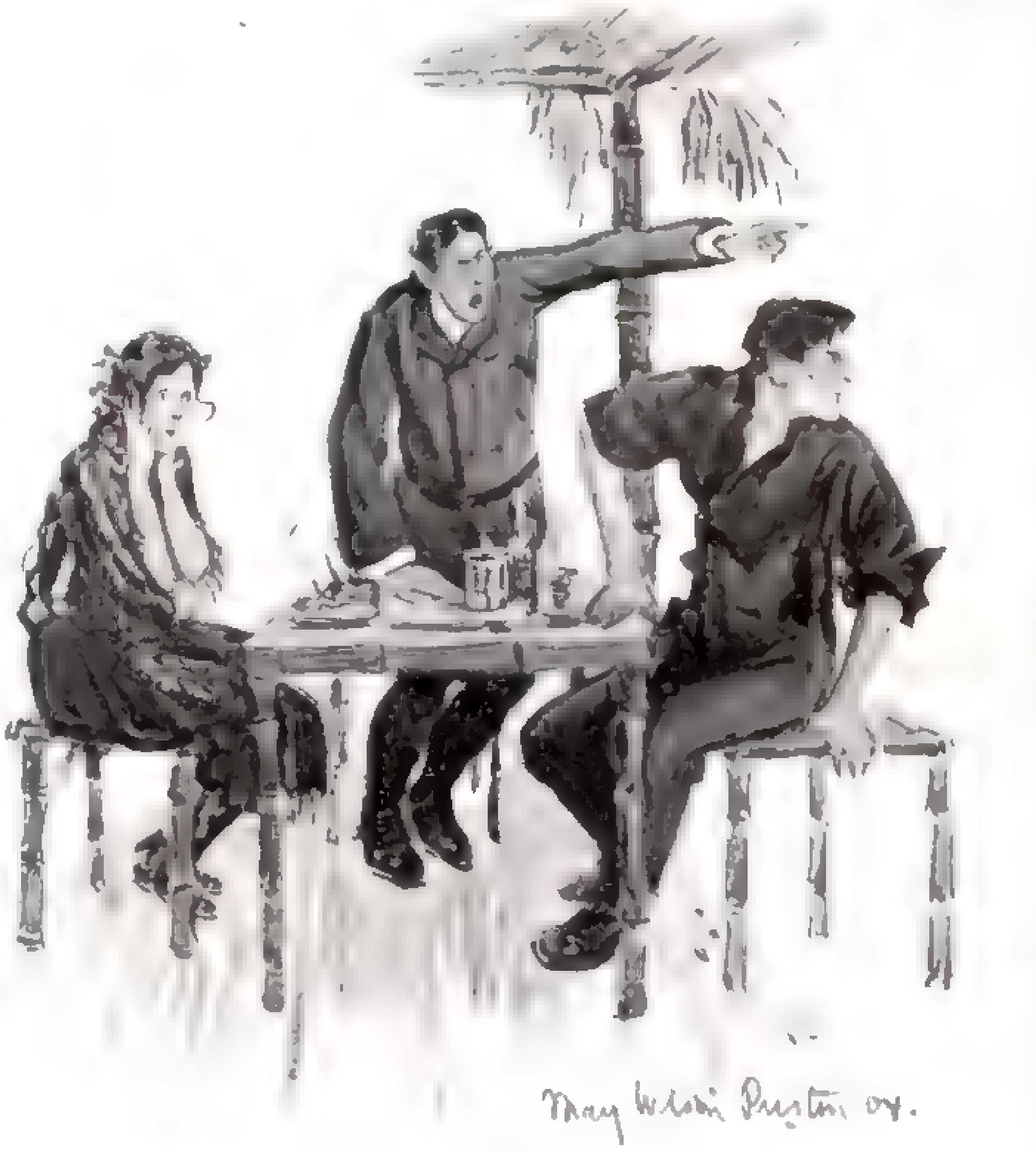
"Good-night," said the girl, rising slowly and giving him her hand. Then he went back to the fire.

Half an hour later, while Miss Rawlins was still trying to go to sleep, a very humorous idea occurred to her.

"What would Mrs. Pottering think of this?" she mused, and laughed aloud.

It was on Williams' second watch that the day broke, and, as soon as it was light enough, he set a basin of water, a cake of soap and a towel on Miss Rawlins' top step, then took his gun and the empty pail and went into the forest.

Mr. Vanderman, shielding the sun from his eyes with his blanket, was still asleep when the hunter returned an hour or so later with a pail of fresh spring water, a brace of birds and an armload of breadfruit and ripe bananas; but Miss Rawlins was up, fresh and sparkling in her Indian suit, patiently fishing from the point of the reef, where he joined her after getting rid of his burden. She had caught a string of fish, and she was delighted with her prowess.


May Wilson Preston 07.

FOR ONCE STARTLED OUT OF THE SELF REPRESSION THAT HAD BEEN A POLITE MASK TO HIS EMOTIONS THROUGHOUT LIFE

"And just think!" she cried. "I dug the worms myself and baited my own hooks, and now I'm going to cook them for breakfast — the fish, I mean, not the worms."

"Good for you!" And he patted her approvingly on the shoulder. "As a reward of merit I'll give you these." He drew from behind his back a cluster of vivid red blossoms which she received with surprised pleasure and deftly wove into her dark hair. He was enraptured.

"I'm going to make a mirror so that you may see the picture that Mr. Vanderman and I shall enjoy at breakfast," he said with a sudden idea, and started back to the beach, carrying the string of fish.

"Really, Williams is getting on rapidly," said she, following him; but she was not by any means displeased. He was paying her very direct, even blunt, attentions, but she found them strangely agreeable.

He filled his only bright pan with the clear spring water and carried it into the shade, then went to clean the fish while she admired herself in the improvised mirror with considerable complacency. The flowers were certainly very becoming, and it was a very pretty attention for him to have brought them to her.

Mr. Vanderman sat up in the boat, feeling cross and trying not to show it, and demanded a bath. Williams reconstructed the triangular dressing-tent of the day before, took up water, towel and soap, and laid out Mr. Vanderman's hunting-suit and a change of underclothing. Mr. Vanderman looked over the arrangement with approval and tipped his man a dollar on the spot. Williams looked at the coin a bit curiously, then slipped it into his pocket.

"Thank you, sir," said he, and went back to finish cleaning the fish. He told Miss Rawlins about it, and at first she laughed, then she suddenly straightened up with a glow of pink in her cheeks.

"What did you do?" she asked, repressing her indignation.

"I took it. What could I do? He has always tipped me" — she winced at this — "and it would do no good to provoke a breach. I must let him have as much of his old way as I can. It's the only way to keep him happy."

"Yes, it's Van's way," she assented a little coldly; "and your attitude in the matter is your own affair, I am sure."

"By the way," said he, after a period of industrious silence, "Mr. Vanderman did another characteristic act last night. He instructed me to keep awake and in sight while he paid you his call."

She colored deeply.

"Mr. Vanderman was quite right," she answered with forced dignity. "He is the soul of honor and propriety."

Williams felt that he had been severely rebuffed, but he did not know just why. He went on cleaning fish.

Miss Rawlins was very much provoked. The matter of the tip was bad enough — it was humiliating, in fact — and in the matter of the moonlight chat she was very uncomfortable. Mr. Vanderman would be inexpressibly annoyed if he knew, and she did not dare commit herself by asking Williams not to tell him.

Williams should have evaded that tip.

Mr. Vanderman strolled down, fresh and crisp in his hunting suit, just as they were putting breakfast on the new table, which was made from the three boat seats supported on stakes. He had a suave good morning for Williams, as if he had not seen him before, and a pretty speech for Miss Rawlins and the flowers in her hair, but he sat facing the sea and never ceased to look for a sail. Miss Rawlins gave him one of the flowers to put in his buttonhole.

"Miss Rawlins," said Williams immediately after breakfast, "we shall have to leave you the dishes to wash, and after that, if you will, you may gather wood. Mr. Vanderman, the first thing we must do is to raise a flagpole on the beach and keep a flag flying all day. That and a fire by night is all we can do toward attracting attention. Then we must make a clearing, up near Miss Rawlins' hut, and start a log bungalow as quickly as we can. I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid to waste the time that it would take to make another hut for ourselves. The rainy season might catch us at any time. We'll go up and mark out the place right away, and you may chop down the trees while I saw and trim and measure the timbers to the measurements I have in mind."

Mr. Vanderman gravely shouldered the axe and submissively followed Williams. They found a fine stew of the birds awaiting them at noon, and they all did full justice to it. Mr. Vanderman's hands were blistered and he had an intense pain between his shoulder-blades, but he said not a word about it. They had their flag of distress flying now, and he seemed to pin a great deal of faith to it. In the middle of the afternoon he had to lie down to rest for half an hour, and in the evening he was distressingly fatigued. Williams, on the contrary, came in glowing, broad shouldered, happy with their progress. They had the foundation of the bungalow down, and the entire site laid with a floor of split logs. After dinner Miss Rawlins did her part of the work in thoughtful silence. Perhaps Williams had been very considerate, after all, in that matter of the tip. She left the men quite early.

Mr. Vanderman went into the triangular tent and changed his clothes to make her a call.

"This is the nearest I can come to evening dress," he said with a whimsical smile; "but I know that you will excuse it."

He was half in earnest about it, though. Such things were as much a part of his existence as his morning ablutions. He did not stay very long, but was glad to tumble into the boat and to sleep, leaving the first watch to the autocrat of the island. Miss Rawlins did not come down to the fire to chat with Williams, nor did she come out when he sang. He was hoarse when he quit. Mr. Vanderman woke up once and politely told him that it was impossible to sleep within sound of even the best of music.

The next day being the first of the month, according to their reckoning, Mr. Vanderman paid Williams his wages before breakfast, thus asserting his position. Miss Rawlins had a good laugh over this, but she did not let Williams see her at it. She understood now why the tip had been given. She rather pitied Mr. Vanderman, but it was noble of Williams to have taken it without resentment. She had had a good night's sleep.

That night Mr. Vanderman took the first watch, and when Williams came on for his turn he made sure that Mr. Vanderman was fast asleep before he began to sing. He went through quite a repertoire, but there was no response, even to the Bedouin Love Song. Others than Williams might have given up at this juncture, but not he. Stalking boldly up to her door he began to sing Schubert's Serenade.

The door was suddenly lifted aside and she hurried out. She had evidently been listening all the while.

"Hush!" said she. "You will awaken Mr. Vanderman!"

"Then come out and talk to me," he said sturdily.

"You are grown very bold," she told him, and then regretted it.

"I have need to be," he answered.

She sat down upon the topmost step with a little laugh, and he came up immediately and sat down a step or two below her. He talked magnificently that night. He had as good an education as Mr. Vanderman, better, in fact, and he made better use of it, though he interspersed his good English with

(Continued on Page 44)

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellaire, etc.

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CHAPTER X

BOMBAY, a very dream city, was fading—ever more dreamlike, enwrapped in pale-tinted sunset mists—into the distance

The salt breeze was in their faces; in their ears was the rushing of the waters from the sides of the ship as she cut her way through. Already the something of England that the sea must always bring her children, the surroundings of an English ship especially, was about them. They seemed to have come from the land of languor and secret doings into open life, into simple action, into a busy, wholesome stir

Beneath them pulsed the great heart of the ship, white foam pointing her way as she forged ahead. Behind her stretched the furrow of her course, two long lines, ever wider divergent till they lost themselves to the eye. And now, by some fantastic mirage effect, the great Oriental port, with its glimmering minarets and cupolas, showed as if caught up into the sky itself. Let but this iron heart labor on a little while longer, let but this eager prow cut its way a little deeper toward the sunset, and the East would have vanished altogether. . . . . The travelers would not even see the first glimmer of her evening lights hang a jewel necklace on the horizon, so swiftly had the sea laid hold of them

Homeward bound! The step from pier to steamer had already severed the link of their strange affinity with the East. Its mystery had fallen from them. Already this was England. Rosamond Gerardine and Aspasia, side by side, watched the shores retreat, fade, sink and vanish

"Good-by, India!" said Aspasia, her head sentimentally inclined, dropping at last the little handkerchief with which she had been frantically signaling long after there was any possibility of the vessel being descried from the land otherwise than as a black spot; "Good-by and hey for home!"

Lady Gerardine fixed the fading vision with wide, abstracted eyes.

"God grant," she said, under her breath, more to herself than to the girl beside her, "that I may never see those shores again!"

"Amen!" said Aspasia cheerfully

Rosamond laid her hand upon Aspasia's wrist as they leaned against the railings and pressed it with a grasp that almost hurt

"An accursed land!" she went on, this time in a low intense voice. It was as if she flung anathema to the retreating shores. "Cruel, cruel, treacherous! Oh, God, what has it not already cost us English! Is there a home among us that has not paid its blood tribute to that relentless monster? Listen, child. I was as young as you when I last beheld its shores—thus—from the sea. It was in the dawn (it is fit it should now be dusk), and we stood together as I stand beside you to-day. And I saw it grow out of the sky, even with the dawn, a city of rose, of pearl, beyond words beautiful—unimaginable it seemed to me, in promise! He said to me: 'Look, there is the first love of my life; is she not fair? And I am bringing to her my other love . . . and you two are all that I will have of life.' And then he laughed and said: 'It would be strange if I wanted more, with two such loves.' And, again: 'Not even for you could I be false to her'"

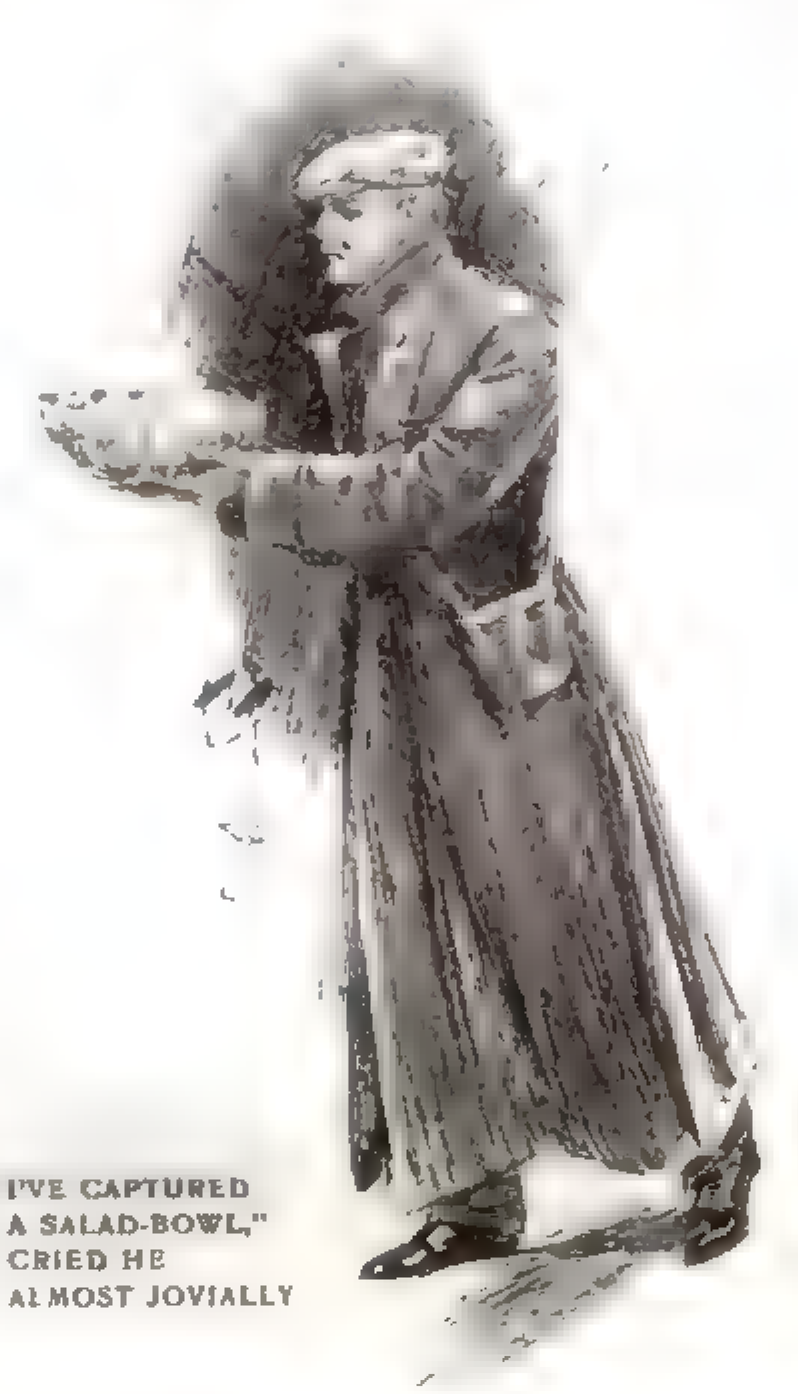
Aspasia, mystified, turned her bright gaze full upon her aunt's face. In the pupils of Rosamond's eyes there was enkindled a sullen fire

"He came back to her," she went on; "and she—that land—lay smiling in the sunrise to receive him. Oh, how she can smile and look beautiful and smell fragrant, and caress, with the dagger hidden under the velvet, the snake in the rose, and the sudden grave yawning! I've never been home since," she said with a sudden change of tone, bringing her glance back from the misty horizon to fix it upon Aspasia with so piteous and haggard a look that the girl lost her composure. "And now I am coming home alone, and he remains there." She made an outward sweep with her left hand toward the north. "I am coming home alone. The other has kept him. She has kept him. I am alone: he is left behind"

"Who?" cried the bewildered Baby, who had utterly failed to seize the thread of her aunt's strange discourse. And, upon her usual impulsiveness, springing to a conclusion of mingled amazement and derision: "Who—Runkle?" she exclaimed

No sooner had the foolish cry escaped her lips than she could have bitten out her tongue for vexation.

A change came over Lady Gerardine's face, colder and grayer than even the rapid tropic evening that was closing upon the scene. The light went out in her eyes, to be replaced by a distant contempt. The features that had quivered with passion became set into their wonted mask of repose; it was as if a veil had dropped between them, as if a cold wind drove them apart.



"I'VE CAPTURED A SALAD-BOWL," CRIED HE ALMOST JOVIALLY

"I was not speaking of your uncle," said Rosamond at length very gently. Then she suggested that as it was growing late they should take possession of their cabin.

And Aspasia, as she meekly acquiesced, trembled upon tears at the thought of her blundering. For one moment this jealously centred heart had been about to open itself to her; for one moment this distant enfolded being had turned to her as woman to woman; impelled by God knows what sudden necessity of complaint, of another's sympathy, of another's understanding, the lonely soul had called upon hers. And she, Aspasia—Baby, well did they name her so—had not been able to seize the precious moment! The sound of her own foolish laugh still rang in her ears, while the unconscious contempt in Rosamond's gaze scorched her cheeks.

. . . . .

From the very first day, Fate, in the shape of an imperiously intimate Aspasia, drew Raymond Bethune, the saturnine, lonely man, into the narrow circle of Lady Gerardine's 'board-ship existence. In her double quality of great lady and semi-invalid, the Lieutenant Governor's wife was to be withdrawn from the familiar intercourse which life on a liner imposes on most travelers. It had been Sir Arthur's care to see that she was provided with an almost royal accommodation, which, as everything in this world is comparative, chiefly consisted in the possession of a small sitting-room over and above the usual sleeping-cabin.

Into these sacred precincts Miss Cuningham hustled Bethune unceremoniously, as the first dusk closed around their traveling home on the waste of waters.

"Steward! . . . Oh, isn't it too bad, Major Bethune! I've been ringing like mad, and poor old Jani's bewildered out of her wits; and Gibbons—that's our English fool of a maid—she's taken to groaning already. There's not a creature to do anything for us, and that idiot there says he's nothing to say to the cabins!"

Her arms full of flowers, she stood close to him; and the fragrance of the roses and carnations came to him in little gushes with her panting breath. Her rosy face, in the uncertain light, had taken to itself an ethereal charm very different from its usual clear and positive outline. Hardly had this realization of her personality come to him than, under the hands of the ship's servant she had so contemptuously indicated, the flood of the electric light leaped upon them. And, behold, she appeared to him yet fairer—youth triumphant, defying even that cruel glare to find a blemish in bloom or contour.

"What do you want?" he asked, with the softening of his hard face which so few were ever privileged to see

"A vase for our flowers—a big bowl I hate messy little dabs; and I don't want them to die an hour before they can help it. Oh, a really big bowl, at once!"

Her residence in an Indian Governor's palace had been short, but sufficient to give Miss Aspasia the habit of command

Raymond Bethune gave his dry chuckle as he set to work to fulfill her behest.

"I've captured a salad bowl," cried he almost jovially when he returned; "and the head steward is in despair!"

"Tell him to steal the cook's pudding-basins," said Aspasia, and swept him back with her to the minute sitting-room

Here sat Lady Gerardine, still wrapped in her cloak but bareheaded, under the shaded light. Leaning back among her cushions, her feet crossed on a footstool, she seemed to have taken full possession of her quarters. The narrow, commonplace surroundings had already received her special personal imprint. The flowers, the cushions, a few books, a great cut glass scent bottle—the very disorder even of a litter of rich trifles that had not yet found their place—removed the trivial impression of steamer upholstery. She received him without surprise, if without any mark of welcome; and Aspasia chattered, ordered, laughed, kept him employed and amused. Now and again Lady Gerardine smiled vaguely at her niece's outbursts. Bethune could not feel himself an intruder. And certainly it was better than his fourth share of a bachelor's cabin, better than the crowded saloon and smoking-rooms, with their pervading glare and odor of high polish

Through the open porthole came the sound of the rushing, swirling waters, punctuated by the slap of some sudden wave against the flank of the ship. A wind had arisen, and now and again gusts, cold and briny, rushed in upon the warm inner atmosphere of flowers.

Lady Gerardine held a large bouquet of Niphotis roses, and her pale, long fingers were busy unrolling the bonds that braced them in artificial deportment. Their petals, thought the man, were no whiter than her cheeks.

Presently Aspasia plunged her healthy pink hands down among the languid blossoms and began pulling out the wires.

"I shouldn't if I were you," said Rosamond; and then she held up a spray. "See, the poor flower, all stained, all fallen apart, all broken. Never draw away the secret supports, Baby. It is better to hold one's head up, even with the iron in one's heart, and pretend it is not there."

Bethune looked at her, a little startled. In some scarcely tangible way the words seemed aimed at him; but he saw that for her, at that moment, he did not exist.

For the first time a pang of real misgiving shot through him. He seemed to behold her with new eyes. She struck him as very frail. Could it be true, or did he but imagine it, that that lovely head, once so defiantly uplifted against him, now drooped?

Feeling the fixity of his gaze upon her, she glanced up and then smiled. Strange being! Was he, then, so easily forgiven? His heart gave a sudden leap

The memory of this first evening was one which haunted him all his life with a curious intimate sweetness.

Time passed as time will pass on board ship; vague hours resembling each other, dropping to dreamy length of days; days that yet lapse quickly and moreover work a sure but subtle change. No traveler that lands after a long sea journey is the same as he who started. Sometimes, indeed, he will look back upon his former self with surprise

So it was with Raymond Bethune; and if he came to view himself with surprise, still more inexplicable to him was the new Lady Gerardine as he learned to regard her. According to his presentiment, these two women—she to whose puzzling personality he had vowed antipathy, and she whose fresh young presence made dangerously strong demands upon his sympathy—soon began to absorb all the energies of his thoughts. To a man who had hitherto known no other emotion, outside a very ordinary type of home affection, than friendship for another man; whose life, with the exception of one brief period of glamorous hero-worship, had been devoted to duty in its sternest, most virile form, this mental preoccupation over two women, both comparative strangers, was at first a matter for self mockery. It was afterward one of self-conflict. Whoso however, has reached the point of actually combating an idea is already and obviously its victim, and the final stage of abandonment to the obsession cannot be very distant.

Looking back upon his memories, in later days, it was singular to him how completely the girl and the woman divided his most vivid impressions of that journey. If the vision of Aspasia, fresh as the spray, rosy as the dawn coming to meet him of a morning, brisk and free, across the deck, her young figure outlined against sparkling sea and translucent sky, was a memory all pleasant and all sweet, the picture of that other, slow moving and pallid, so enwrapped in inexplicable mourning, so immeasurably indifferent to himself, was bitten into the tablets of his mind as with burning acid, fixed in lines of pain.

It is never flattering for a man to realize that he is of no consequence to a woman with whom he is brought into daily intercourse. And to feel that, though his acts have had a distinct influence upon her life, his personality has failed to make the smallest impression, is a situation certain to pique the most unassuming. In the end Bethune began to wish that Lady Gerardine had retained even her original attitude of resentment. Now and again, indeed, he would find her eye fixed upon him, but at the same time would know unmistakably that her thought was not with him. Sometimes her attitude of inexplicable sorrow seemed harder to bear than her first evidences of heartlessness

One day Aspasia had suddenly attacked her aunt upon the subject of her black garb, crying, with her noted heedlessness:

"I declare, any one would think you were in mourning."

Lady Gerardine shifted her distant gaze from the far horizon to Aspasia's countenance, and her lips moved but made no sound. In her heart she was saying

"How else should I clothe myself when I am traveling with my dead?"

Almost as if he read her thought, Bethune sneered as he looked at her, and with difficulty restrained the taunt that rose to his tongue: "Lady Gerardine wears belated weeds!"

Her attitude of hopeless melancholy, her raiment of mourning, irritated him bitterly. Yet, while he looked at her in harshness, he marked the admirable white throat, rising like a flower stem from the dense black of her dress, and found himself wondering whether any shimmer of color would have become her half so well

Toward the end of their journey together he was once summoned to speak with her alone. It was about the forthcoming book. Nothing could be more brief more businesslike than her words, more unemotional than her manner She asked for his instructions, she discussed, criticised, concurred. It was obvious that when she chose, her brain could act with quite remarkable clearness. It was also obvious that she had completely capitulated to his wishes, and yet never was victory more savorless

At the conclusion of this conversation she settled with him that, when she had accomplished her part of the task, she would send for him; and as he withdrew he felt himself dismissed from her thoughts, except as a mere instrument in what now seemed more her undertaking than his own. At heart he found it increasingly difficult to accept the position with good grace

After this, during the few days of ship life together left to them, Lady Gerardine seldom admitted him to her company, and thus Raymond was the more thrown with Aspasia. The girl, unconventional by temperament and somewhat set apart by her position of "Governor's niece," unhesitatingly profited of a situation which afforded her unmixed amusement. She was not in love with the Major of Guides. Indeed, she had other and higher ambitions. Aspasia's dream-pictures of herself were ever of a wonderful artist of world-wide celebrity, surrounded by a sea of clapping hands, graciously courtesying her thanks from the side of a concert grand. . . . But Bethune interested her, and there was something piquantly pleasing in being able to awaken that gleam in his cold, light eye, in noticing that the lines of his impassive face relaxed into softness for her alone

One afternoon, as they sat on deck—the great ship cutting the blue waters of the Adriatic, between the fading of a glorious red and orange sunset and the rising of a thin sickle moon, Aspasia wrapped against the chilly salt airs in some of her aunt's sables, out of which richness the hardy, wild-flower prettiness of her face rose in emphatic contrast—she told him the story of her short life.

She spoke of her musical career, of the bright student days at Vienna; the hard work of them, the anguish, the struggle, the joy. Then of the death of her mother, and the falling of all her high hopes under the crushing will of Sir Arthur, her appointed guardian.

"When mother went," said Aspasia, "everything went." As she spoke two tears leaped out of her eyes, and hung poised on the short, thick eyelashes. "The Runkle thinks it's a disgrace for a lady to do anything in life. 'And, besides,' he says, 'she can't, and she'd better not attempt it.' But wait till I'm twenty-one," cried the girl vindictively, "and I'll show him what his 'dear Raspasia's' got in her!"

She smiled in her young consciousness of power, and the big tears, detaching themselves, ran into her dimples. Raymond, looking at her with all the experience of his hard life behind him, and all the disillusion of his five and thirty years, felt so sudden a movement at once of pity and tenderness that he had to stiffen himself in his seat not to catch her in his arms and kiss her on those wet dimples as he would have kissed a child

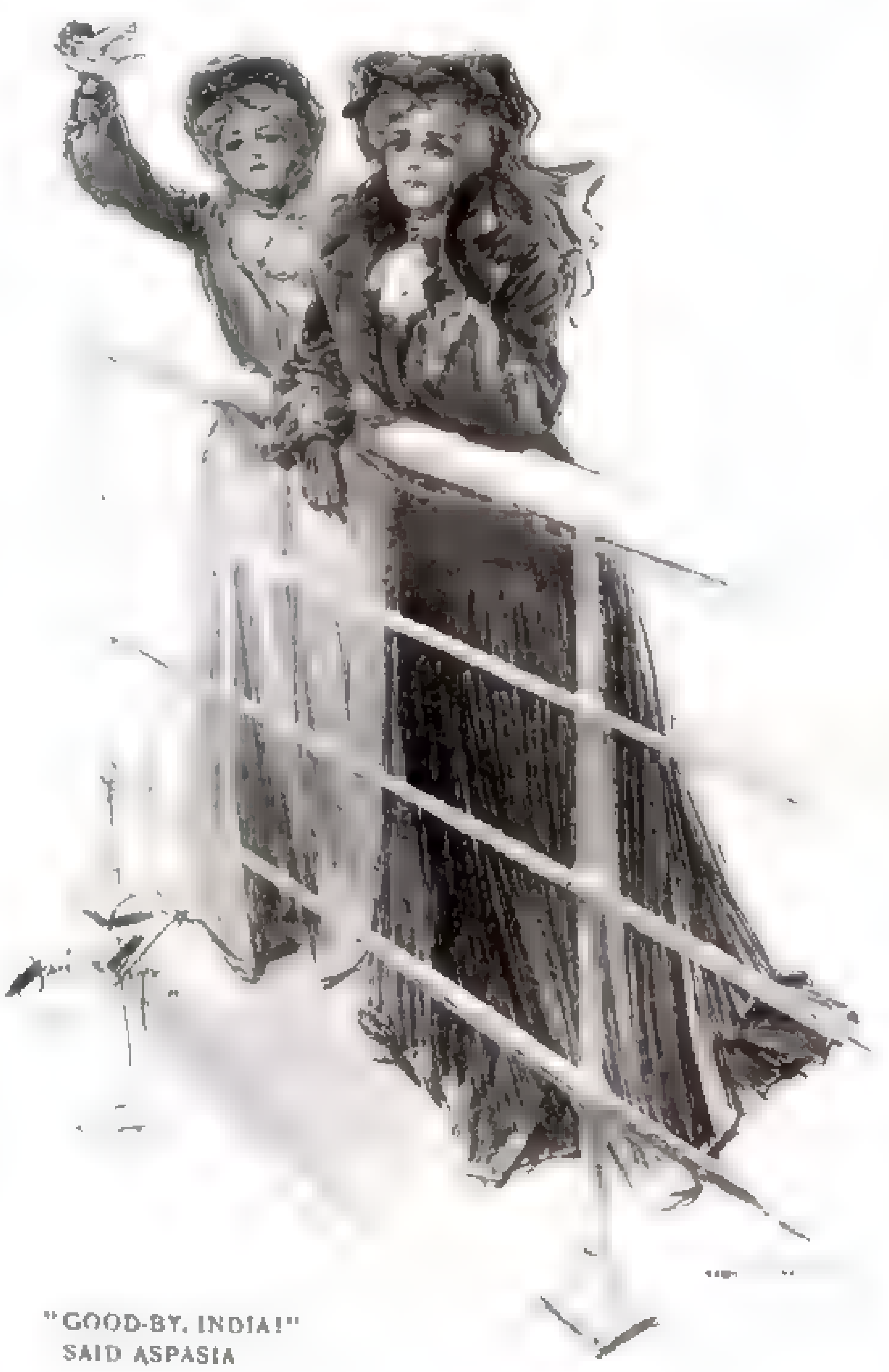
"Oh, you'll do great things," said he in the tone in which one praises the little one's sand castle on the beach, or tin soldier strategy. "And may I come with a great big laurel crown, tied with gold ribbons, when you give your first concert in the Albert Hall?"

"Albert Hall," mocked she; "the very place for a piano recital!" Then she let her eyes roam out across the heaving space. Once more she saw herself the centre of an applauding multitude; but, in the foremost rank, there was the lean, brown face, and it was moved to enthusiasm, too; and, somehow, from that evening forth, the dream-visions of her future glory were never to be quite complete without it.

A mist-enwrapped, rain-swept shore, parting the dim gray sea and sky in twain, was their first glimpse of England after years of exile

"Ugh," said Aspasia, shivering; "isn't it just like England to go and be damp and horrid for us!"

Lady Gerardine, looking out with eager, straining gaze toward the weeping land, turned with one of her sudden, unexpected movements of passion upon the girl.



"GOOD-BY, INDIA!"
SAID ASPASIA

"I'm glad it's raining," she said. "I'm glad it's cold and bleak and gray I'm glad to feel the raindrops beating on my face. I'm sick of hard, blue skies and fierce sunshine. And the trees at Saltwoods will be all bent one way by the blowing of the wet sea wind. It's England, it's home; and, oh, I'm glad to be home!"

CHAPTER XI

ROSAMOND GERARDINE and Aspasia Cuningham lay back, silent, each in their corner of the railway carriage while the English landscape flew by them, wet and green and autumn brown, gleaming in a fugitive yellow sunlight.

Aspasia still felt the pressure of Bethune's unconsciously hard hand-grip. His image, as he had stood bareheaded looking after the moving train, was still vivid before her eyes. His last words: "It is not good-by," were ringing in her ears. His face had looked wistful, she thought; his cold glance had taken that warm good look she claimed as her own. She was glad it was not good-by. And yet, as they steamed away, she, watching him as long as she could, saw, and could not hide it from herself, that it was upon Lady Gerardine his eyes were fixed at the last—fixed with an expression which had already become familiar to her. "One would think he hated her—sometimes," said shrewd Baby to herself, "and yet, when she's there he forgets me. I might as well be dead, or a fright

This puzzled her and troubled her, too, a little. She glanced across now at her aunt's abstracted countenance. "I am sure," she thought, in loyal admiration, "if he were madly in love with her it would be only natural. But it's not love—it's more like hate and a sort of pain." With all her sageness, Baby was only eighteen.

How completely had Raymond Bethune passed from Lady Gerardine's mind—before even he had passed from her sight!

She had nearly reached the end of her journey. The burning land she had left behind her—once the land of her desire—seemed now but a place visited in long evil dreams, where she had undergone unimaginable sufferings during the bondage of sleep. The humid air of England beat upon her face through the open window with a comforting assurance as of waking reality.

She had told herself she was traveling with her dead. Never for one hour of her long journey had she forgotten the meaning of that box under Jani's care. But with every sunrise that marked a wider distance between her and India she drew a freer breath. With every stage she felt herself less Lady Gerardine, wife, and more Mrs. English, widow. There was beginning to be an extraordinary restfulness in the sensation

They sped through the New Forest glades, sodden after the rain, now flashing gold-brown with that shaft of sun; now black-green, cavernous, mysterious, where the pines grow close. And then came the moorland stretches, reaching up to a pale-blue cleft in the storm-weighted clouds. How cool it all was! How soft the colors! How benign the wet sky, how different from the metal glare of the land that had betrayed her!

And, by and by, white gleams of sunshine began to deepen into primroses and ambers, toward the west the sky grew ever clearer, and the leaden wrack, parting, showed an horizon like to a honey sea against the rising mists of evening. How beautiful was England!

When they got out at the little country station, in the rural heart of Dorset, the day was closing in. The vault of the heavens brooded over the earth with a cuplike closeness November though it was, the air struck upon their cheeks as gently as a caress, all impregnated with the fragrance of wet green indefinably touched with the tart accent of decay.

Rosamond drew a long, deep breath; it had a poignant pleasure in it; tears sprang to her eyes, but, for the first time in God knew how many years, there was a sweetness in them. Jani at her elbow shivered with an aguish chatter of teeth. With one hand she clutched her shawls across her little lean figure; with the other she held on fiercely to a battered tin box

"Oh, Aunt Rosamond," cried Aspasia ecstatically, as they got into the vehicle awaiting them, "it's a fly, it's a fly! Aren't you glad? Do you smell the musty straw? Oh! doesn't it bring back good old times? Don't you wish you may never sit in a state carriage again?"

It was a long drive, through winding lanes. Sometimes they strained uphill, sometimes they skirted the flat down; sometimes the branches of the overhanging trees beat against the roof of the carriage or in at the open window. At first the whole land was wonderfully still. They could hear the moisture drip from the leaves when the horses were at the walk. And, by and by, there grew out of the distance the faint yet mighty rumor of the sea. Within such short measure, then, this small, great England was meeting her salt limits! Across the upland down, presently, even on this silent evening, there rose a wind to sing of the surf. The trees by the roadside, amid fields, on the crest, etched against the glimmer of the sky, had all that regular inland bent that tells of salt winds.

At last the rickety fly began to jingle and jolt along a road that was hardly more than a track. The way dipped down an abrupt slope and then branched off unexpectedly into a side lane. Rosamond leaned out of the window; she felt they were drawing near her unknown home.

"Are we there?" cried Aspasia, entering into a violent state of excitement as they came to a halt.

Rosamond did not answer. She was looking with all her eyes, with all her heart. Sudden memories awoke within her—words, never even noted to be forgotten, began to whisper in her ears: "You never saw such a place, love. It isn't a place, it's a queer old house dumped down in a hollow of the downs. And the avenue—there isn't an avenue, it's a road through the orchard, and the orchard comes right up to the house—and you never saw such a bunch of chimney-stacks in your life. But such as it is, I love it. And some day we'll go and live there, you and I. . . ." Here, then, were the orchard trees, twisted shapes, stretching out unpruned branches to them as they passed!

"I almost plucked an apple," cried Aspasia, from her side, with a childish scream

(Continued on Page 40)

A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

The Story of Fifteen Lost Years

By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

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MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON

TWO LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE WHO INTERCEDED WITH QUEEN VICTORIA FOR MRS. MAYBRICK

A PRISONER is allowed to receive a visit from her friends at intervals of six, four and two months according to her stage of service. There are four stages, each of nine months' duration: first, solitary confinement, second, probation; the third and fourth stages are not specially designated. During the first two stages the prisoner is clothed in brown, at the third stage in green, and the fourth in navy blue. Every article worn by the prisoner, or in use by her, is stamped with a broad arrow, the convict's crest.

A visit may be forfeited by bad conduct, or delayed through a loss of marks. When a prisoner is entitled to receive a visitor she applies to the governor for permission to have the permit sent to the person she names; but if the police report concerning the designated visitor is unfavorable the request is not granted. When a prisoner's friends—three, being the maximum—arrive at the prison gates they ring a bell. The gatekeeper views them through a grille and inquires their business. They show their permit; whereupon he notifies the chief matron, who in turn notifies the officer in charge of the prisoner.

A visit! What joy or what sorrow those words express in the outside world! But in prison—the pain of it is so great that it can hardly be borne.

Whenever my mother's visit was announced, accompanied by a matron I passed into a small, oblong room. There a grilled screen confronted me; a yard or two beyond is a second barrier identical in form and structure, and behind it I could see the form of my mother, and sitting in the space between the grilles, thus additionally separating us, was a prison matron. No kiss; not even a clasp of the hand, no privacy sacred to mother and daughter; not a whisper could pass between us. Was not this the very depth of humiliation, not only for me but for my mother?

She crossed every two months from France to visit me. Neither heat nor cold deterred her from taking this fatiguing journey. Thus, a hundred miles she traveled to cheer, comfort and console, a hundred miles for thirty minutes!

At these visits she would tell me as best she could of the noble, unwearied efforts of my countrymen and countrywomen in my cause, of the sympathy and support of my own Government; of the earnest labors of the different American Ambassadors in my behalf. And though their efforts proved all in vain, the knowledge of their belief in my innocence, and of their sympathy, strengthened me to tread bravely the thorny path of my daily life.

Almost before we have time to compose ourselves there is a silent sign from the mute matron in the chair—the thirty minutes are passed. "Good-by," we say with a lingering look, and then turn our backs upon each other, she to go one way, I another; one leading out into the broad, open day, the other into the stony gloom of the prison. Do you wonder that when I went back into my lonely cell the day had become darker and more sorrowful?

A Heavy Penalty for Another's Offense

THE rule regarding visits precluded any discussion of prison affairs, or anything regarding treatment, or aught that passes within the prison walls. Had I permitted myself to break this rule the visit would have been stopped at once by the matron in charge. Consequently, all the statements on such matters reported from time to time in the press during my imprisonment, and quoted as received from my mother and friends, are shown to be pure fabrication.

As the years passed the repression of the prison system developed a kind of mental numbness which rendered my life, in a measure, more bearable. It also came as a relief to my own sufferings to take an interest in those of my fellow-prisoners. Then Lord Russell of Killowen wrote me a letter expressing his continued confidence in me, which greatly renewed my courage, while the loving messages from my friends in America kept alive my faith in human nature.

By the exercise of great self-control and restraint I had maintained a perfect good-conduct record at Woking for a period of years, when an act of one of my fellow-prisoners got me into grievous trouble.

It is the rule to search both the cell and the person of all prisoners daily to make sure that they have nothing concealed with which they may do themselves bodily injury. During the term of my imprisonment I was searched over five thousand times, and on only one occasion was anything found contrary to regulations. I had no knowledge of it at the time, as the article had been placed surreptitiously in my cell by another prisoner to save herself from punishment.

The facts are as follows: I was working in the kitchen when a prisoner upset some boiling water on my foot. I thought it best not to speak of it, and did not, therefore, mention it to any one. My foot, however, became inflamed and caused me great pain, and the prisoner in question, noticing that I limped, inquired what the matter was. I told her that the coarse wool of my stocking was irritating the blister on my foot. Thereupon she offered to give me some wool of a finer quality with which to knit a more comfortable pair. I was not aware at the time that this was not permitted, nor that the wool was stolen. The next day it was her turn to be searched, and as she had a lot of this worsted concealed in her bed she made the excuse of indisposition in order to return to her cell and get rid of it. While there she transferred it from her cell to mine, the doors of the cells being open during working-time.

When my turn came to be searched the wool was, of course, found, and I was at once reported. The wardress took me to the penal ward, and I was shut in a cell, in which the light came but dimly through a perforated sheet of iron. This was at eight A. M. At ten o'clock I was brought before the governor for examination and judgment. I stated that the wool did not belong to me, and that I was ignorant as to how it got into my cell. The governor took the officer's deposition to the effect that it was found in my cell and reasoned that I must, therefore, have knowledge of the article. I was taken back to the punishment cell and left there for eight hours. When the officer opened the door to read to me the governor's judgment I was found in a dead faint on the floor. With some difficulty I was restored to consciousness, and was then removed to the hospital. When I had sufficiently recovered from the shock I was allowed to return to my own cell in the hall to do my punishment. I was degraded for a month to a lower stage, with a loss of twenty-six marks, and had six days added to my sentence.

Had this offense occurred under the more enlightened system that obtains at Aylesbury Prison at the present time I should have been forgiven, as it was a first offense under this particular rule. The governor at Woking was a just and humane man, and he was not a little troubled to reconcile the fact of my being in possession of this worsted when I had no means of access to the tailor shop, or of coming in contact with any of the workers there who alone had the handling of it. Of course, I could not explain that the worsted had been passed into the kitchen by one of the tailoresses, who came every morning to fetch hot water for use in the tailor room, and who was a friend of the prisoner who put it in my cell.

I was kept, during the month of my punishment, in the hall, and for twelve months after, as a "report" always carries with it a loss of the privilege of working in the kitchen. When I had an opportunity in "association time" of speaking to the prisoner who had got me into this trouble, and reproached her for the injury she had done me, she frankly confessed her deed, but excused herself by saying that she did not expect I would be punished; that she was tempted to do it because at that time her case was under consideration at the Home Office, and that she had received the promise of an early discharge if she did not have any "reports." She well knew that if this worsted had been found in her cell this promise would have been revoked. As she was a "life woman" and had served a long time, I had not the heart to deprive her of this, perhaps her only chance of freedom, through a vindication of myself. A week later I had the satisfaction of knowing that my silence had been the means of her liberation.

The punishment of prisoners at Woking consisted of:

1. Loss of marks, termed in prison parlance "remission on her sentence," but without confinement in the penal ward.

2. Solitary confinement for twenty-four hours in the penal ward, with loss of marks.

3. Solitary confinement, with loss of marks, on bread and water from one to three days.

4. Solitary confinement, with loss of marks, on bread and water for three days, either in a strait-jacket or "hobbles." Hobbling consists in binding the wrists and ankles of a prisoner, then strapping them together behind her back. This position causes great suffering, and is barbarous. It is enforced only by the doctor's orders.

5. To the above was sometimes added, in violent cases, shearing and blistering of the head, or confinement in the dark cell. The dark cell is underground, and consists of four walls, a ceiling and a floor, with double doors.

Punishment should be carried out in a humane, sympathetic spirit, and not in a dehumanizing or tyrannous manner. It should be remedial in character, and not degrading and deteriorating; it should be the aim and object of the prison system to send a prisoner back into the world capable of rehabilitating herself and becoming a useful citizen. The punishment in an English convict prison is carried out in an oppressive way, the delinquent is left entirely to herself to work out her own salvation, and in nine cases out of ten she works out her own destruction, and leaves prison hardened, rancorous and demoralized.

The Hospital Without a Nurse

I HAD never been a robust woman, and the hardships of prison life were breaking down my constitution. The cells at Woking were not heated. In the halls were two fireplaces and a stove which were alight day and night, but as the solid doors of the cells were all locked, the heat could not penetrate them. Thus, while the atmosphere outside the cell might be warm, inside it was icy cold. During the hard winter frosts the water frequently froze in my cell over night. The bedclothing was insufficient, and I suffered as much from the cold as the poorest and most miserable creature on earth. Added to this, I was compelled to go out and exercise in all kinds of weather. On rainy days I would come in with my shoes and stockings wet through, and as I possessed only one pair of shoes and one pair of stockings, I had to keep them on, wet as they were. The shoes I had to wear until worn out; the stockings until changed on the Saturday of each week, which was the only day a change of any kind of underwear could be obtained, no matter in what condition it might be. Therefore, the majority of the inmates in the winter-time seldom had dry feet, if there was much rain or snow, the natural result being catarrh, influenza, bronchitis and rheumatism, from all of which I suffered in turn.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth installment of Mrs. Maybrick's own story. The sixth will appear next week.

As long as the prisoner is not feverish she is treated in her own cell in the ward, but as soon as her temperature rises she is admitted as a patient to the infirmary. Except when in the infirmary, the food is always the ordinary prison dietary.

The infirmary stands a little detached from the prison grounds. It has several wards, containing from six to fifteen beds, and several cells for cases that require isolation. The beds are placed on each side of the room, and are covered with a blue and white counterpane. At the head of each is a shelf on which stand two cups, a plate and a diet card. In the middle of each room is a long deal table. On the walls are a few old Scriptural pictures.

When a prisoner was admitted she was first weighed and then allotted a bed. Her food and medicine were given her by an officer, who placed them on a chair at her bedside if she was too ill to sit at the table. The doctor made his rounds in the morning and evening, and if the patient was seriously ill he might make a visit in the night also. The matron in charge went through the wards at stated times to see that all was going well, but there was no nursing. The prisoner must attend to her own wants, and if too weak to do so she must depend upon some other patient less ill than herself to assist her. To be sick in prison is a terrible experience. I felt acutely the contrast between former illnesses at home and the desolation and the indifference of the treatment under conditions afforded by a prison infirmary. To lie ill day and night, perhaps day after day and week after week, alone and in silence, without the touch of a friendly hand, the sound of a friendly voice, or a single expression of sympathy or interest! The misery and desolation of it all cannot be described; it must be experienced. I arrived at Woking ill, and I left Woking ill.

I had been admitted to the infirmary suffering from a feverish cold. I had been in bed a fortnight, and was feeling very weak, when, on the morning of November 4, 1896, I awoke to find the matron standing at my bedside. "Maybrick," she said, "the governor has given orders that you are to be removed to-day to Aylesbury Prison. Get up at once." Without a word of explanation she left. I had become a living rule of obedience, and so with trembling hands dressed myself. Presently I heard footsteps approaching. An officer entered with a long, dark cloak covered with broad arrows, the insignia of the convict. I was told to put on this garment of shame. Then, supported by the officer, I crossed the big yard to the chief matron's office. There other women of the "Star Class" were waiting, handcuffed. A male warder stepped forward and told me to hold out my hands, whereupon he fastened on a pair of handcuffs and chained me to the rest of the gang. This was done by means of a chain which ran through an outer ring attached to each pair of handcuffs, thus uniting ten women in a literal chain-gang. This was to me the last straw of degradation — the parting indignity of hateful Woking; but, happily, this was a painful prelude to a more merciful régime at Aylesbury.

Some of the women were weeping, some swearing. When all were ready the prison-van drove into the yard and we filed out to the clanking of chains. Then the door was shut and we were driven off. A special train was waiting at the station, and escorted between male warders we got in. It was bitterly cold and raining heavily, but crowds lined the road and platforms.

After a journey of nearly five hours we arrived at Aylesbury Station. The public were apparently aware that the first batch of convicts was to be transferred that day, as there were crowds at all the stations at which we stopped. When we got out at Aylesbury it was with difficulty that a passage was made for us. The prison vans were in readiness, and we were rapidly driven away. I felt weak and faint and cold. A thick fog enveloped the town, and I could see only the dim outlines of houses appearing and disappearing as we passed along. We stopped before what appeared to be a gigantic structure, and then drove through two large, iron gates into a small courtyard. There we descended and drew up in line to be counted by the officer, while our numbers and names were given to the governor, who stood waiting to receive us. The order "Pass on!" was called by the matron in charge, whereupon we entered a long, dark, gloomy passage, at the end of which was a strong, barred door. This was unlocked, and, when we had passed in, relocked.

I have already described what a prison is like. Again we stood in line. Then a male warder came forward. He unlocked my handcuffs and unclasped the chain that bound me to my fellow convicts. With a clang that echoed through the empty halls the handcuffs fell together to the ground. My wrists were bruised and sore from the long pressure of their combined weight.

Presently the order "Pass on!" was repeated, and, led by a female warder, we went up two flights of the iron stairway to the top ward of the hall. Each prisoner was then in turn locked in a cell. Thus ended my second journey as a prisoner. The contrast between this and some former journeys drew bitter tears from my eyes.

During the remainder of the week daily batches of prisoners continued to arrive, and on the sixth day all had been duly transferred from Woking Prison, which was then turned into military barracks.

After this short break in our prison life the same daily routine was once more taken up. Whether it was due to the change of air or other physical causes I cannot say, but from the time of my arrival I began to droop. I lost strength, and suffered terribly from insomnia. Six months later the governor, the chief matron and the chaplain resigned, and a new order of things commenced.

If a prisoner has any complaint to make, or wishes to seek advice, she asks to have her name put down to see the governor. She is then termed a "wisher," and is seen by him in his office in the presence of the chief matron. Her request is written down by him in her penal record, and if he cannot settle the matter out of hand it is referred to a "visiting director," to whom the prisoner is committed to make a statement. If this gentleman finds that his powers are insufficient to deal with the question he in turn passes it on to the prison commission, and sometimes it goes even to the Secretary of State himself.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S CELL IN AYLESBURY

The same privilege holds good concerning medical matters. If a prisoner is feeling ill she asks the officer in charge of the ward where she is located to enter her name on the doctor's book. At ten o'clock the prisoner is sent for, and sees the doctor in the presence of an infirmary nurse. He enters her name in a book, also the prescription, both of which are copied later in the prisoner's medical record. If a prisoner is dissatisfied with the treatment she is receiving she can make application to see the "medical inspector," who comes to the prison every three months. But if neither the governor, nor the doctor, nor the director, nor the inspector gives satisfaction, then there is the "Board of Visitors" to inquire into the complaint.

The idea of the "Board of Visitors" is to act as a guarantee to the public that everything is honest and above board, and that there can be no possibility of inhuman treatment. If this is the sole object in view — namely, that the prisoners shall be seen by these "visitors" — then the object is largely attained. They have done much to ameliorate the prisoners' condition. Whereas, at one time, the women slept in their clothes, they are now provided with nightdresses; instead of sitting with their feet always on the stone floor, they are now allowed a small mat, as well as a wooden stool; and, as the result of many complaints regarding the rapid decay of teeth, toothbrushes are allowed, a concession which I much appreciated. For a short time we were allowed felt slippers, but these have been discontinued on the ground of expense. The same beneficent influence also secured wide-brimmed hats for the women. Formerly they had nothing to protect their eyes, and the reflected glare from the stone walls was the cause of much weakness and inflammation.

The prisoners were also allowed to receive three photographs of near relatives, and to keep them in their cells. Previously these had to be returned within twenty-four hours. Best of all, the intervals between letters and visits were reduced by a month. The number of letters permitted to be sent by a prisoner varies according to the stage she is in. In the fourth stage a letter is allowed every two months, and a "special letter" occasionally, if the prisoner's conduct has been satisfactory.

> The following regulations as to communications by visit or letter, between prisoners and their friends, are notified for the information of their correspondents.
>
> The permission to write and receive letters is given to prisoners for the purpose of enabling them to keep up a connection with their respectable friends, and not that they may be kept informed of public events.
>
> All letters are read by the prison authorities. They must be legibly written, and not crossed. Any which are of an objectionable tendency, either to or from prisoners, or containing slang or improper expressions, will be suppressed.
>
> Prisoners are permitted to receive and to write a letter at intervals, which depends on the rules of the stage they attain by industry and good conduct; but matters of special importance to a prisoner may be communicated at any time by letter (prepaid) to the governor, who will inform the prisoner thereof, if expedient.
>
> In case of misconduct the privilege of receiving and writing a letter may be forfeited for a time.
>
> Money, books, postage-stamps, food, tobacco, clothes, etc., should not be sent to prisoners for their use in prison, as nothing is allowed to be received at the prison for that purpose.
>
> Persons attempting to clandestinely communicate with, or to introduce any article to or for prisoners, are liable to fine or imprisonment, and any prisoner concerned in such practices is liable to be severely punished.
>
> Prisoners' friends are sometimes applied to by unauthorized persons to send money, etc., to them privately, under pretense that they can apply it for the benefit of the prisoners, and under such fraudulent pretense such persons endeavor to obtain money for themselves. Any letter containing such an application received by the friends of a prisoner should be at once forwarded by them to the governor.
>
> Prisoners are allowed to receive visits from their friends, according to rules, at intervals which depend on their stage.
>
> When visits are due to prisoners notification will be sent to the friends whom they desire to visit them.

Lastly, there were several changes in the diet. Tea was substituted for cocoa at breakfast and supper, white bread in lieu of whole meal bread, and tinned meat replaced the dry bread and cheese previously given on Sunday.

The time of solitary confinement was also reduced from nine months to four, and the probationers can now work in "silent association" immediately on its expiration, in either the laundry, or the tailors' shops where the officers' uniforms — of brown cashmere in summer and navy blue serge in winter — are made, besides all the clothing for the prisoners' own use; in the twine-room, where excellent spinning is done; while the prisoner with special aptitude may be recommended to the bead-room, which turns out really artistic work.

I had been at Aylesbury about eight months when I petitioned the Secretary of State for a reconsideration of my case, with a view to my release. To this I received the usual official reply, "Not sufficient grounds."

A prisoner may petition the Secretary of State every three months. In my opinion, the privilege of petitioning on a case should be reduced from four times a year to once a year, with the provision that if anything of importance to a prisoner transpires within that period it may be duly submitted to the Secretary of State on recommendation of the governor or director; that all complaints regarding food, treatment or medical attention should be referred to the visiting director in the first instance, instead of the Secretary of State, who under the present system passes it back to the directors for the necessary investigation. This would do away with the continual daily distress and irritation and disappointment created in the prison on receipt of unfavorable replies from the Home Office. A prisoner petitions. A private inquiry is held to which the prisoner is not a party, and of which she has no information, nor does she receive any during its

(*Continued on Page [illegible]*)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Then Yule remember me.

¶ Christmas levels all ranks.

¶ Celebration is the thief of time.

¶ A fair exchange is no certainty.

¶ One good gift deserves another.

¶ Presents speak louder than words.

¶ The patient club-waiter is no loser.

¶ Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.

¶ Presents make the heart grow fonder.

¶ Gifts show which way the wind blows.

¶ A friend in need is a friend at Christmas.

¶ The proof of the Christmas is in the eating.

¶ A gift in the hand is worth two on the tree.

¶ It is more expensive to give than to receive.

¶ A man is known by the Christmas he keeps.

¶ You must understand before you are understood.

¶ One touch of Christmas makes the whole world kin.

¶ A good 'leven raises much dough for its alma mater

¶ A present is not without honor save in your own family.

¶ A little Christmas now and then is relished by the wisest men.

¶ Take care of the holly and the mistletoe will take care of itself.

The Curse of the Permanent Job

IT IS interesting—and possibly important—to note that the chief cause of matrimonial failures is the chief cause of failure in other directions. It is what may be called the curse of the "permanent job."

Give a man what is, or seems to him to be, a permanent job, and he begins to go to seed. Ambition dies, industry withers, skill dries up. Before it is too late, transfer him to a job where there are but two certainties—that he can keep it if he does well, that he will lose it if he doesn't. At once there is an amazing change; and the man who was degenerating into a sour, querulous failure is developing into a cheerful, useful success.

The husband who says "Now I've got her," and ceases to try to please—or the wife who acts in the same spirit—is on the way to matrimonial disaster. Whether or not the marriage was made in Heaven, it's got to be lived on earth. Nor are the laws of human nature suspended for the benefit of the married.

A Liberal Education

THE German Emperor has included in the educational plan for his sons courses in business. Those of our higher educators who are prostrate in snobbish reverence before the mediæval aristocratic educational idea should note this and bestir themselves. If the college is to grow in favor with sensible Americans, not only must there be a recasting of its time-tables, but also a complete and radical reconstruction of its courses. There must be not a grudging, but a glad recognition of the fact that the twentieth century has at least as much right to a place in education as the fifth century B. C.

Some day we shall develop a college that will base itself upon these four pillars:

Thinking and writing clearly in the English language.

A knowledge of the history of democracy or the emancipation of man.

A knowledge of taxation—the great fundamental of human society.

A knowledge of the mechanism of business—how commodities are produced, distributed and consumed.

A man with such an education would be both competent and cultured.

Beyond the Power of Man

THERE is a small agitation of gray matter back of such utterances as that any election "determines the destiny of the Republic." Some elections, not many, indicate in a large, vague way the trend of popular thought. But soothsayers do well to enter cautiously upon the interpretation of these misty indications. As for the "destiny of the Republic," that depends on the great moral, educational and economic force whose deep-lying and complex notions, hard enough to read in history, are beyond the power of man to read in prophecy.

At most one may venture confidently to believe that the general trend of the action of these forces is upward; that the intelligent man is destined to be the happier and stronger man. As the aged Lavisse recently said, "The motto of history is 'Hope.'" But an election—it fills an office, and little more. The work the new official does will stand or perish accordingly as it is in harmony with the currents of the universe or is at discord with them.

Heaven be praised, we have not the power to vote finalities!

Much Cry and Little Wool

ALMOST everything written or spoken on the subject of labor and capital falls into one of three classes—it is from the viewpoint of capital, and assumes an ideal capitalist; or it is from the viewpoint of labor, and assumes an ideal laborer; or it is from an impartial, theoretical standpoint, and assumes both an ideal capitalist and an ideal laborer. Naturally, the result is much cry and little wool.

In all human questions the largest factor is always human nature—fallible, passionate, prejudiced. In this question of labor and capital we have a human laborer who acts on the average precisely as any capitalist would act in the same circumstances, and we have a human capitalist who acts just as any laborer would act if similarly placed. We shall get rapidly on toward a solution as soon as we all recognize the factor of frailty in both laborer and capitalist and make allowances for it.

There is no "ideal" employer; there is no "ideal" employee. And the crying need is for an education that will teach men to realize that the way to get the golden eggs is not to kill or mistreat the goose that lays them.

A Political "Quick Change"

PERHAPS the most notable result of the recent not very notable campaign was the transformation of its two most conspicuous men—Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Roosevelt entered the campaign a fire-eater in the popular imagination. Most people, regardless of party, looked on him as a sort of primeval man, not thoroughly at ease in the raiment of civilization of the Harvard cut and likely to cast it at any moment and issue forth in a simplicity near to Nature. Mr. Bryan entered the campaign regarded by the people as a one-idea enthusiast, a man who breathed and ate and smelled and felt and thought sixteen to one. And whatever subject he was talking admirers and adversaries alike waited for his Cato-like cry, "And I think we should also have free silver."

How these things are changed! Whether it is fact or fancy, or the mingling of fact and fancy that popular impressions are apt to be, the popular imagination now pictures Mr. Roosevelt as a man who finds the garments of the Harvard cut not half bad, after all, and who admits that perhaps at the trencher a knife and fork might be substituted for a sword without craven weakness. Likewise, Mr. Bryan has grown out of an embodiment of the silver idea into a preacher of Democratic ideals, as he sees them, who is almost worthy of that sobriety-satisfying if rather stupid entitlement, "Sane and safe."

Politics, which proverbially makes queer bedfellows, also makes queer reallotments of clothing when the bedfellows arise in the morning

While We Yawn

HAVE you ever happened to note how much people yawn? Country and city, but chiefly, or perhaps most noticeably, city, the men and the women, and the children, too, go about stretching their jaws in that involuntary, unsightly and mysterious muscular contortion. Some put a hand over the mouth as they yawn; others do not. But that is, to the present purpose, an unimportant detail. The main point is the universal prevalence of yawning.

The scientists disagree as to the physical cause of yawning. But for practical purposes the yawn means, as a rule, that the yawner has not had enough sleep.

Too little sleep is bad for beauty. This fact ought to appeal to a great many—of both sexes. But it is also bad, desperately bad, for the brain. And it must not be forgotten that the brain is not only a thinking apparatus, but also the steam-engine of the nervous system which regulates all the activities of the entire body. Life is so interesting nowadays, its program of events is so long and so varied and so compelling, that young and old are tempted to sit up too late and to rise too early. Finally, life is so noisy that sleep is troubled and, far too soon, driven off.

We eat too much, we drink too much, we work and sleep too little. The fight for sleep—to dismiss work for the present—is a fight against foes without and foes within. But it is a fight that must be made.

Hunting the Dollar

THAT Moseley Commission of English students of our educational system is reported as still wondering and puzzling over what it regards as its most amazing find in the United States. It came expecting to meet a nation of groveling materialists; it left, forced, against its will, to believe us a nation of idealists with a disdain of money that would scandalize the average European.

The fact is that our reputation as ferocious and sordid dollar-hunters was given us by superficial and shallow observers, chiefly foreign persons who came over to loot us and returned home shorn. Our energetic enthusiasm for business is not and never has been sordid. It is rooted in two American passions, both idealistic—love of the game and love of distinction. Money-getting has meant exciting and interesting occupation, the most exciting and the most interesting open to the most of us; it has also meant the journey along the easiest avenue to importance and therefore to distinction.

There is no place in the world where crowds wouldn't assemble to see a billionaire if it was known that a view of one was to be had. Also, nowhere else in the world would there be so little sordidness or so much humorous self-mocking as in the American crowd.

We are a nation of dreamers and sentimentalists, and we are proud of it!

Paying the Piper

THE murmur of hard times in England is rising to a cry, will presently be a shout. Times are always hard for the masses in England, as in any country where an hereditary upper class rules and flourishes. Where there is an outcry the accustomed and stolid British lower classes must be miserable indeed.

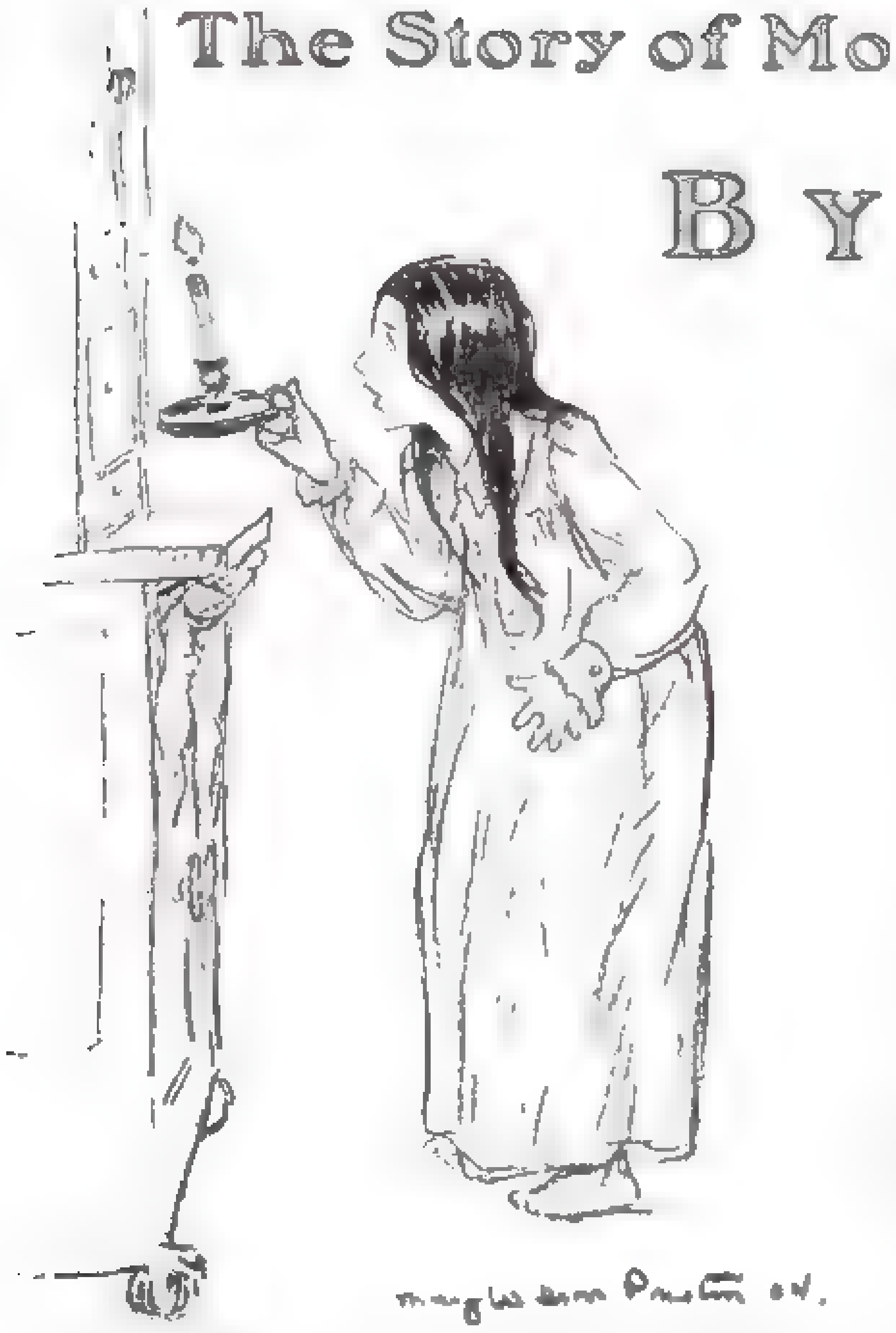
What is the cause of this wonderful swelling of the army of idle hands and empty stomachs? The Boer War. The bills for it are being presented, and, as usual, the masses must pay—must pinch and starve. Yet they do not realize it. Just as we do not realize our enormous burden of taxation because it is indirect, so they are fooled by the roundabout way in which the bill comes. The Boer War over? The final and most hideous campaign has only just begun. In that campaign millions of Englishmen will suffer the lingering horrors of want, millions of babies will die or grow up to shiftless, sickly manhood. But the leaders, the men who made the war? Mr. Chamberlain is doing nicely, thank you. He has three good cigars a day, a luxurious home, shouting crowds of admirers following him when he appears in public.

Frightful are the penalties of ignorance!

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

The Story of Molly, the Measles and the Missing Will

BY E. NESBIT



SHE OPENED THE LITTLE CUPBOARD, HELD UP HER CANDLE AND LOOKED IN

WE ALL think a great deal too much of ourselves. We all believe—every man, woman and child of us—in our very insidest inside heart, that no one else in the world is at all like us, and that things happen to us that happen to no one else. Now this is a great mistake, because, however different we may be in the color of our hair and eyes, the inside part, the part that we feel and suffer with, is pretty much alike in all of us. But no one seems to know this except me. That is why people won't tell you the really wonderful things that happen to them—they think you are so different that you could never believe the wonderful things. But of course you are not different, really, and you can believe wonderful things as easily as anybody else. For instance, you will be able to believe this story quite easily, for though it didn't happen to you, that was merely an accident. It might have happened, quite easily, to you or any one else. As it happened, it happened to Maria Toodlethwaite Carruthers.

You will already have felt a little sorry for Maria, and you will have thought that I might have chosen a prettier name for her. And so I might. But I did not do the choosing. Her parents did that. And they called her Maria after an Aunt who was disagreeable, and would have been more disagreeable than ever if the Baby had been called Enid or Elaine or Vivien, or any of the pretty names that will readily occur to you. She was called Toodlethwaite after the eminent Uncle of that name who had an office in London and an office in Liverpool, and was said to be rolling in money.

"I *should* like to see Uncle Toodlethwaithe rolling in his money," said Maria; "but he never does it when I'm about."

The third name, Carruthers, was Maria's father's name, and she often felt thankful that it was no worse. It might so easily have been Snooks or Prosser.

Of course, no one called Maria Maria except Aunt Maria herself. Her Aunt Eliza, who was very refined, always wrote in the improving books that she gave Maria on her birthday, "To dearest Marie, from her affectionate Aunt Elise"—and when she spoke to her she called her Mawrie. Her brothers and sisters, whenever they wanted to be aggravating, called her Toodles, but at times of common friendliness they called her Molly, and so did most other people, and so shall I and so may you.

Molly and her brothers and sisters were taken care of by a young woman who was called a nursery governess. I don't know why, for she did not nurse them, and she certainly did not govern them. In her last situation she had been called a lady help—I don't know the why of that, either. Her name was Simpshall, and she was always saying "Don't," and "You mustn't do that," and "Put that down directly," and "I shall tell your mamma if you don't leave off."

She never seemed to know what you ought to do, but only what you oughtn't.

One day the children had a grand battle with all the toy soldiers, and the little brass cannons that shoot peas, and the other kind that shoot pink caps with "Fortes Amorces" on the box.

Bertie, who always liked to have everything as real as possible, did not like the soldiers to be standing on the bare, polished mahogany of the dining-table.

"It's not a bit like the field of glory," he said. And indeed it was not.

So he borrowed the large kitchen knife-box and went out and brought it in full of nice, real clean mould out of the garden. Half a dozen knife-boxfuls were needed to cover the table. Then the children made forts and ditches, and brought in sprigs of geranium and calceolaria and box and yew, and made trees and ambushes and hedges. It was a lovely battlefield, and would have melted the heart of any one but a nursery governess.

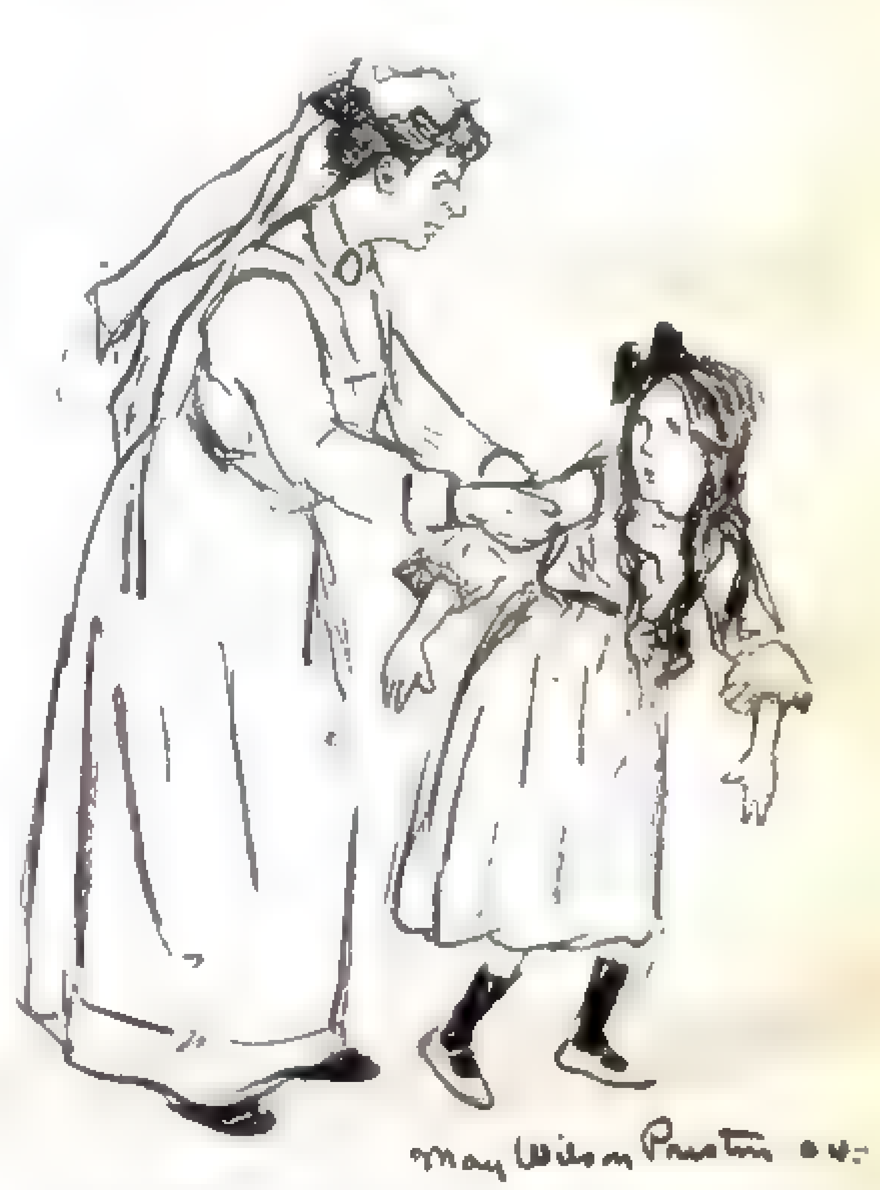
But she just said:

"What a disgusting mess. How naughty you are!" and fetched a brush and swept the field of glory away into the dustpan. There was only just time to save the lives of the soldiers.

And then Cecily put the knife-box back without saying what it had been used for, and the knives were put into it, so that at dinner everything tasted of earth and the grit got between people's teeth so that they could not eat their mutton or potatoes or cabbage, or even their gravy.

This, of course, was entirely Miss Simpshall's fault. If she had not behaved as she did Bertie or Eva would have remembered to clean out the knife-box. As it was, the story of the field of glory came out over the gritty mutton and things, and Father sent all the battlefield makers to bed.

Molly was out of this. She was staying with Aunt Eliza, who was kind, if refined. She was to come back the next day. But as Mother was on her way to the station to meet Aunt Maria for a day's shopping she met a telegraph boy who gave her a telegram from Aunt Eliza saying:



"YOU NASTY, MEAN, PRYING LITTLE CAT," SHE SAID

> Am going to palace to-day instead of to-morrow.
> Fetch Marie. ELISE.

So Mother fetched her from Aunt Eliza's flat in Kensington and took her shopping with Aunt Maria. There were hours of shopping in hot, stuffy shops full of tired shop-people and angry ladies, and even the new hat and jacket and the strawberry ice at the pastrycook's in Oxford Street did not make up to Molly for that tiresome day.

Still, she was out of the battlefield row. Only, as she did not know that, it could not comfort her.

When Aunt Maria had been put into her train Mother and Molly went home. As their cab stopped at the gate Miss Simpshall rushed out between the two dusty laburnums by the gate.

"Don't come in!" said Miss Simpshall wildly.

"My dear Miss Simpshall," said Mother.

The hair of the nursery governess waved wildly in the evening breeze. She shut the ornamental iron gate in Mother's face.

"Don't come in," said Miss Simpshall again. "You sha'n't, you mustn't ——"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Mother, looking very white. "Have you gone mad?"

Miss Simpshall said she hadn't.

"But what's the matter?" said Mother.

"Measles," said Miss Simpshall; "it's all out on them. *Thick.*"

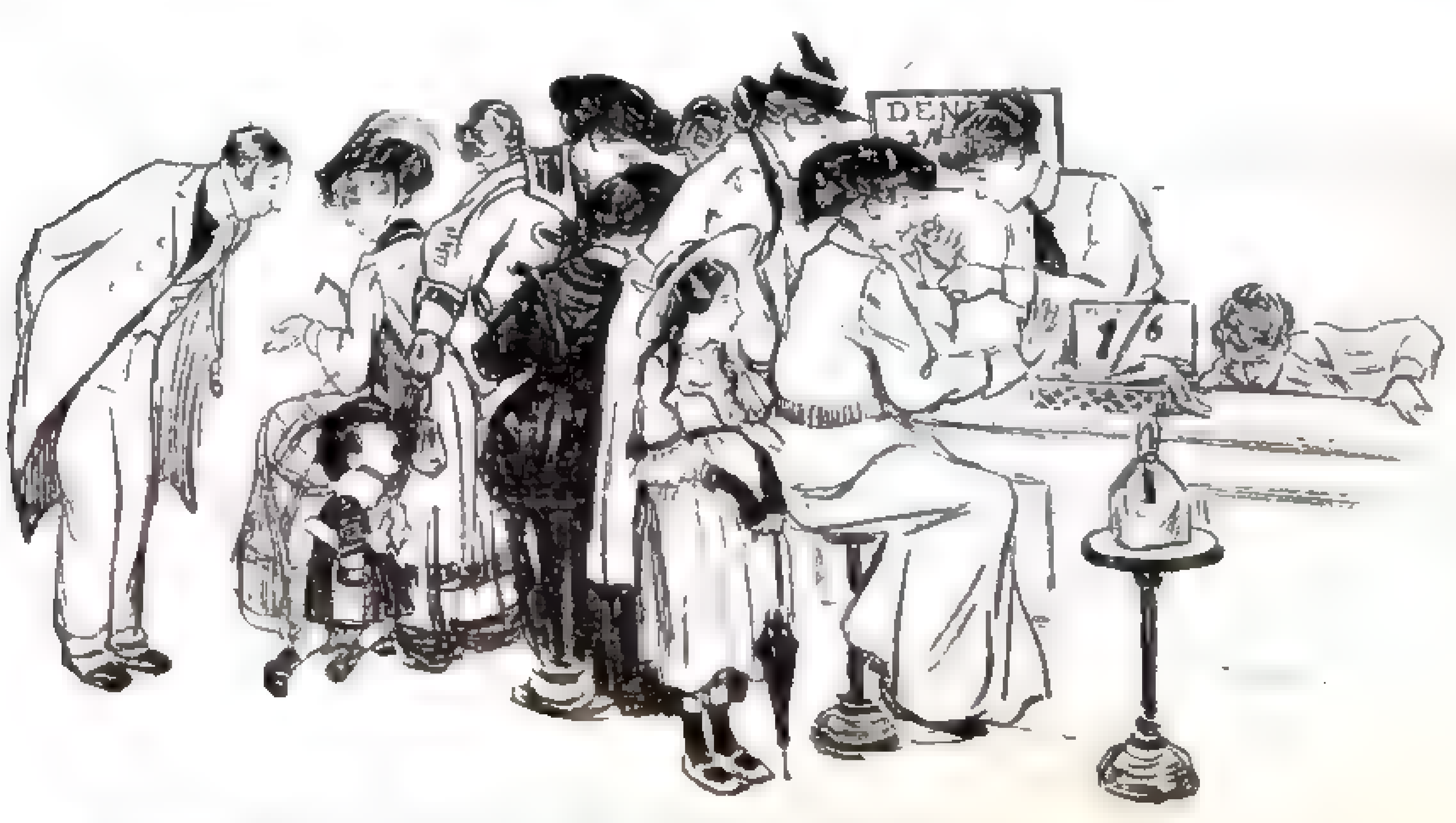
"Good gracious!" said Mother.

"And I thought you'd perhaps just as soon Molly didn't have it, Mrs. Carruthers. And this is all the thanks I get, being told I'm insane."

"I'm sorry," said Mother absently. "Yes, you were quite right. Keep the children warm. Has the doctor seen them?"

"Not yet—I've only just found it out. Oh, it's terrible! Their hands and faces are all scarlet, with purple spots."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I hope it's nothing worse than measles. I'll call in and send the doctor," said Mother. "I shall be



HOURS OF SHOPPING IN HOT, STUFFY SHOPS FULL OF TIRED SHOP-PEOPLE AND ANGRY LADIES home by the last train. It's a blessing Molly's clothes are all here in her box."

So Molly was whisked off in the cab.

"I must take you back to your Aunt's," said Mother.

"But Aunt Eliza's gone to stay at the Bishop's palace," said Molly.

"So she has; we must go to your Aunt Maria's. Oh, dear!"

"Never mind, Mother," said Molly, slipping her hand into Mother's; "perhaps they won't have it very badly. And I'll be very good, and try not to have it at all."

This was very brave of Molly. She would much rather have had measles than have gone to stay at Aunt Maria's.

Aunt Maria lived in a lovely old house down in Kent. It had beautiful furniture and lovely gardens — in fact, as Bertie said, it was a place

> Where every prospect pleases
> And only Aunt is vile.

Molly and her mother arrived there just at supper-time. Aunt Maria was very surprised and displeased. Molly went to bed at once and her supper was brought up on a tray by Clements, Aunt's own maid. It was cold lamb and mint sauce, and jelly and custard.

"Your Aunt said to bring you biscuits and milk," said Clements; "but I thought you'd like this better."

"You're a darling!" said Molly. "I was so afraid you'd be gone for your holiday. It's not nearly so beastly when you're here."

Clements was flattered and returned the compliment.

"And you aren't so bad when you're good, Miss," she said. "Eat it up. I'll come back and bring you a night-light by and by."

One thing Molly liked about Aunt Maria's was that there were no children's bedrooms — no bare rooms with painted furniture and Dutch drugget. All the rooms were "best rooms," with soft carpets and beautiful old furniture. The beds were all four-posters, with carved pillars and silk damask curtains — and there were sure to be the loveliest things to make believe with in whatever room you happened to be put into. In this room there were cases of stuffed birds, and a stuffed pike that was just like life. There was a wonderful old cabinet, black and red and gold, very mysterious; and oak chests and two fat white Indian Fools sitting cross-legged on the mantelpiece. It was very delightful. But Molly liked it best in the daytime. And she was glad of the night-light.

She thought of Bertie, and Cicely, and Eva, and Baby, and Vincent, and wondered whether measles hurt much.

Next day Aunt Maria was quite bearable. The worst thing she said was about people coming when they weren't expected and upsetting everything.

"I'll try not to upset anything," said Molly, and went out and got the gardener to put up a swing for her. Then she upset herself out of it and got a bump on her forehead the size of a hen's egg, and that, as Aunt Maria very properly said, kept her out of mischief for the rest of the day.

Next morning Molly had two letters. The first was from Bertie. It said:

> *Dear Molly:* It is rough lines on you, but we did not mean to keep it up, and it is your fault for coming home the day before you ought to have. We did it to kid old Simpshall because she was so beastly about us making a real battlefield. We only painted all the parts of us that show with vermilion, and put spots, mixed crimson lake and Prussian blue, all over. And we pulled down the blinds and said our heads ached, and so they did, with crying. I mean the girls cried. She was afraid to come near us. But she was sorry she had been such a beast. And when she had come to the door and said so through the keyhole we owned up — but you had gone by then. It was a rare lark. But we've got three days bedde for it. I shall lower this on the end of a fishing-line to the Baker's boy and he will post it. It is like a dungeon. He is going to bring us tarts, like a faithful page.
>
> Your affecate Bro:
> BERTRAND DE LISLE CARRUTHERS.

The other letter was from Mother.

> *My darling Molly:* It was all a naughty hoax, intended to annoy poor Miss Simpshall. Your brothers and sisters had painted their faces red and purple — they had not measles at all. But since you *are* at Aunt Maria's I think you may as well stay——

"How awful," said Molly; "it *is* too bad!"

> ——stay and make it your annual visit. Be a good girl, dear, and do not forget to wear your pinafores in the morning.
>
> YOUR LOVING MOTHER.

Molly wrote a nice little letter to her Mother. To her brother she said:

> *Dear Bertie:* I think you are beasts to have let me in for this. You might have thought of me. I shall not forgive you till the sun is just going down, and I would not then only it is so wrong not to. I wish *you* had been named Maria, and had to stay here instead of me.
>
> Your broken-hearted sister,
> MOLLY CARRUTHERS.

When Molly stayed at the White House she was accustomed to read aloud in the mornings from Ministering Children or Little Pilgrims while Aunt Maria sewed severely. But that morning Aunt Maria did not send for her.

"Your Aunt's not well," Clements told her; "she won't be down before luncheon. Run along, do, Miss, and walk in the garden like a young lady."

Molly chose rather to go out into the stable-yard like a young gentleman. The groom was saddling the sorrel horse.

"I've got to take a telegram to the station," said he.

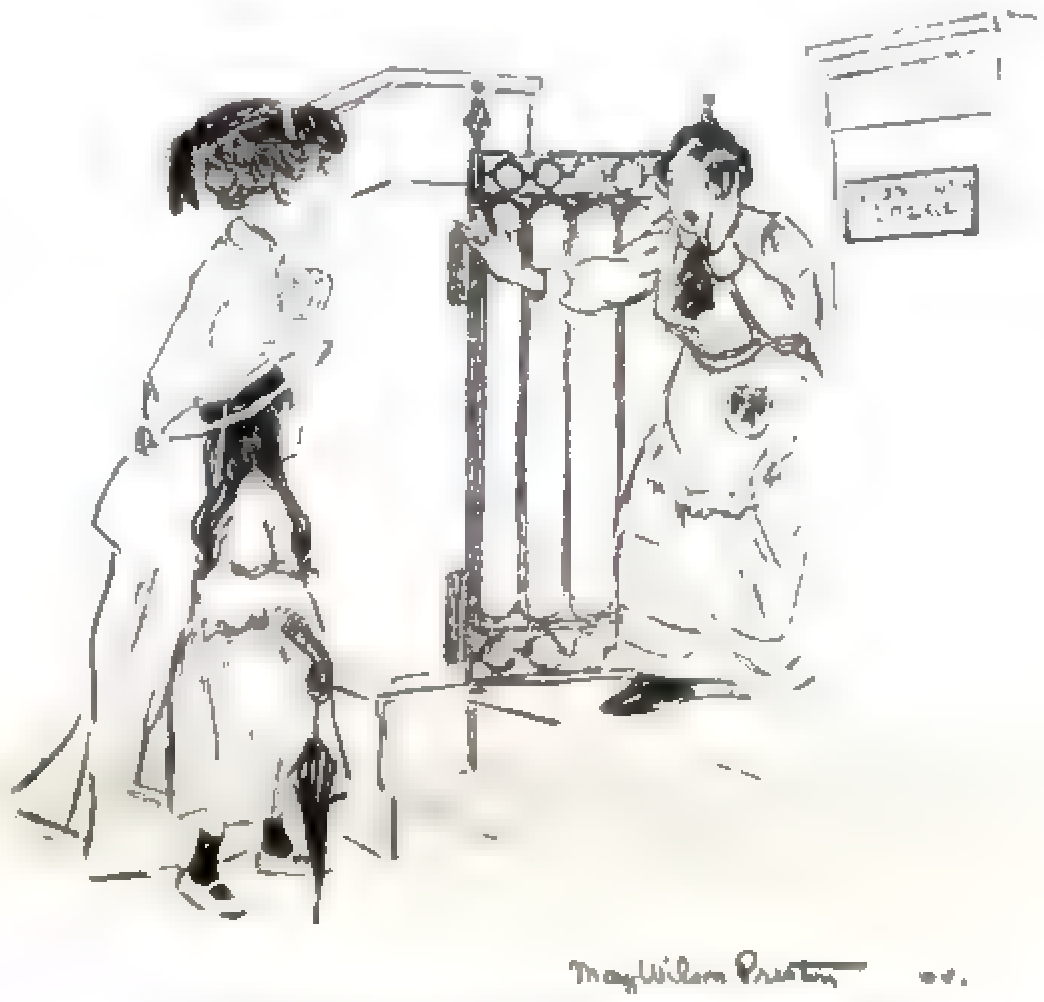
"Take me," said Molly.

"Likely! And what'd your Aunt say?"

"She won't know," said Molly; "and if she does I'll say I made you."

He laughed, and Molly had a splendid ride behind the groom, with her arms so tight around his waistcoat that he could hardly breathe.

When they got to the station a porter lifted her down and the groom let her send off the telegram. It was to Uncle Toodlethwaite, and it said:



"DON'T COME IN," SAID MISS SIMPSHALL WILDLY

> Please come down at once — urgent business; most important; don't fail. Bring Bates.
>
> MARIE CARRUTHERS

So Molly knew something very out of the way had happened, and she was glad that her Aunt should have something to think of besides her; because the White House would have been a very nice place to stay at if Aunt Maria had not so often remembered to do her duty by you.

In the afternoon Uncle Toodlethwaite came, and he and Aunt Maria and a person in black with a shining black bag — Molly supposed he was Mr. Bates, who was to be brought by Uncle Toodlethwaite — sat in the dining-room with the door shut.

Molly went to help the kitchenmaid shell peas, in the little grass courtyard in the middle of the house. They sat on the kitchen steps, and Molly could hear the voices of Clements and the housekeeper through the open window of the servants' hall. She heard, but she did not think it was eavesdropping or anything dishonorable like listening at doors. They were talking quite out loud.

"And a dreadful blow it will be to us all, if true," the housekeeper was saying.

"*She* thinks it's true," said Clements; "cried her eyes out, she did, and wired for her brother-in-law once removed."

"Meaning her brother's brother-in-law — I see. But I don't know as I really understand the ins and outs of it all."

"Well, it's like this," said Clements: "Missis an' her brother they used to live here along of their Uncle — and he had a son, a regular bad egg he was, and the old master said he shouldn't ever have a penny of his money. He said he'd leave it to Mr. Carruthers — that's Missis' brother, see."

"That means Father," thought Molly.

"And he'd leave Missis the house and enough money to keep it up in style. He was a warm man, it seems. Well, then, the son's drowned at sea — ship went down and all aboard perished — just as well, because when the old man died they couldn't find no will. So it all comes to Missis and her brother, there being no other relations near or far, and they divides it the same as the old man had always said he wished. You see what I mean?"

"Near enough," said the housekeeper; "and then?"

"Why, then," said Clements, "comes this letter — this very morning — from a lawyer, to say as this bad egg of a cousin wasn't drowned at all — he was in foreign parts and only now heard of his father's decease, and intends without delay to claim property, which all comes to him, the deceased having died insensate — that means without a will."

"I say, Clements," Molly sung out, "you must have read the letter. Did Aunt show it to you?"

There was a dead silence. The kitchenmaid giggled. Some one whispered inside the room. Then the housekeeper's voice called softly:

"Come in here a minute, Miss," and the window was sharply shut.

Molly emptied the pea-pods out of her pinafore and went in. Directly she was inside the door Clements caught her by the arm and shook her.

"You nasty, mean, prying little cat," she said; "and me getting yer jelly and custard and I don't know what all!"

"I'm not," said Molly. "Don't, Clements, you hurt."

"You deserve me to," was the reply. "Doesn't she, Mrs. Williams?"

"Don't you know it's wrong to listen, Miss?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"I didn't listen," said Molly indignantly. "You were simply shouting. No one could help hearing. Me and Jane would have had to put our fingers in our ears *not* to hear."

"I didn't think it of yer," said Clements, beginning to sniff.

"I don't know what you're making all this fuss about," said Molly. "I'm not a sneak."

"Have a piece of cake, Miss," said Mrs. Williams, "and give me your word it sha'n't go any further."

"I don't want your cake. You'd better give it to Clements. It's she that tells things — not me."

Molly began to cry.

"There — I declare, Miss, I'm sorry I shook you — but I was that put out. There, I ask your pardon. I can't do more. You wouldn't get poor Clements into trouble, I'm sure."

"Of course, I wouldn't. You might have known that."

Well, peace was restored. But Molly wouldn't have the cake.

That evening Jane wore a new silver brooch shaped like a horseshoe with an arrow through it.

It was after tea, when Uncle Toodlethwaite was gone, that Molly, creeping quietly out to see the pigs fed, came upon her Aunt at the end of the hollyhock walk. Her Aunt was sitting on the rustic seat that the Crimson Rambler rose makes an arbor over. Her handkerchief was held to her face with both hands, and her thin shoulders were shaking with sobs.

And at once Molly forgot how disagreeable Aunt Maria had always been, and how she hated her. She ran to her Aunt and threw her arms around her neck. Aunt Maria jumped in her seat, but she let the arms stay where they were, though they made it quite difficult for her to use her handkerchief.

"Don't cry — dear ducks *darling* Aunt Maria," said Molly. "Oh, don't! What *is* the matter?"

"Nothing you would understand," said Aunt Maria gruffly. "Run away and play, there's a good child."

"But I don't want to play while you're crying. I'm sure I could understand, dear little Auntie." Molly embraced the tall, gaunt figure of the Aunt.

"Dear little Auntie, tell Molly!" She used just the tone she was used to use to her baby brother.

"It's — it's business," said Aunt Maria, sniffing.

"I know business is dreadfully bad — Father says so," said Molly. "Don't send me away, Auntie. I'll be as quiet as a mouse; I'll just sit and cuddle you till you feel better."

She got her arms around the Aunt's waist and snuggled her head against a thin arm. Aunt Maria had always been one for keeping children in their proper place. Yet, somehow, now, Molly's proper place seemed to be just where she was — where she had never been before.

"You're a kind little girl, Maria," she said presently.

"I wish I could do something," said Molly. "Wouldn't you feel better if you told me? They say it does you good not to grieve in solitary concealment. I'm sure I could understand if you didn't use long words."

And, curiously enough, Aunt Maria did tell her — almost exactly what she had heard from Clements.

"And I know there was a will leaving it all to your father and me," she said; "I saw it signed. It was witnessed by the butler we had then — he died the year after — and by Mr. Sheldon. He died, too, out hunting."

Her voice softened, and Molly snuggled closer and said, "Poor Mr. Sheldon."

"He and I were to have been married," said Aunt Maria suddenly. "That's his picture in the hall, between the carp and your great-uncle Carruthers."

"Poor Auntie," said Molly, thinking of the handsome man in scarlet next the stuffed carp. "Oh, poor Auntie, I do love you so!"

Aunt Maria put an arm around her.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "you don't understand. All the happy things that ever happened to me have happened here — and all the sad things, too. If they turn me out I shall die. I know I shall. It's been bad enough," she went on more to herself than to Molly, "but there's always been the place, just as it was when I was a girl — when he used to come here — so bold and laughing he always was. I can see him here, quite plainly. I've only to shut my eyes. But I couldn't see him anywhere else."

"Don't wills get hidden away sometimes?" Molly asked, for she had read stories about such things

"We looked everywhere," said Aunt Maria; "everywhere We had detectives from London, because there were things he'd left to other people and we wanted to carry out his wishes; but we couldn't find it. Uncle must have destroyed it and meant to make another. Only he never did. Oh, I hope the dead can't see what we suffer. If my Uncle Carruthers and dear James could see me turned out of the old place it would break their hearts even up in Heaven."

Molly was silent

Suddenly her Aunt seemed to awake from a dream

"Good gracious, child," she said, "what nonsense I've been talking. Go away and play, and forget all about it Your own troubles will begin soon enough."

"I do love you, Auntie," said Molly —and went

Aunt Maria never unbent again as she had done that evening. But Molly felt a difference that made all the difference She was not afraid of her Aunt now, and she loved her Besides, things were happening. The White House was now the most interesting place in the world

Be sure that Molly set to work at once to look for the missing will. London detectives were very careless, she was certain they were. She opened drawers and felt in the backs of cupboards. She prodded the padding of chairs, listening for the crackling of paper inside among the stuffing. She tapped the woodwork of the house all over for secret panels. But she did not find the will

She could not believe that her great uncle Carruthers would have been so silly as to burn a will that he knew might be wanted at any moment. She used to stand in front of his portrait and look at it — he did not look at all silly. And she used to look at the portrait of handsome, laughing Mr Sheldon, who had been killed out hunting instead of marrying Aunt Maria, and more than once she said

You might tell me where it is. You look as if you knew

But he never altered his jolly smile

Molly thought of missing wills from the moment her eyes opened in the morning to the time when they closed at night

Then came the dreadful day when Uncle Toodlethwaite and Mr. Bates came down — and Uncle Toodlethwaite said

"I'm afraid there's no help for it, Maria. You can delay the thing a bit, but you'll have to turn out in the end.'

It was on that night that the wonderful thing happened — the thing that Molly has never told to any one except me, because she thought no one could believe it

She went to bed as usual and to sleep, and she woke suddenly, hearing some one call "Molly! Molly!"

She sat up in bed. The room was full of moonlight. As usual, her first waking thought was of the missing will. Had it been found? Was her Aunt calling her to tell the good news? No — the room was quite still. She was alone.

The moonlight fell full on the old black and red and gold cabinet. That, she had often thought, was just the place where a will would be hidden. It might have a secret drawer that the London detectives had missed. She had often looked over it carefully, but now she got out of bed and lighted her candle—and went over to the cabinet to have one more look. She opened all the drawers — pressed all the knobs in the carved brasswork. There was a little door in the middle. She knew that the little cupboard behind it was empty. It had red lacquered walls, and the back wall was a looking glass. She opened the little cupboard, held up her candle and looked in. She expected to see her own face in the glass, as usual — but she did not see it. Instead there was a black space, the opening to something — not quite black — she could see lights, candle lights. And the space grew bigger, or she grew smaller — she never knew which. And next moment she was walking through the opening.

"Now I am going to see something really worth seeing, said Molly

She was not frightened From first to last she was not at all frightened

She walked straight through the back of the cabinet in the best bedroom upstairs into the library on the ground floor That sounds like nonsense, but Molly declares it was so

There were candles on the table, and papers. And there were people in the library. They did not see her.

There was real Uncle Carruthers, and Aunt Maria, very pretty with long curls and a striped brown silk dress, like in the picture in the drawing-room. There was handsome, jolly Mr. Sheldon in a brown coat. An old servant was just going out of the door

"That's settled, then,' said great-uncle Carruthers "Now, my girl, bed!"

Aunt Maria — such a young, pretty Aunt Maria — Molly would never have known her but for the portrait — kissed her Uncle, and then she took a Christmas rose out of her dress and put it in Mr Sheldon's buttonhole, and put up her face to him and said, "Good-night, James." He kissed her—Molly heard the loud, jolly sound of the kiss — and Aunt Maria went away.

Then the old man said

"You'll leave this at Bates' for me Sheldon — you're safer than the post

Handsome Mr Sheldon said he would

Then the lights went out and Molly was in bed again

Quite suddenly it was daylight. Jolly Mr. Sheldon, in his red coat, was standing by the cabinet. The little cupboard door was open

"By George!" he said, "it's ten days since I promised to take that will up to Bates', and I never gave it another thought All your fault, Maria, my dear. You shouldn't take up all my thoughts; I'll take it to-morrow."

Molly heard something click, and he went out of the room, whistling

Molly lay still. She felt there was more to come. And the next thing was that she was looking out of the window and saw something carried across the lawn on a hurdle with two scarlet coats laid over it. And she knew it was handsome Mr. Sheldon — and that he would not carry the will to Bates to-morrow or do anything else in this world ever any more

When Molly woke in the morning she sprang out of bed and ran to the cabinet

There was nothing in the looking-glass cupboard.

All the same she ran straight to her Aunt's room. It was long before the hour when Clements soberly tapped, bringing hot water

"Wake up, Auntie," she cried

And Auntie woke up, very cross indeed

"Look here, Auntie," she said, "I'm certain there's a secret place in that cabinet in my room and the will's in it I know it is

'You've been dreaming," said Aunt Maria severely; "go back to bed You'll catch your death of cold paddling about barefoot like that"

Molly had to go

But after breakfast she began again.

"But why do you think so?" asked Aunt Maria

And Molly, who thought she knew that nobody would believe her story, could only say

"I don't know — but I am quite sure ——'

"Nonsense," said Aunt Maria.

"Auntie," Molly said, "don't you think Uncle might have given the will to Mr. Sheldon to take to Mr. Bates, and he may have put it in the secret place and forgotten?"

"What a head the child's got — full of fancies," said Aunt Maria

"If he slept in that room — did he ever sleep in that room?"

"Always, whenever he stayed here."

"Was it long after the will-signing that poor Mr. Sheldon died?'

"Ten days said Aunt Maria shortly; "run away and play. I've letters to write ——"

But because it seemed good to leave no stone unturned, one of those letters was to a cabinetmaker in Rochester, and the groom took it in the dogcart and the cabinetmaker came back with him

And there *was* a secret hiding-place behind the looking-glass in the little red lacquered cupboard in the old black and red and gold cabinet, and in that secret hiding-place was the missing will, and on it lay a brown flower that dropped to dust when it was moved

"It's a Christmas rose," said Molly.

"So you see, really, it was a very good thing the others pretended to have measles, because if they hadn't I shouldn't have come to you, and if I hadn't come I shouldn't have known there was a will missing, and if I hadn't known that I shouldn't have found it, should I, Aunty, should I, Uncle?" said Molly, wild with delight

"No, dear," said Aunt Maria, patting her hand

"Little girls," said Uncle Toodlethwaite, "should be seen and not heard. But I admit that simulated measles may sometimes be a blessing in disguise."

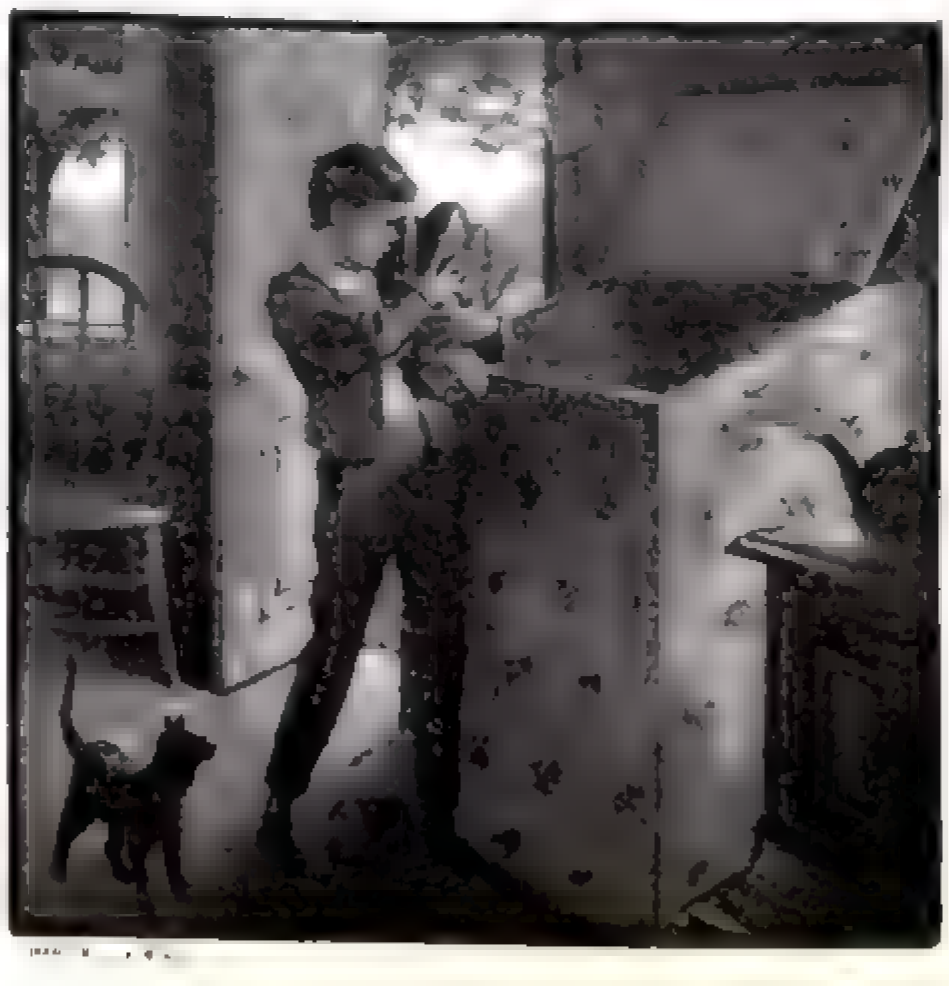
THE WOODBOX

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

It was kept out in the kitchen, and 'twas long and deep and wide.
And the poker hung above it and the shovel stood beside,
And the big, black cookstove, grinnin' through its grate from ear to ear.
Seemed to look as if it loved it like a brother, pretty near
Flowered oilcloth tacked around it kept its cracks and knot-holes hid,
And a pair of leather hinges fastened on the heavy lid.
And it hadn't any bottom — or, at least, it seemed that way
When you hurried in to fill it, so's to get outside and play

When the noons was hot and lazy and the leaves hung dry and still,
And the locust in the pear tree started up his planin'-mill.
And the drum-beat of the breakers was a soothin', temptin' roll.
And you knew the "gang" was waitin' by the brimmin' "swimmin' hole"—
Louder than the locust's buzzin', louder than the breakers' roar,
You could hear that woodbox holler, "Come and fill me up once more!"
And the old clock ticked and chuckled as you let each armful drop,
Like it said, "Another minute, and you're nowheres near the top!"

In the chilly winter mornin's, when the bed was snug and warm,
And the frosted winders tinkled 'neath the fingers of the storm



And your breath rose off the piller in a smoky cloud of steam —
Then that woodbox, grim and empty, came a-dancin' through your dream,
Came and pounded at your conscience, screamed in aggravatin' glee,
"Would you like to sleep this mornin'? You git up and 'tend to me!"
Land! how plain it is this minute—shed and barn and drifted snow,
And the slabs of oak a-waitin', piled and ready, in a row.

Never was a fishin' frolic, never was a game of ball,
But that mean, provokin' woodbox had to come and spoil it all:
You might study at your lessons and 'twas full, and full to stay,
But jest start an Injun story, and 'twas empty right away.
Seemed as if a spite was in it, and although I might forgit
All the other chores that plagued me, I can hate that woodbox yit:
And when I look back at boyhood—shakin' off the cares of men—
Still it comes to spoil the picture, screamin' "Fill me up again"

THE SUCCESSFUL CAREERS OF COLLEGE GRADUATES

By CHARLES F. THWING, LL. D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, Cleveland

FOR more than thirty years I have followed as best I could the careers of graduates of many of our colleges. The other afternoon I set down the names of some of these graduates of the two colleges that I know best. Among them were men who, fifteen or thirty years after their graduation, are doing first-rate work. They are lawyers, editors, physicians, judges, clergymen, teachers, merchants, manufacturers, architects and writers. As I have looked at the list with a mind somewhat inquisitive I have asked myself: What are the qualities or conditions which have contributed to the winning of the great results that these men have won?

The answers I have given are manifold, for it is always difficult in personal matters to differentiate and to determine causes. In mechanical concerns it is not difficult; but in the calculation of causes which constitute the value of a person as a working force one often finds himself baffled. The result frequently seems either more or less than equivalent to the cooperating forces. The personal factor, the personal equation, counts immensely. These values we cannot measure in scales or figure out by the four processes of arithmetic.

Be it said that the causes of the success of these men do not lie in their conditions. No happy combination of circumstances, no windfall of chance, gave them what they have achieved. If those who graduated in the eighth decade had graduated in the ninth of the last century, or if those who graduated in the ninth had graduated in the earlier time, it would have made no difference. Neither does the name, with possibly a single exception, nor does wealth prove to be a special aid; nor have friends boosted or pushed them. Friends may have opened doors for them; but friends have not urged them either to see or to embrace opportunities.

Brains Where Brains Ought to Be

These men seem to me to have for their primary and comprehensive characteristic a large sanity. They have the broad vision and the long look. They possess usually a kind of sobriety which may almost be called Washingtonian. The insane man reasons correctly from false premises. The fool has no premises from which to reason. These men are neither insane nor foolish. They have suppositions, presuppositions — which are true. They also follow sound logical principles. They are in every way well-ordered. They keep their brains where their brains ought to be — inside their skulls. They keep their hearts where their hearts ought to be — inside their chests. They keep their appetites where their appetites ought to be. Too many men keep their brains inside their chests: the emotions absorb the intellect. Too many men put their hearts inside their skulls: the emotions are dried up in the clear air of thought. Too many put both brains and heart where the appetites are: both judgment and action are swallowed up in the animal. But these men are whole, wholesome, healthy, healthful. They seem to represent those qualities which, James Bryce says, Archbishop Tait possessed. "He had not merely moderation, but what, though often confounded with moderation, is something rarer and better — a steady balance of mind. He was carried about by no winds of doctrine. He seldom yielded to impulses, and was never so seduced by any one theory as to lose sight of other views and conditions which had to be regarded. He knew how to be dignified without assumption, firm without vehemence, prudent without timidity, judicious without coldness." These men are remote from eccentricity. They may or may not have fads; but they are not faddists. Not one of them is a genius in either the good or the evil side of conspicuous native power. They see and weigh evidence. They are a happy union of wit and wisdom, of jest and precept, of work and play, of companionship and solitude, of thinking and resting, of receptivity and creativeness, of the ideal and the practical, of individualism and of sympathy. They are living in the day, but they are not living for the day.

Each of these men has also in his career usually more than filled the place he occupied. He has overflowed into the next higher place. The overflow has raised him into the higher lock. The career has been an ascending spiral. Each higher curve has sprung out of the preceding and lower. From the attorneyship of the county to service as attorney of the State and to the place of Attorney-General of the United States; from a pastorate in a small Maine city to a pastorate suburban, and from the pastorate suburban to a pastorate on Fifth Avenue, from a professorship in a humble place to a professorship in largest relations; from the building of cottages to the building of great libraries and museums: this is the order of progression. I will not say that any of these men did the best he could do at every step of the way. Some did; some did not, probably. But what is to the point, each did better than the place demanded. He more than earned his wages, his salary, his pay. He had a surplus; he was a creditor. His employers owed him more than they paid him. They found the best way of paying him and keeping him was to advance him.

"Make Advancement Necessary"

Such is the natural evolution of skill and power. The only legitimate method of advancement is to make advancement necessary, inevitable, by the simple law of achievement. The simple law of achievement depends upon the law of increasing force, which is the law that personal force grows through the use of personal force.

Hiram Stevens Maxim, in a sketch of his life, tells of his working in Flynt's carriage factory at Abbot, Maine, when a boy of about fifteen. From Flynt's at Abbot he went to Dexter, a large town, where he became a foreman. He presently went to a threshing machine factory in Northern New York; thence to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where he obtained a place in the engineering works of his uncle. In this factory he says he could do more work than any other man save one. Thence he went to a place in Boston, from Boston to New York, where he received high pay as a draftsman. While he was working in New York he conceived the idea of making a gun which would load and fire itself by the energy derived from the burning powder. From work in a little place in Maine, Maxim, by doing each task to the utmost of his ability, made himself a power.

Ability Plus Friendliness

Furthermore, these men represent good-fellowship. They embody friendliness. The late Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) was at one time esteemed to be the equal of John Bright and of Gladstone in oratory and their superior in intellect. He died in 1892 unknown and almost unlamented. He failed by reason of a lack of friendliness. Lowe was once an examiner at Oxford. Into an oral examination which he was conducting a friend came and asked how he was getting on. "Excellently," replied Lowe; "five men flunked already, and the sixth is shaky." Good-fellowship without ability is vague; ability without good-fellowship is usually ineffective; good ability plus good-fellowship make for great results.

In this atmosphere of friendliness these men are practicing the Golden Rule. They are not advertising the fact. They do much in this atmosphere of friendliness for large bodies of people. They follow the sentiment which Pasteur expressed near the close of his great career: "Say to yourselves first," said Pasteur to a body of students, "'What have I done for my instruction?' and, as you gradually advance, 'What have I done for my country?' until the time comes when you may have the immense happiness of thinking that you have contributed in some way to the progress and to the good of humanity. But whether our efforts are or are not favored by life, let us be able to say, when we come near the great goal, 'I have done what I could.'" (Life II, 298.) These men have done much for the individual, for the local neighborhood. They have given themselves to numberless services on boards, committees, commissions — works which draw heavily on time and strength. These services constitute no small share of the worth of a commonwealth, of a community.

To one relation of these men I wish especially to refer. This is their relation to wealth. Some of these men are business men. Wealth is one of the normal results of business. Some of these men are professional men. Wealth is not the normal result of professional service. But the seeking of wealth has not in the life and endeavor of these men played a conspicuous part. If wealth is the primary purpose, they keep the purpose to themselves. They do not talk much about it. But most of them do not hold wealth as a primary purpose. Rather their primary and atmospheric aim is to serve the community through their business. The same purpose moves them which also moves the lawyer, the minister, the doctor. Life, not living, is their principle.

To one further element I must refer. It comprehends, perhaps, all I have been trying to say. These men have kept and are keeping themselves to their work. They do not waste themselves. They are economical of time and strength. The late Provost Pepper, of the University of Pennsylvania, a tremendous worker, near the close of his life, once put down (in a manuscript not formally published), as a guide for himself, the following reflections:

"Many can do with less than eight or even seven hours of sleep while working hard, provided they recognize the increased risk; that while running their engine they take more scrupulous care with every part of the machinery. Machine must be perfect, fuel ditto; everything must be sacrificed to the one point of keeping the machinery running thus: Subjection of carnal, emotional excesses; certainty that no weak spots exist; diet, especially too much eating, too fast eating; stimulants, tobacco, open-air exercise; cool-headed, almost callous, critical analysis of one's self, one's sensations and effect of work on the system, clear knowledge of danger lines; result, avoidance of transgressing, and immediate summons at right time."

Singleness of Purpose

These men are men of self-restraint. They are like rivers having dams, keeping their waters back, in order that the floods may be used more effectively. They are free from entangling alliances. They are not men of one thing; they are often men of one, two, three, a dozen things. But one thing is primary, the others secondary. They may have avocations; but they have only one vocation. "This one thing I do."

I have already quoted from Pasteur. Of him it is said by his biographer: "In the evening, after dinner, he usually perambulated the hall and corridor of his rooms at the École Normale, cogitating various details of his work. At ten o'clock he went to bed, and at eight the next morning, whether he had had a good night or a bad one, he resumed his work in the laboratory."

His wife once wrote to their children, "Your father is absorbed in his thoughts, talks little, sleeps little, rises at dawn, and, in a word, continues the life I began with him this day thirty-five years ago." (Life II, 33, 227.)

Keeping themselves at their one work, these men embody a sense of duty. I find they have a conscience. Their conscience is not worn outside, but inside, their bosoms. They make no show of doing what they ought. They simply do what they are called upon to do — and that is all there is to it. It was said of a first scholar in a certain historic college that he was never caught working.

These same men may or may not be caught working, but they do work, and their work is a normal and moral part of their being.

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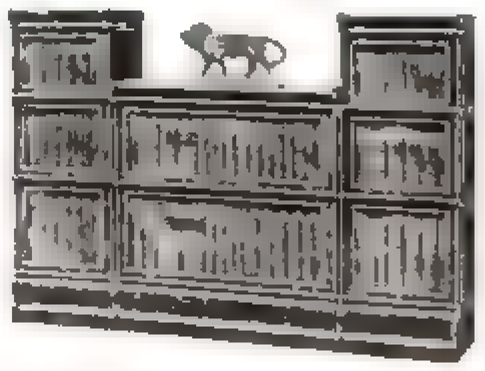

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The Reading Table

Matilda's Bill

Matilda had eight sixty-five
  When off she shopping went,
With frugal mind (like Gilpin's wife),
  Although on spending bent.

She sought a large department store
  Of very modern kind,
Where goods from pile-drivers to pins
  The purchaser may find

She ranged about for half a day,
  And walked through leagues of aisles;
In lifts she must have traveled up
  And down for many miles

At last the goods she ordered sent—
  The time had come to go
She paid the bill—she'd just enough—
  The same appears below:

Five yards white muslin .31,
  With 6 cents for a plate;
One Shelley's poems .54,
  One ham, 9 pounds, at .08

One remnant ribbon .43,
  Two silk at .12 a yard;
One History of Greece .19,
  With 16 cents for lard.

One package soda biscuit .10,
  Two ditto dog .13,
Omar Khayyam (gilt) .99,
  14 for kerosene.

Essays of Lamb (uncut) .15,
  One dollar leg of same,
One etching (millpond) [illegible],
  With .60 for the frame

Molasses .08, toothpowder .09,
  .16 a fountain-pen;
Schubert Sonata .24,
  Two pounds birdseed at .10

One shoehorn .03, salt codfish .06,
  .09 Doddler's *Magazine*;
One parrot (talker) .44,
  Nocturne, Chopin, .18

Pins .02, salt .04, comb .06, ink .08,
  Bink's tonic .23;
Venus of Milo .39,
  .05 glue, .01 gum, .12 tea.

And so Matilda's cash was spent,
  But now she sighs for more;
She saw some other things she needs
  In that department store.

P. S. The author feels that he,
  Before his muse decamps,
Should say Matilda also got
  A quart of trading stamps.

—*Hayden Carruth.*

The Capture of Dewey

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S peace of mind has been greatly disturbed lately by "sight-seeing automobiles," each carrying thirty or forty people, which stop in front of his home three times a day, in the effort to get a glimpse of the Admiral or Mrs. Dewey. Even more annoying than the stare of forty pairs of eyes is the witticism of the guide, who shouts through the megaphone in a voice that can be heard a block away:

"The red house to your right—given by the American people to Admiral Dewey, who destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and came to Washington to be captured by a lone woman.".

A Routine Session

A PROMINENT Missourian in Washington is fond of telling anecdotes about James Stephen Green, once a Senator from Missouri, and the leader in the aggressive war made on Benton by the slavery advocates in antebellum Missouri. The one he enjoys the most and considers the best of all illustrates Green's ready wit

"One Sunday, shortly after Green's arrival in Washington, he was asked by a friend of his to attend services at an Episcopal church near by. Green had never attended a service characterized by much formalism, so he was naturally deeply impressed. After he had returned an acquaintance asked him, 'Senator, what did you think of the service?' 'Well, sir,' Green replied, 'it struck me that there was altogether too much reading of the journal and not enough debate.'"

The Interrupting School

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S interesting young son has begun school life. He was supposed to be enjoying it till one morning recently, when he entered the library, where he found his father, seated himself carelessly in the largest chair, and said

"I'm getting tired of going to school, father. I think I shall stop."

"Why," said Mr. Mansfield in some surprise, "what's your objection to going to school?"

"Oh," answered the youngster, suppressing a yawn, "it breaks up the day so."

When We are Dead

SOME years ago a biography of Longfellow appeared. The author sent a copy to Richard Henry Stoddard with a suitable inscription on the flyleaf. Mr. Stoddard, of course, interested in everything pertaining to the poet, seated himself before the fire and spent two hours in going through the book. The work proved to be particularly strong on the anecdotical side, apparently not altogether to Mr. Stoddard's liking. Reaching the last page he turned back to the flyleaf, drew a pencil from his pocket, and without a pause wrote below the inscription

Lives of great men all inform us
  That, when we're safely dead,
[illegible] large, immense, enormous,
  Will write things we never said.

A Sure Cure

CONGRESSMAN POWERS, of Massachusetts, has a friend in that Commonwealth who was the owner of a fine horse that suffered from periodical fits of dizziness. In a quandary the owner sought the advice of an old friend having a local reputation for "hoss sense."

After an attentive listening the old Yankee shifted his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and drawled out

"Wa-al, Samuel, it 'pears to me that if the case is as bad as you make it out, the only remedy would be to take the animal some time when he ain't dizzy and sell him to a stranger, by gum!"

The "Going-To Bees"

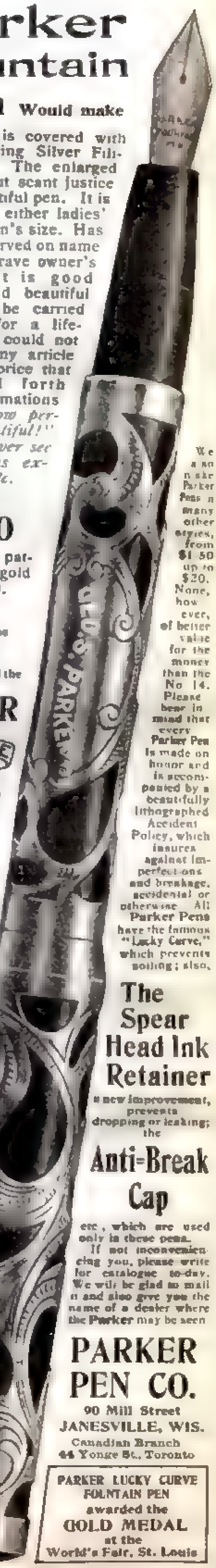
Suppose that some fine morn in May
A honey-bee should pause and say,
"I guess I will not work to-day,
  But next week or next summer,
Or some time in the by and by,
I'll be so diligent and spry
That all the world must see that I
  Am what they call a 'hummer'!"

Of course you'd wish to say at once,
"O bee! don't be a little dunce
And waste your golden days and months
  In lazily reviewing
The things you're 'going' to do, and how
Your hive with honey you'll endow,
But bear in mind, O bee, that NOW
  Is just the time for 'doing.'"

Suppose a youth with idle hands
Should tell you all the splendid plans
Of which he dreams, the while the sands
  Of life are flowing, flowing.
You'd wish to say to him, "O boy!
If you would reap your share of joy
You must discerningly employ
  Your morning hours in sowing."

He who would win must work! The prize
Is for the faithful one who tries
With loyal heart and hand; whose skies
  With toil-crowned hopes are sunny.
And they who seek success to find
This homely truth must bear in mind:
"The 'going-to bees' are not the kind
  That fill the hive with honey."

—*Nixon Waterman.*



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a new improvement, prevents dropping or leaking; the
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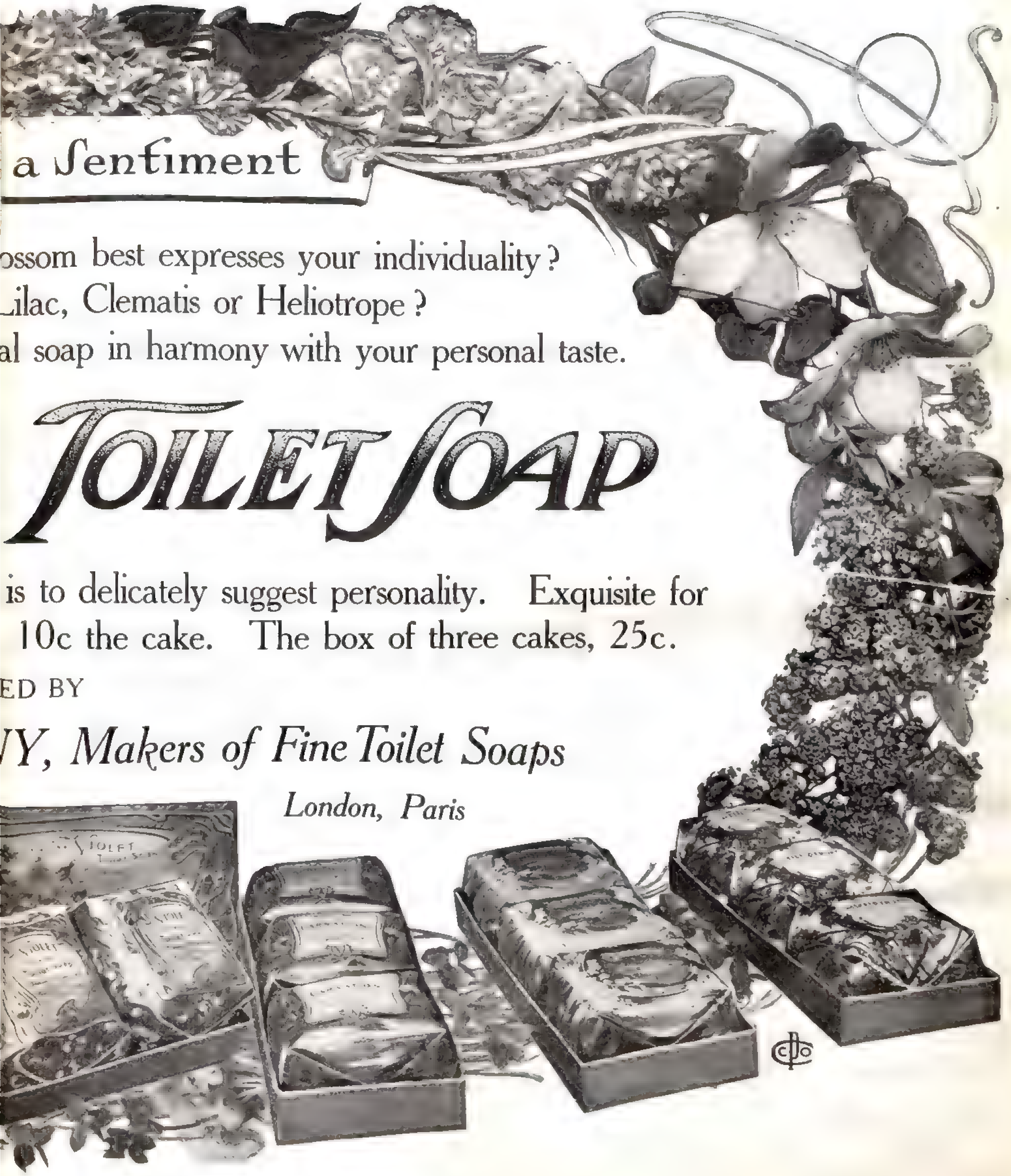

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Peter Crawford's Partner

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of Cheerful Americans

I NOTICED in the paper the other day the death of Peter Crawford, of the firm of Crawford & Co., iron merchants, of John Street; and among the news items of a later issue I read that Peter Crawford had left all of his money to a rich nephew to do as he pleased with it, and that the nephew intended to divide it among various deserving charities

Twenty years ago I had exceptional opportunities for observing Peter Crawford, as for a long time Frank Aldrich, the man in whose employ I worked, had desk room in the house of Crawford & Co.

Peter was as hard as the iron he sold. Any one on John Street would have told you that. He would have told you so himself. He used to eat his luncheon at Farrish's chop house and always sat by himself in the corner with his back to the rest of the customers. And Mr. Farrish's head barkeeper would point him out to those who came in, and go through a pantomimic action expressive of head punching. It would have edified the old man if he could have known this, for he gloried in his hardness and was pleased at his unpopularity. Not but that he had friends, but they were, in the main, men in other lines of trade.

When I went to work for Frank Aldrich I thought Peter Crawford the harshest and the most unpleasant man I had ever seen. The very morning I began work he stopped at my desk and asked me my name in a rasping, high-pitched voice that went with his dried-leaf complexion and drum-head skin

"Alden Adams, sir," said I.

"Well, I suppose you'll fritter away Mr. Aldrich's time. They all do. How much do you get?"

"Two dollars a week."

"Well, it's more than any boy's worth. I worked for a year just to learn the business, and glad of a chance. To day boys are paid for doing nothing, and they don't learn anything."

"Well, I'm glad I don't have to work for you," said I to myself as he passed on

That afternoon or the next, as I sat at my desk addressing envelopes, a pale-looking woman came down the aisle and asked me where Mr. Crawford's office was I told her and she went on

"Well, what do you want?" said Crawford's rasping, querulous voice

"I'm Mrs. Seymour. My husband used to work for you"

"What John Seymour? Wasn't worth his salt. I discharged him."

"Yes, sir, but he's just been run over by a horse car and he'll be unable to work for several weeks——"

"Never *was* able to work."

Oh, how my blood boiled at his unfeeling remarks.

"Yes, sir," said the woman; "but I thought that maybe you could find something for me to do so as to make a little money——"

"Never knew a woman yet who could do anything worth paying for. I wonder why you came here to pester me."

"Well, sir, John told me you were not——"

"Not sympathetic. Well, he told you right. If John had been minding his business he wouldn't have been run over. I can't do anything for you, but if you want you can write to my partner. Here's his address. I believe he saw some good in John when he was here, but I didn't. If he's fool enough to help you, all right. Now, do go along, and don't bother me."

The woman came away crying, and I remember wishing I had been paid so that I might show her that every one was not as hard as Peter Crawford, but all I had was a cent for my ferriage—I lived in Brooklyn—and I could do nothing.

Later in the week I was talking about Crawford's hardness to Jimmy Egan, the shipping clerk, and he said:

"I guess his partner must have fixed John up all right, for Mrs. Seymour's got a job at dressmaking, and when I went to see John at the hospital he'd a bunch of flowers from Schutt."

The shipping clerk's eyes twinkled as he said this, but though I noticed the twinkle I couldn't see the occasion for it, and ascribed it to nervousness. Twitching noses and lips and twinkling eyes are sometimes forms of St. Vitus' dance.

Mr. Crawford's partner, G. W. Schutt, never came to the office. I was on the premises for six months and I never saw him, but I knew that the firm had Western connections, and I understood that he represented the house at Pittsburg

Christmas came along a month or so after I began to work for Aldrich, and the day before that holiday Crawford said to the cashier in a voice that pierced the remotest part of the store

"I understand that old man Doane is giving away turkeys to his clerks Doane is a blame fool. The men won't work a bit better for him because of his doing it When I was a boy I had to work for all I got, and there was no such thing as Christmas in the town where I came from, up in Maine. If I pay a man what he's worth, anything over that is charity and tends to pauperize him."

His exit from the store was the cue for a chorus of groans, in which I joined with heartiness on general principles. Of course, I had nothing to gain either way. Mr Aldrich had already given me a crisp two dollar bill for my Christmas, so I was happy, but I did feel sorry for Crawford's men, and I told his new office boy that he was the meanest man on John Street

"Meanest man in the iron business," said he

About five o'clock there came a telegram from Pittsburg signed "G. W. Schutt," and addressed to the cashier. He read it and then came to the door of the counting-room and said.

"Hurrah, boys; it's a good thing there's a partner to this concern. Mr. Schutt tells me to give you all one per cent. of your salaries as a Christmas present."

I looked over at the shipping clerk at that moment, and again his eyes were twinkling but for me I felt a little downhearted. I was sorry I did not belong to the house of Crawford & Co. The telegram had called for gold, and, strange to say, the cashier had a good supply of it. He called all the other staff in, and they came back, some with eagles some with half-eagles, and two with double eagles. Several stopped at my desk and showed me their bright coins, and my heart felt like lead.

In a few minutes the cashier came out and said. "Alden, Mr. Aldrich says I may send you around to King & Cumberland's on an errand, as Tom is busy, and Mr. Crawford's partner wanted me to give you this for your Christmas"

He handed me a gold dollar, the first I had ever seen. I thanked him and went on that errand with my feet very light indeed. How in the world had Mr. Schutt ever heard of me? How different a man from that old curmudgeon, Crawford!

When I came back I stopped at the shipping clerk's desk He was a sympathetic young Irishman and the friendliest man in the place, and I wanted to tell him of my good fortune

"Isn't Mr. Schutt a jim dandy?"

"Yes," said he, and again the eyes twinkled. "It's a wonder he'd never come here to be thanked. Did y'ever see his photograph?"

"No," said I.

"Neither did I, but I think he's the living image of Mr. Crawford."

Now, this struck me at the time and often after as being inconsequent and entirely illogical, but I never remembered to ask him what he meant

Among the office *force* there was a black-haired, dreamy-eyed boy from some place on Cape Cod. We called him the artist and used to make fun of him because he was always seeing beauty in things that looked desperately commonplace to us.

He was a faithful fellow, but he always spent his noon hours drawing, and at last Mr. Pulsifer, the pump man next door, who was something of an art-lover, told him that he ought to study abroad.

"You'll never make your mark in the iron business, and you may do a good deal as an artist. You go and tell Mr. Crawford how it is, or else get your mother to go"

Now, Story—his name was Waldo Story—was, as I have said, a dreamy sort of chap, and it had never occurred to him that Crawford was a hard man, so what did he do but go home and tell his mother what Pulsifer had said, and the next day she came down to speak to the old man

He sat with his hat on all through the interview. I know, for I saw him through the open door. You could not say that Peter Crawford's manners were irreproachable.

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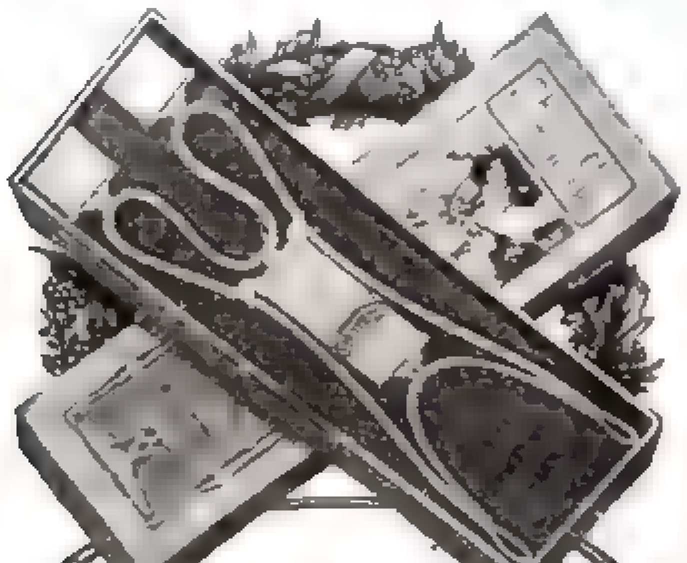

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"Well, what is it? Whose leg is broken now? When did he work for me?"

There was silence for a moment, and then Mrs. Story said

"I don't understand you, sir I am Waldo's mother"

"And who in thunder is Waldo?"

"Why, Waldo is your clerk," said she as proudly as if she had said he was the redoubtable partner himself.

"Oh, the boy in a dream all the while Well, what did he fall through? How long will he be laid up? Why didn't he use his eyes?"

"Waldo hasn't had anything happen to him, but he wants to go to Paris to study art."

Mrs. Story plumped the words out more quickly than she had intended, I dare say, and they plainly staggered Mr. Crawford

"Oh, he does, does he?" said he, raising his already high voice, as he always did when he was losing his temper

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Waldo, or whatever your name is, do you suppose that I went into the iron business so that I could keep people in hospitals, and art schools, and other places, and do my own work myself? Aren't there enough artists and other incapables without deliberately going to work to make one? What earthly good is an artist? *I* never bought a picture in my life. Iron's some use. I can see a profit in iron, but do you suppose there's any profit in pictures? A man buys a picture and his money's gone, and all he has is a lot of paint smeared on a board. That's all a picture is. Now, if Waldo stays here he may become a respectable member of society, an iron merchant, but if he becomes an artist he'll go to the devil and be an object of charity all his days. And you want me to help him on the road to perdition?"

He paused, and Mrs. Story said with dignity, "Mr. Crawford, I had no idea I should hear anything like this or I should not have come. I thought that if you cared for pictures you might help him along and he'd repay you when he got a name. He is said to have great talent"

"Well, you've come to the wrong shop. If my partner was here he might do something for Waldo is a good boy, but I have no use for artists. They are fifth wheels, incumbrances, utter no-goods. Here, this is Mr. Schutt's address. If you want to, write to him. He may do something. Out in Pittsburg they go in for art, but I'm dead against the whole theory of paying a man for fooling away precious time"

He turned to his desk and she came out, crumpling up the paper in her hand and her eyes full of tears. As she passed my desk I rose to go out to the shipping clerk, and I said to her, "You'd better write to Mr. Schutt He'll help Waldo"

She evidently took my advice, for about a fortnight later Waldo came to the store with the happiest look I had ever seen on his melancholy face

"Mr. Schutt is a brick," said he, and then he told us that Mr. Schutt had seen his work and had showed it to some Pittsburg people connected with the art gallery there, and that he was to go to Paris to study art, and that he was to give Mr. Schutt an option on any pictures he might paint during the next ten years.

"I'm glad to leave Crawford. My mother says he was almost insulting."

Although I have changed his name, those who follow art matters will have no difficulty in recognizing Waldo Story. He certainly did have rare talent, and he applied himself diligently and exhibited in the salon ten years or more ago, and afterward came to New York to live, but he never could overcome his aversion to the man who might have helped him but who didn't

Strange to say he never saw Mr. Schutt, all matters being arrranged by correspondence, but that Pittsburg patron of the fine arts bought five or six of his pictures.

Crawford's cashier told me two or three years ago that once when he went up to the house of his employer on business he noticed three of Waldo's pictures on the walls, and they were the only decent pictures the old man had

I wish I knew what had become of Egan, the shipping clerk I think if I were to tell him how Crawford, dying, had left all his money to a rich nephew, with the injunction that he do as he pleased with it, and that the nephew had divided it among various deserving charities, his eyes would have twinkled as of old, and he would have said something about that invisible Pittsburg partner

Surly, humorous, irascible, kind-hearted old Peter Crawford.

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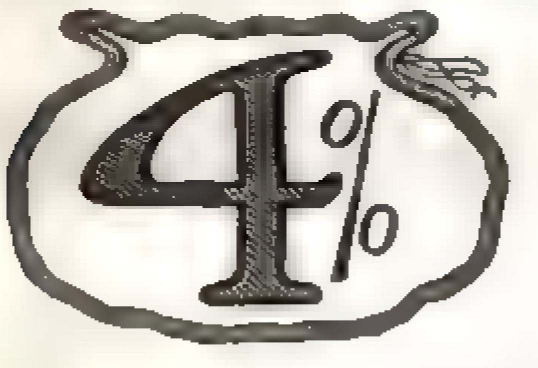

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

IN THE blessed calm of the old days we are told that the story-teller, harp in hand, sat, when he was summoned, in the centre of a crowd of lords and ladies and recited at leisure his tale of love or war, and when the listeners tired of it they silenced him, and he was sent out to be fed, and that was the end of him and his tale. But in these days and in this country it is the unfortunate listener who sits alone and helpless in the centre and is surrounded by a solid phalanx of story-tellers who cannot be silenced. They talk night and day, and like the wretched wedding guest, the public cannot choose but hear. They are of all races and grades: doctors of divinity, soldiers, wives who are tired of their husbands, boys just out of college, pretty shop girls, each of whom hopes that her Romance will bring in for her by December a bigger income than her commissions on hosiery or notions. Ranks on ranks of all kinds and conditions of these novelists arise. Each of them has written during the last year one or several books. Having exhausted their own and all other ordinary experiences they have thrown themselves on to the standpoint of coal miners, kings, chambermaids, dogs, spooks and other personalities who as yet have not published, and have spoken for them with fair (selling) success. As the babies in perambulators cannot write or speak, certain energetic scribes have put themselves into their place and have told their story for them. We have had lately sketches of life from the point of view of John, aged five, and Joanna, aged two, and clever, vivid sketches some of them are.

Literally tens of thousands of these new human documents, as their authors fondly dub them, heap the shelves of the libraries and bookstalls this fall. No sane reader would attempt to classify them.

There is one singular characteristic, however, belonging to the great majority of both the English and American novels written during the last two years, which forces itself on our notice. It is that the "word artists," as they delight to call themselves, who undertake to paint human beings in these books, know, apparently, of but one human characteristic—that is, the attraction and repulsion of sex. They sketch it incessantly and patiently, sometimes with much force. The men and women of their stories are moved by it and it alone, just as the manikins of a puppet show are made up of a single wire inside of scraps of velvet or lace. These authors usually embellish their manikins with extraordinary beauty or ugliness and set them going in the highest place in English or American society of which they have heard or seen anything. They know that the reading public just now demands "Society" and smacks its lips over scenes from Newport or Carlton Terrace. There is no attempt at character painting in these books. We are repeatedly assured that the Julies and Evelyns of these fashionable haunts were endowed with sparkling wit, and the old dukes and baronets with a satire and wisdom almost supernal. But not a single flash of wit or shrewdness ever enlivens these pages. The puppets apparently have none of the qualities which ordinarily belong to ordinary human beings. Hence you will find in these books none of the small realities which go to make up the life of actual men and women: the friendships, the fun, the delights of chance talk, of planting and reaping, of gathering around the fire together on winter evenings, of earning money—struggling in the market-place for somebody we love—or of the things we learn when we stand over the dead body of one who was dearer to us than all the world beside.

It is a singular fact that the novelists who recently have succeeded best in this especial manufacture of our transient literature have been women. Chief of this school are Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Edith Wharton and Mrs. Craigie. Each of these artists—for they deserve the name—brought to her work much skill in the handling of the English language, familiarity with the educated leisure class, and fine dramatic perception.

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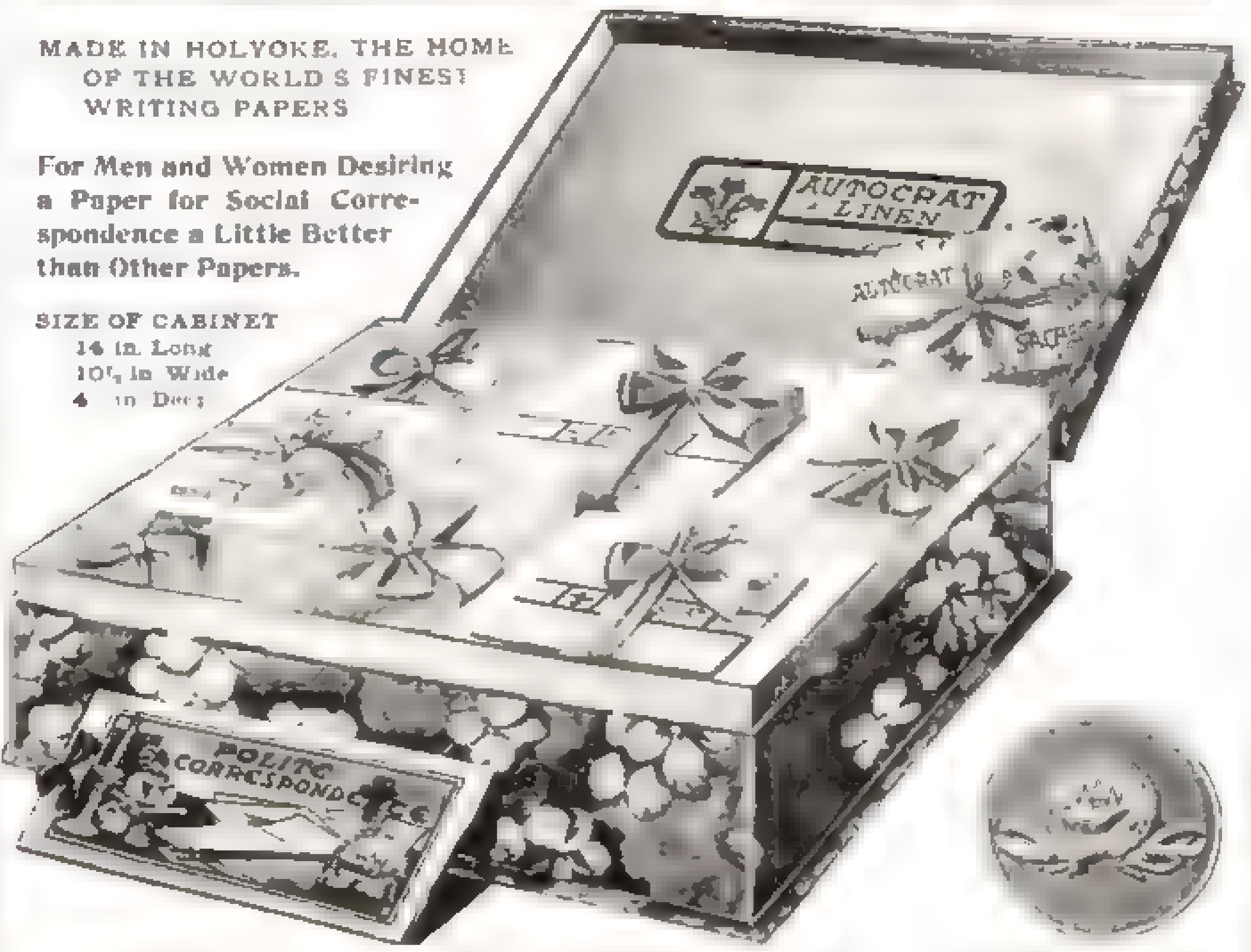

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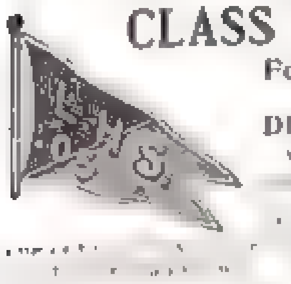

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all of God's world about him in which to find a subject to exploit on his little canvas he has chosen an oozing marsh, a rotting fence corner, and a dead horse on which buzzards are feeding.

But such choice is, after all, a matter of taste, which is never ground for quarrel.

A fair specimen of the new books which are offered as correct pictures of English life is The Vineyard *(D. Appleton & Co.)*, by John Oliver Hobbes, otherwise Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie.

We have here the story of several young men and women set forth with a vehemence which often is popularly mistaken for power.

There is Jennie, with glad, melting, brown eyes, scarlet lips and perfumed masses of red-brown hair; there is Rachel, with "slightly built hips and elegant, long limbs, fashioned like the modern French statues of goddesses. Rachel is lean, she rouges heavily, she covers her brow with Recamier curls and writhes and sighs incessantly. The "spices of Arabia are in her skin and hot blood in her pallid veins." Several times in the course of each week she has hysterical spasms, and scans the earth from London to Hindustan for the tardy lover for whom she waits.

Then comes Federan, with the body of a Greek god, well fed, "with new gloves, new boots, new necktie, a hat freshly pressed," and no soul to speak of—"the incarnation of disguised sensuality."

Fourthly appears Harlowe, lean, hook-nosed, pallid, a slave to silent love for ten years. This quartet, with their daily heats and chills of passion, advance, retreat, embrace, swing corners all round, and so perform the dance of life.

There are a few lay figures to fill up the gaps, each with a single mean or noxious quality in lieu of a soul. There are cattish mothers squabbling with their daughters; paralyzed fathers who hate their sons because they are healthy, sturdy farmers and pious clergymen who crawl and grovel under the feet of fashionable village folk.

Are these true pictures of English life? Are English men and women only educated animals?

Here is something cleaner—Robert Cavalier, by Richard Dana Orcutt *(A. C. McClurg & Co.)*. This is the old story of La Salle and his adventures in love and the wilderness. We all knew Robert when we were young. The book is full of the flavors of the old times. There are glimpses into the court of the great Louis, and the teepees of the Sioux, and the cells of convents, and there are the scents of the forest, and the clashing of swords, and the stately love-making of high-born knights and dames. Robert is as familiar and welcome to us as Jack the Giant-Killer would be, or Cœur de Lion himself. How can we judge the book fairly?

At least we are sure that it is a healthy, satisfying story for anybody to read. There are no slimy vices fermenting in it, no abnormal characters to perplex our judgment. The hero and heroine are faultless in their souls as in their clothes. They naturally radiate virtue. The wicked characters are black and poisonous from their spinal marrows out to their shoetops. We recognize, too, certain old friends, the hero who defies danger and death every day, the clinging maiden, her white-haired sire—Nestor and Achilles in one; the old familiar faces are all here. The villain of the play, however, is a newcomer: it is the Order of Jesus, to which Mr. Orcutt is an outspoken enemy. He tries, indeed, to be just, to concede credit to the sons of Loyola for their early work on this continent; but we see that it goes against the grain with him. He is loth to do it.

On the whole, his book is a genuine romance, as true to the facts of history as is a colored photograph to the real man.

The Joyous Heart, by Viola Roseboro *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*, is a genuine attempt to put real men and women into a book. The characters in most of the huge heap of modern novels before us are merely qualities, moral or immoral, stalking about in bones and clothes, and pretending that they are men and women. One chooses this book out of the mass because in it are a few unmistakable live folk who were in Tennessee during the Civil War. The author, however, in making them known to her readers, is hampered by certain old, familiar ideas long rampant in "the Southland." Her young men are "haughty-headed, tense," made up of abysmal depths of passion. The girls are "starry-eyed" and gallant of soul. The flock of adjectives and high-flown metaphors which rise in her brain whenever she

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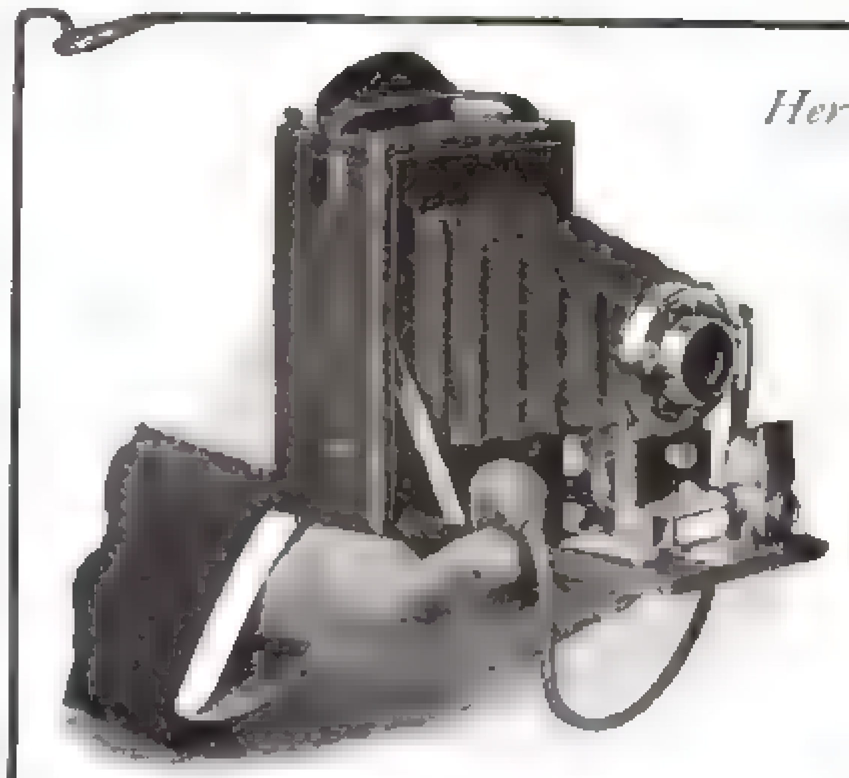

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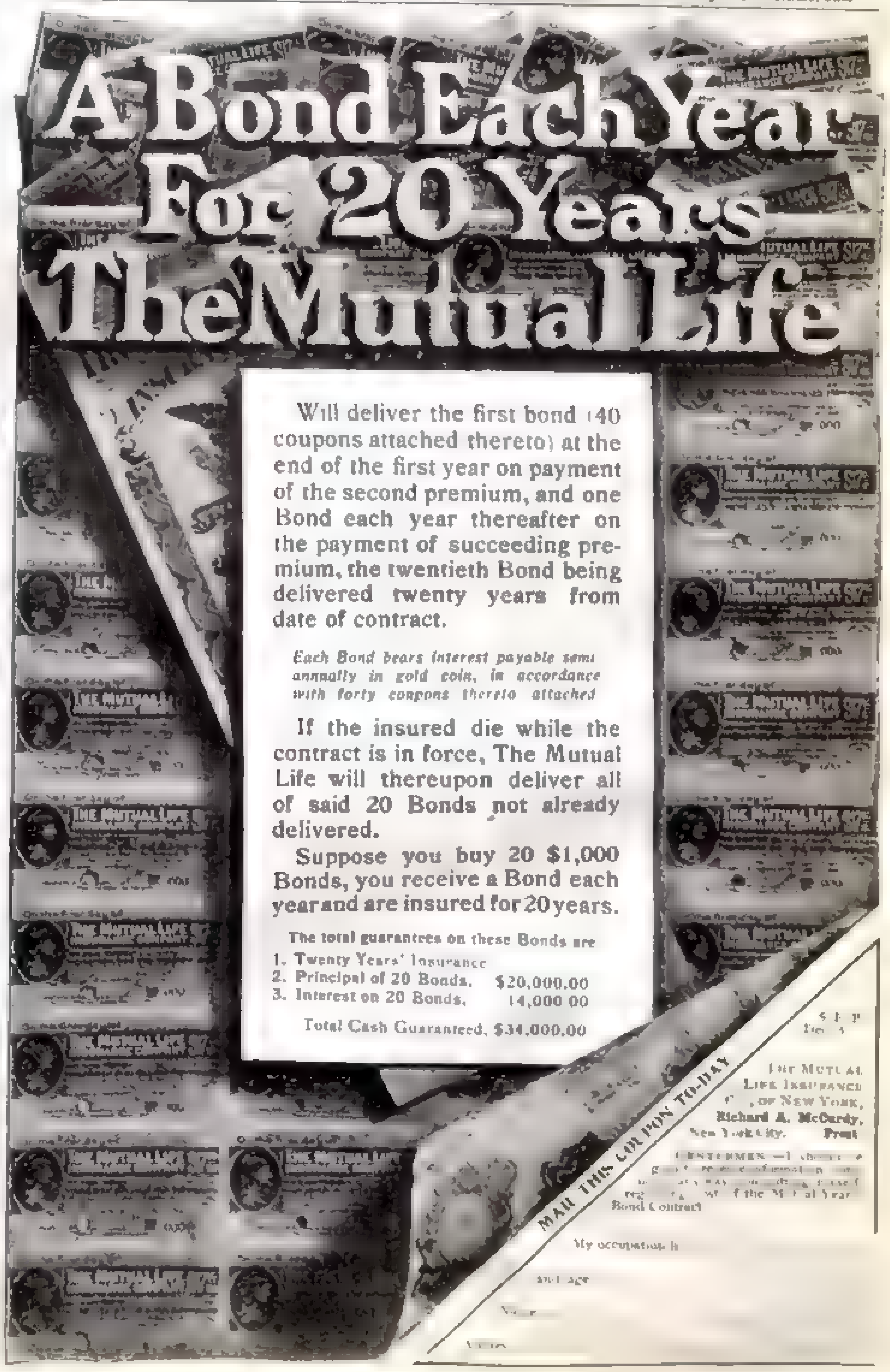

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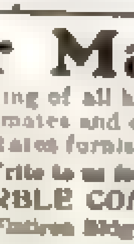

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has a plain fact to state bewilder her and us like the buzzing of bees. An angry man does not scold or swear, but "in quick-springing phrases vents the tumult of his being"; a woman is not good-tempered, but "a swooning sweetness breathes in her speech." The heroine does not see things: she "envisions" them; she and the hero don't love each other: they "feel a soul response to the idea of unity." She has caught, too, a noxious habit in vogue just now among feeble writers; the trees are all atremble, a happy child is abeam. We have athrill, agust, asmile, adream, *ad nauseam*. The author seems to have felt like the Western editor, "how hard it is to write good," and sometimes to have covered her pages with flourishes instead of words. With all these defects, she has contrived to give us a real human being in her heroine, a gay, coquettish, under-bred little person, much more agreeable in a book than in real life

There is promise enough in this attempt to encourage Miss Roseboro to write another novel. No doubt she will do it. But when it is finished let her remorselessly cut out the lines which she considers especially fine and which are most precious to her soul

The sum of the whole matter is that though the literary skill and dramatic power in a novel may make it conspicuous and one of the "big sellers" of the season, only that book will live in which the characters have red human blood in them. There is the true secret of the immortality of Scott, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Dickens and Trollope. Mr Howells weeps over their style, perhaps with reason. Their technique may have been bad, their exaggerations intolerable, but they brought living men and women into the world for us. They gave us Dobbin and Sydney Carton and Jane Eyre and Mrs Proudie. And the living man, no matter how coarse or faulty, has always a certain advantage over the finest statue or picture

Some of the ablest of the makers of the novels of to-day have done nothing but put together certain qualities and events and bits of scenery in order to produce dramatic effects.

Four women for several years have been busy in painting the pinched lives of New England people for us—Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wilkins, Maria Louisa Poole and Alice Brown

Of these Mary Wilkins is the most widely known and popular. She saw the dramas going on in the poor, gray cabins around her and set them before us, always with skill, and sometimes with that indefinable power which we call genius. The tragedy might concern the pink ribbon that the ugly girl was too poor to buy to win her lover, or the single black silk dress which kept up the fiction of gentlehood during their lives for two old ladies; but it was real tragedy, and wrung our hearts as we read. Her New England Nun and Pembroke deal with trifles, but they are as enduring works of art as the Mona Lisa

Miss Jewett, with a finer, subtler power, showed us the same starved lives in these cabins, but she brought out the nobler traits which Miss Wilkins did not see beneath the dull, stolid endurance of want. One is sure that she has love in her heart for her poor neighbors. She tells their story with a smile, but the tears are in her eyes. No American has laid open the pain, the intolerable longing and the humor of life with more power or delicacy than she has shown in her pictures of the country of the Pointed Firs.

Maria Louisa Poole sketched the same men and women—grim, hard, starved in soul and body—with a firmer but coarser touch. She apparently never had known kindly gossips like Miss Jewett's delightful old herb-gatherer; her people never, like Mary Wilkins' village girls, had danced or sung at a cherry feast with the sun and dew and love throbbing around them. She dealt with the savage temptations of life; with lust creeping through the heart of a pure woman; with the man slowly growing down into the miser. Neither the strength nor veracity of her books made them popular. The ordinary healthy reader has no mind to assist at a dissection of souls, or bodies, however skillful the surgeon may be.

Miss Wilkins, for the same reason, has lost much of her popularity lately. The public revolts against her incessant descriptions of the starved life in these villages of New England. There is a squalor of mind in the life, they declare, and a squalor of soul which ought to be cured. But why should we inspect it further? Her last books, The Six Trees and The Givers *(Harper & Bros.)*, are made up of fragmentary, gloomy bits of description of the same lonely cabins and their tenants. There is in them no lightening of the gloom, no cherry feasts, no gay laughter. One significant feature of both books is that when Miss Wilkins would set forth triumph or joy in them its expression is invariably found in something to eat.

Neither is Miss Jewett herself in The Tory Lover *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*. The story is clean, powerful and full of tenderness. But Mary Hamilton and her lover are not living folk like Mrs. Todd and the whaling captains at Deephaven. The reason is plain. Miss Jewett knew Deephaven and the Maine coast. In The Tory Lover she ventured on ground of which she knew nothing. Her people are sheer inventions and pass us by like ghosts.

Miss Alice Brown has much facility both in conceiving dramatic situations and in expressing them. In the short stories with which she began her literary work she followed closely Miss Wilkins' methods. In a more ambitious book, Margaret Warrender *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, which followed she lifted the atmosphere, habits and characters from the Latin Quarter in Paris, dumped them into a back street in Boston, and set them to work. Miss Brown herself lived for some years in the little colony of workers and dreamers in Pinkney Street, but the place and people of the book did not preserve the reality.

Her present book, The Mannerings *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, is apparently a plea for divorce for the wife who is bored by her husband. The men and women in it are mere combinations of qualities. Miss Brown should study less closely the methods of successful authors, and follow Goethe's counsel "Look only into thine own heart, and write."

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** A popular edition, at $3.50, has been brought out by the importers *(Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons)* of Sir Walter Armstrong's Gainsborough and His Place in English Art, first published in much larger and more sumptuous form in 1898. The work is now generally regarded as the definitive biography and appreciation. There is first an introductory confession of artistic faith, then follow the chapters on Gainsborough's life, then those on his art, lastly a catalogue of the authenticated pictures, and an index. There are forty-eight illustrations in photogravure and halftone

¶ **It is of distinct significance** that an increasingly large number of helpful and advisory books written especially for young men is yearly put out. We have to record the publication of Careers for Young Men *(The Saalfield Publishing Company)*, a collection of papers on all the professions, from architecture to authorship, and many of the divisions of business life. Thus the advantages of the army are set forth by Colonel Albert L. Mills, U. S. A., Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, West Point; of the navy, by Rear-Admiral George Wallace Melville, Engineer-in-Chief, U. S. N.; of publishing, by F. N. Doubleday; the stage, James K. Hackett; journalism, Whitelaw Reid

¶ **Anthologies,** like oaths in the cynic's epigram, have their day—and each day demands a larger. Time was when the single volume sufficed—and, indeed, Palgrave's inimitable Golden Treasury suffices, in its own place and for its own people, even now. But, in the other places and for the other people, the single volume soon overflowed its covers. It spread to three, and here, in The World's Best Poetry *(John D. Morris & Co.)*, behold it developed to ten! The purpose of this collection is adequately expressed in its title. Not alone the best English verse, but the best translations of the best verse of all tongues, ancient and modern, it aims here to gather together. The work has been undertaken under the supervision of Bliss Carman as editor-in-chief, and John R. Howard as managing editor, with John Vance Cheney, Charles G. D. Roberts, Charles F. Richardson and Francis H. Stoddard as assistant editors. The divisions are topical, the indexes especially complete, and for each volume there has been provided an introductory essay by some writer well qualified for the particular task. The result? Well, the plan aimed chiefly at making something comprehensive, and comprehensive it is. Completeness, as has been said, is an increasing demand, and that demand this collection undeniably meets. Those who prefer The Golden Treasury will continue to read—The Golden Treasury. Nevertheless, Mr. Carman and his associates have succeeded in compiling a conscientious and valuable anthology.

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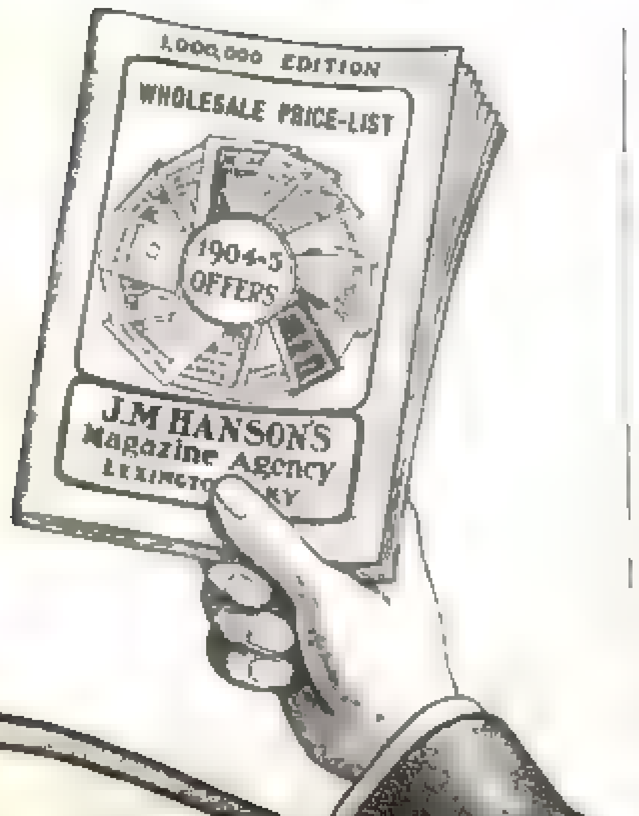

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Christmas Day With Ben Franklin

By a Great-great-great-Grandson of Doctor Franklin

CHRISTMAS, 1785, was probably the most enjoyable holiday Benjamin Franklin had ever spent. By that time, after his return from France, he had settled down to a peaceful existence in Philadelphia, and, realizing that his struggles and anxieties were at an end, was enabled to devote his time to pursuing, in a leisurely way, the occupations most congenial to him in the bosom of an affectionate family, cared for by a loving daughter, and finding special pleasure in the society of six grandchildren four of whom had been born during his last absence abroad

The gentle sentiments belonging to Yuletide were always held dear in that household and Franklin's children and grandchildren had been brought up to celebrate the festival with the giving of gifts, the hanging-up of stockings for Kriss Kringle to fill, and all the other modes of merrymaking appropriate to the old-fashioned holiday. This, too, notwithstanding the fact that his earliest years were spent in Boston, where (as was the case in all of New England in those times) Christmas was almost wholly neglected, the great feast day in that part of the country being Thanksgiving

Richard, the baby, was only a year old in the winter of 1785. His sisters, Deborah and Eliza, were four and eight respectively Louis was six, William twelve, and Benjamin Franklin Bache, the eldest (who had been abroad with his grandfather for eight years), was sixteen years of age. It had been unreasonably expected of Louis, by the way, that he would be a girl, and his mother had written to Doctor Franklin for a list of the various names of Marie Antoinette to choose from; but the child turned out to be a boy, and was named after the King instead of after the Queen of France

So many young people in the house must have made it a pretty lively Christmas. Doctor Franklin's wife had been dead for some years, and his household was managed by his daughter Sally, who, with her husband, Mr. Richard Bache, lived with him The dwelling, on Market Street, which was fairly spacious, had been planned by the philosopher himself before he went for the second time to England as agent for several of the Colonies, and was built by his wife during his absence. After his return to Philadelphia he added a library to it which was his own particular "den" and snuggery.

The house stood on a patch of land which ran through from Market nearly to Chestnut Street, and in front of it was a considerable area of lawn, with a great mulberry tree, under which Franklin delighted to sit in warm weather, receiving his friends and drinking with them a cup of tea. He had acquired this habit of sitting outdoors during his long residence in Paris. There were flower-beds of the old-fashioned kind, and a vegetable patch; but the latter, it seems, was eventually wiped out, for Doctor Franklin writes (in May, 1786): "Considering our well-furnished and plentiful market as the best of gardens, I am turning mine into grassplots and gravel walks." The market to which he refers was a wooden, shedlike structure extending along the middle of Market Street for several "squares," and endured, in a shabby and much-decayed condition, up to within twenty-five years ago

An Early Breakfast

Such were the surroundings in the midst of which Franklin spent the Christmas of 1785, and, with the data accessible, it is not difficult to fill in the outlines and to compose a reasonably accurate picture of the holiday as it was enjoyed by the philosopher and his family

The sage himself was an early riser, and breakfast was served at 7:30 o'clock, by which time the young folks had emptied their stockings — veritable "horns of plenty," filled for the occasion by their mother — and exchanged felicitations on the gifts received These cheerful formalities past, the church bells rang out their notification of a more serious duty to be done, and all the members

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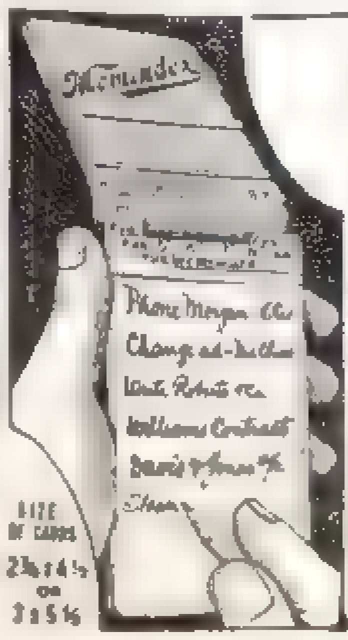

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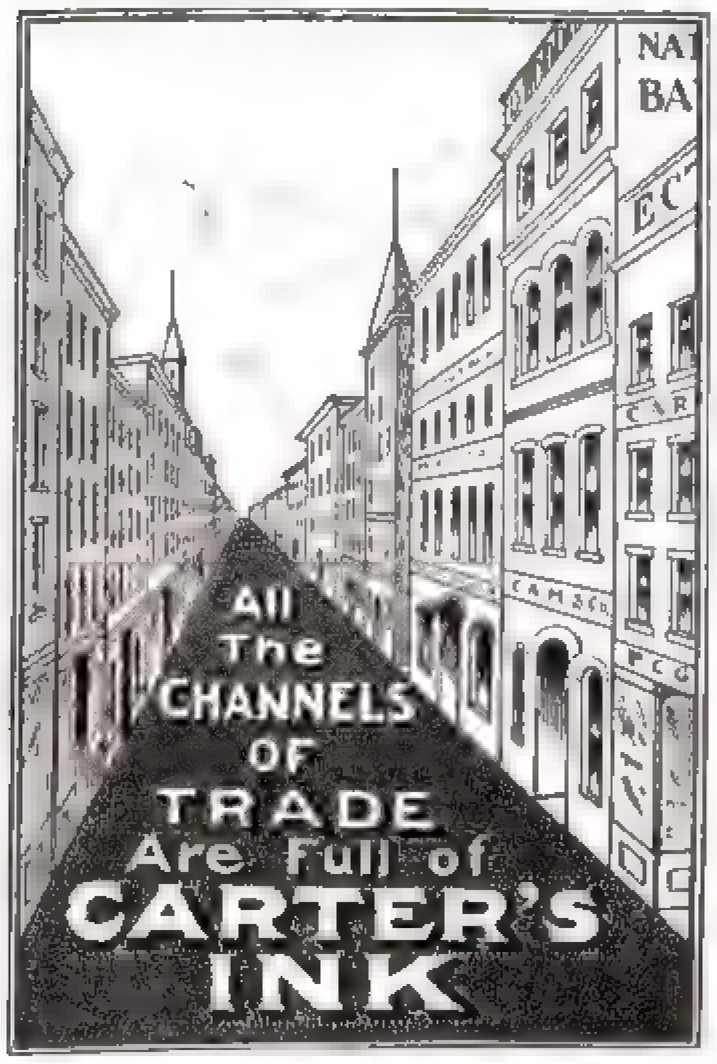

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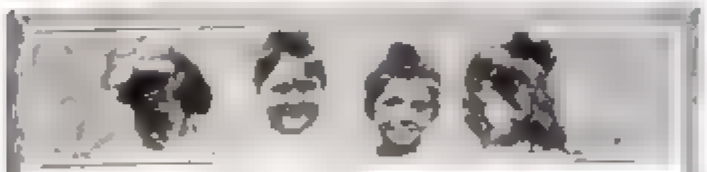

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of the family put on their best "bib and tucker" and made ready for church.

The Franklin residence was on the south side of the street, between Third and Fourth. Christ Church, where the family had a pew, was only a couple of "squares" away on the west side of Second Street above Market. One can readily picture in imagination the little procession churchward on that Christmas morning — the Doctor walking ahead, holding a child by either hand, his daughter and son-in law following, and the other young people bringing up the rear. With due solemnity, doubtless, did they file into the sacred edifice and make their way up the aisle to the ninth pew from the front, on the left, which to this day is occupied by some of Franklin's descendants.

It is a fact worth mentioning incidentally, that, when George Washington came to live in Philadelphia, as President, and rented the house at No. 190 Market Street, a block below the Franklin residence, he attended Christ Church, and it was proposed to put him in the front pew on the left, moving everybody else one pew back. This plan would probably have been carried out but for an objection by Sarah Bache, who said that it "would be just as preposterous as if a person should take an occupied corner house, and thus force everybody to move up." Accordingly, Washington was obliged to accept the use of Bishop White's pew, which was the third on the left of the aisle, six pews ahead of the one belonging to the Franklin family.

Doctor Franklin used sometimes to go to sleep at church, and possibly he did so on this Christmas Day, during the sermon of the rector, Bishop White. The service, which was that of the Church of England, was simple and bare of rites, as was usual in those days, with no exhibition even of cross or candles. Probably it lasted a couple of hours, and the children were glad enough when it was over. As for the philosopher himself, he did not attend divine worship merely for the sake of an outward show of respectability. He believed that it was right and useful to go to church. Notwithstanding an impression to the contrary that is somewhat widespread in these days, he was a profoundly religious man — though non-sectarian — and an earnest believer in an overruling Providence.

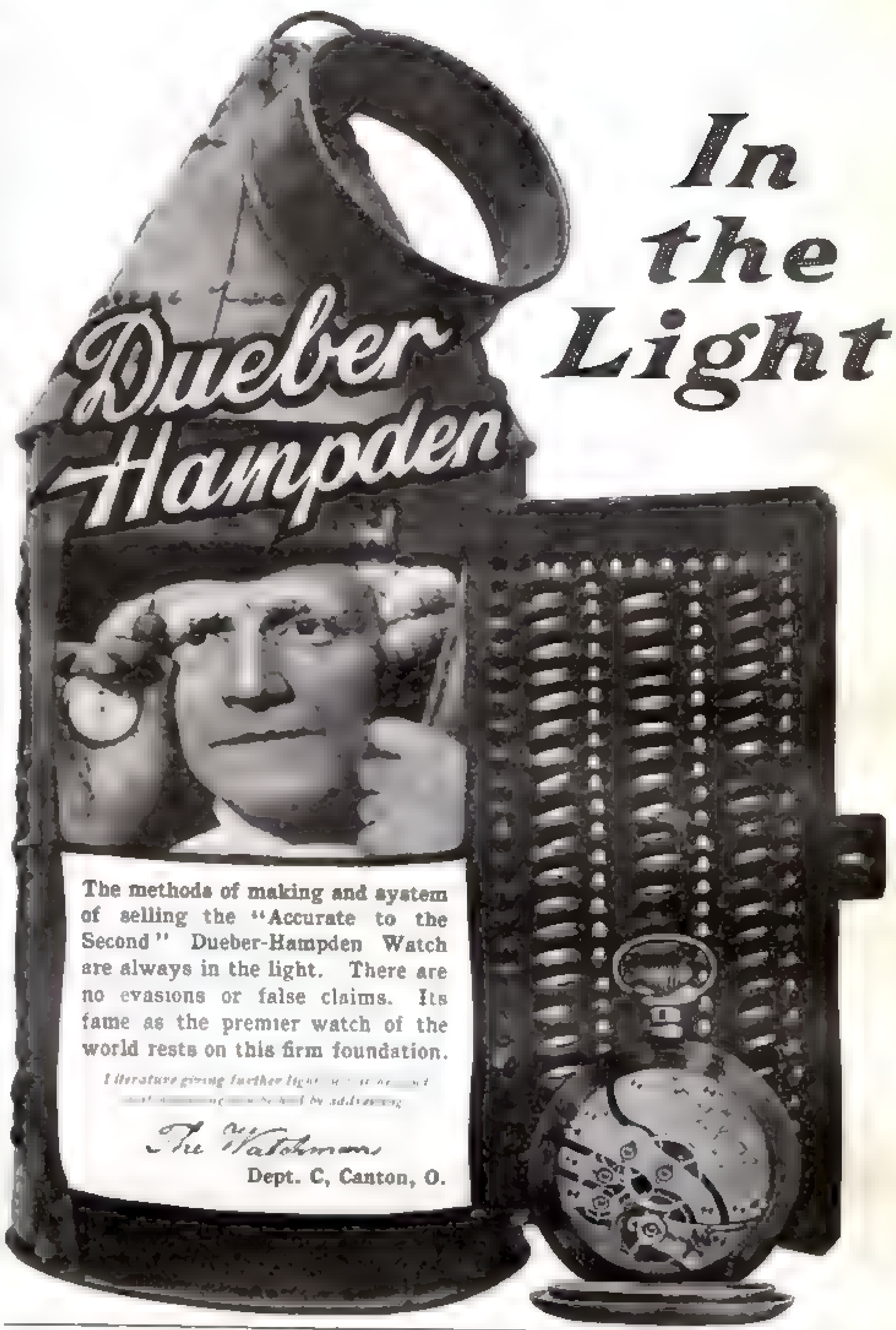
Thirty People at Table

By the time the family had reached home again the hour for dinner had nearly arrived, and soon the guests, of whom there were a number, began to appear. Including the family, about thirty people sat down to table, for Doctor Franklin kept open house, his hospitality being always lavish, and the most distinguished persons who happened to pass through Philadelphia — statesmen, men of letters, and strangers of note in other walks of life — usually called on him, and were invited to break bread with him.

On such an occasion Franklin did much of the talking, and his daughter most of the carving. She was a fine-looking woman, and wore on her head a dainty white cap, while about her neck and shoulders a white fichu was becomingly folded. It was a huge roast of beef, solid and juicy, that she carved, and she stood up to do it, tucking up her sleeves to get them out of the way of the gravy. There were other meats on the table, including fowls, nearly everything being put on at once, after the manner of those times. The waiting was done by negroes. Many people in the North owned slaves at that period, but the Doctor had manumitted the few he once possessed.

Half a dozen of the guests, perhaps, were men of noteworthy distinction — one or two of them Frenchmen whom Franklin had met while he was abroad. They found much enjoyment in listening to the quaintly humorous remarks of the sage, who, while caring little for the more substantial pleasures of the table, dearly loved to talk to people who knew how to appreciate his discourse. He was a man with a good many hobbies and when fairly set going on one of them he could keep on indefinitely. But he was so witty and amusing that his companions were always delighted with his conversation, no matter what the topic on which he chose to speak.

The furniture of the table included only a few articles of silver, such luxuries being rare in those days. There was a set of china (a few of the cups and saucers are still in existence) which had been given to the Doctor by his great friend and admirer, Madame Helvetius, widow of a famous Frenchman whose house in Paris he had frequented. The knives were of steel, and the



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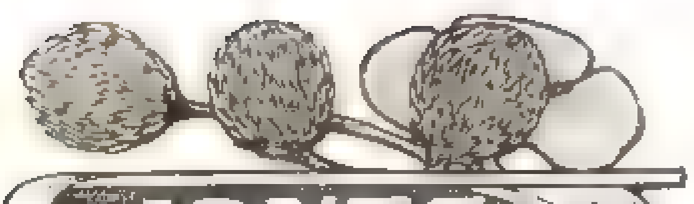

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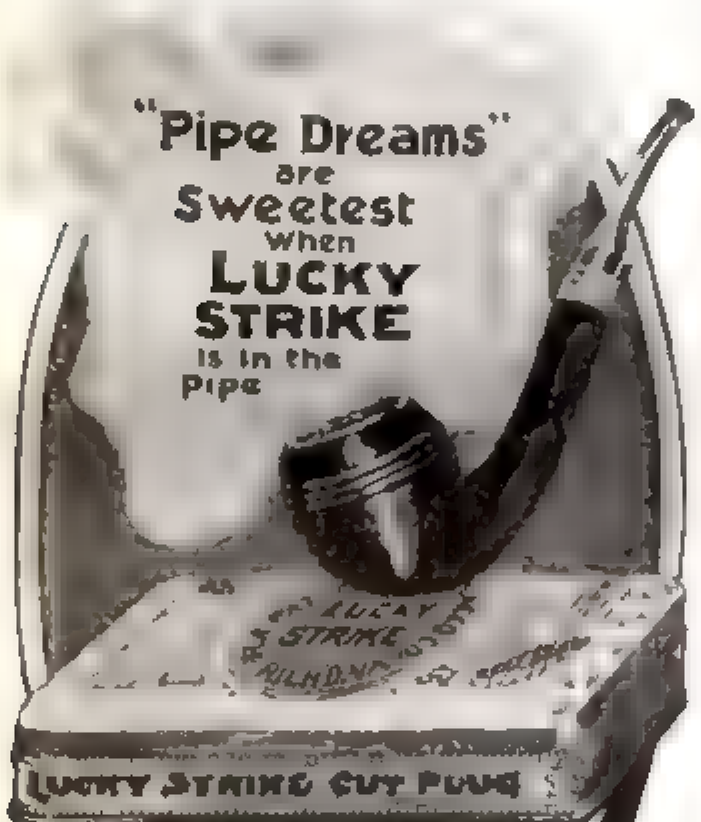
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[illegible] of the sa[illegible]tal, with three tines—the height of elegance at that period, and so precious that they were kept, together with the knives, in a pair of inlaid mahogany boxes made to hold them.

For supplementary refreshments there were mince pies and plum pudding, both compounded by Sally herself; for at that epoch it was a matter of course that a good housewife should understand and practice all the domestic arts, including that of cookery. When the pudding was brought on brandy was poured over it and ignited, burning with a lambent and appetizing flame; but for the special benefit of the Doctor himself had been prepared a dish of "floating island"—a favorite dessert on state occasions. And, to embellish the feast at its conclusion, there were almonds, Madeira nuts, raisins, oranges and lady-apples—these last not very good to eat, but rosy-cheeked and pretty to look at.

For drinkables there were on the table Madeira wine, port and curaçoa; also ale home-brewed by the hostess. In later years, when the brewing business had become a great commercial industry, it was cheaper and easier to buy ale in casks than to make it at home, and thus, like many another ancient occupation of the good wife, the manufacture of fermented beverages departed from the household. But at that period "home brewed" was still a luxury, and Sally Franklin's hand was not least expert in its production.

After the Ladies Arose

For no great length of time did the gentlemen, on this festive occasion, linger over the walnuts and wine after the ladies and children had left the table. The host, with his son-in-law and the other men, soon retreated to the library, where he took advantage of the opportunity to exhibit to them his electrical apparatus—a veritable marvel in those days you may well believe—and to administer a mild shock or two to those of them who were inclined to submit to the operation. Two of the machines which he used, by the way, are still in existence, and in a tolerable state of preservation.

About this time, probably, a couple of negroes brought in the ingredients for a punch, together with a most curious punch bowl, which was one of the good Doctor's favorite possessions. It had the shape of a cask though made of china, and held about two gallons. The ingredients were put in through the bung[illegible] of the cask, and the punch was drawn off into glasses by means of a spigot. It is hardly necessary to say that the punch was a rum punch—rum being the favorite drink of the time—though fortified with a liberal modicum of brandy. Doubtless it was pretty strong.

Franklin knew how to compound a first-rate punch. One can imagine him reciting for the entertainment of his guests as he began to mix the punch, a bit of verse which he himself had composed on the subject:

> Boy, bring a bowl of china here,
> Fill it with water, cool and clear;
> Decanter with Jamaica ripe,
> And spoon of silver, clean and bright;
> Sugar, twice fin'd, in pieces cut,
> Knife, sieve and glass in order put,
> Bring forth the fragrant fruit, and then
> We're happy till the clock strikes ten.*

The Doctor took but little of the punch himself, though it is not unlikely that some of his guests, tempted by the appetizing quality of his brew, may have become a trifle mellow. It was the fashion to drink hard in those days, and none the worse was thought of a man who took a drop more than was good for him. Besides, this was Christmas Day.

Though in his youth he had been extremely abstemious, Franklin in later life held somewhat more liberal views. In his exquisitely humorous vein (while living in Paris) he wrote to his friend the Abbé Morellet: "*In vino veritas*, says the wise man. Truth is in wine. Before the days of Noah then men, having nothing but water to drink, could not discover the truth. Thus they went astray, became abominably wicked, and were justly exterminated by *water*."

But to return to the little Christmas afternoon party in the library:

Doctor Franklin had composed a number of drinking songs, and he knew how to sing one when his audience was likely to be appreciative. It is not unreasonable to suppose that on this occasion he may have been inspired by a glass of the punch to render in his best style one of his own composition.

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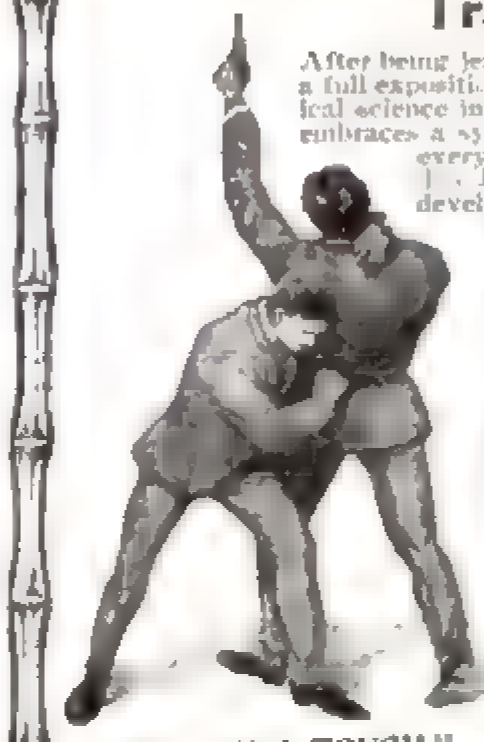

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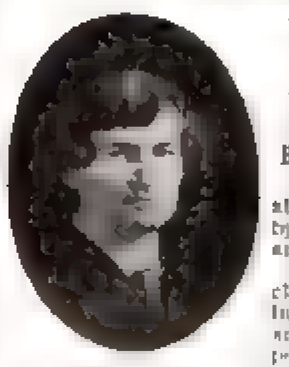

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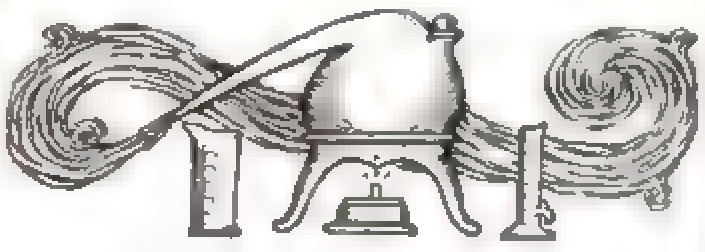
Well, what happened next? It is all a surmise, but it is not unlikely that the Doctor played, for the amusement of his guests, on the harmonica—an instrument of his own invention, which was a modification of the so-called musical glasses. The latter consisted of a series of glass receptacles containing different quantities of water, and by reason of that fact yielding different tones in the scale; but in Franklin's contrivance the glasses were of different sizes, containing no water, and the notes were produced by passing a moistened finger around their edges successively. The sage of Market Street greatly enjoyed music, though he had no very accurate notions on the subject, and played a little on both harpsichord and violin.

On that Christmas evening, after supper, several friends doubtless dropped in, and tables were set out for cards. Franklin toward the end of his life (he died in 1790) greatly enjoyed chess, and cards also. "I have, indeed, now and then a little compunction in reflecting that I spend time so idly," he wrote to a friend; "but another reflection comes to relieve me, whispering, 'You know that the soul is immortal. Why, then, be a niggard of a little time, when you have the whole of eternity before you?'"

To another friend, at the same period, he wrote: "It is true that I enjoy here everything that a reasonable mind can desire—a sufficiency of income, a comfortable habitation of my own building, having all the conveniences I could imagine, a dutiful and affectionate daughter to nurse and take care of me, a number of promising grandchildren, some old friends still remaining to converse with, and more respect, distinction and public honors than I can possibly merit."

Doctor Franklin was very devoted to his family, no member of which was ever forgotten by him at Christmastime. His gifts on such occasions were always useful ones, and not infrequently they took the form of money. To his younger sister, Jane Mecum, a widow who lived in Boston, he would send two or three barrels of best quality flour, [illegible] a draft for a [illegible] of money. [illegible] of economy and saving, he could be nobly generous, and the opportunity of which he most liked to take advantage for the bestowal of substantial tokens of his regard and affection arrived once a year, at Christmas—a festival which, for the sake of the kindly and cheerful sentiments associated with it, had a strong interest for the most sympathetic and good-humored of philosophers.



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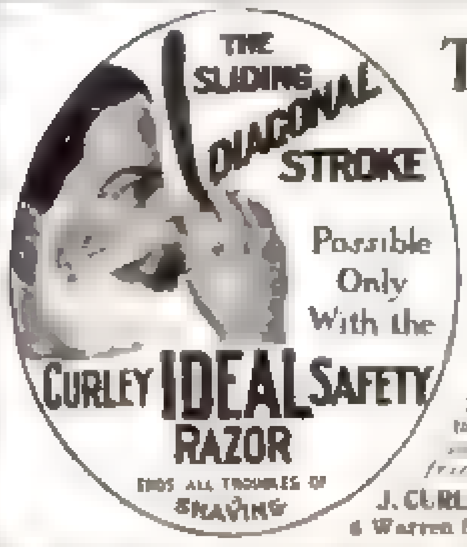
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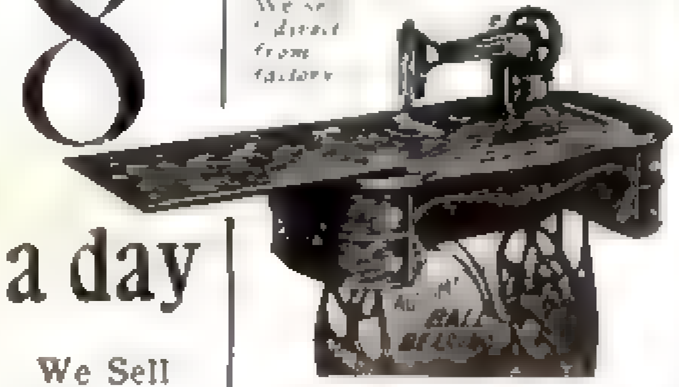

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Freaks of the Types

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS

AN AMUSING book might be written on errors of the press. It is surprising that that industrious gatherer of the curiosities of literature the elder Disraeli, who has filled fifteen hundred pages with literary anecdote, should not have devoted a single chapter of his work to an account of the most remarkable tricks of types. He has, indeed, four pages under the title of "Errata," in which he has noted a few of the errors in works published centuries ago; but the rich mines of modern typographical blunders—some of which are ludicrous in the extreme—he has left altogether unworked.

It has often surprised those who have been victims of typographical errors that, amid the infinite combinations of types, there are hardly any lucky blunders in the author's favor, turning cacophony into euphony, turgidity into sublimity and nonsense into sense. It is true that once in a century a thought is actually improved by a typographical blunder. It is told, for example, of Malherbe that when in his famous epistle to Du Perrier, whose daughter's name was Rosette, he had written, "*Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses*" (And Rosette has lived as the roses live), the printer, who found the manuscript difficult to read, put "Roselle" instead of "Rosette." Malherbe, in reading the proof, was struck by the change, and rewrote his verse as follows: "*Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses, l'espèce d'un matin*" (And a rose, she has lived as the roses live, the space of a morning). But cases like these are exceedingly rare.

There are some printers who appear to have an unconquerable repugnance to "following copy." Like other men of original genius, they hate to tread the path which another has marked out, to be "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the shackles which a writer has imposed; and in vain will you seek to fortify yourself against any daring improvement of your manuscript at their hands, though you should make your handwriting as legible as block-letter. There are other sons of Faust who make it an invariable rule to stick to copy (or what they think is copy), into whatever absurdities, contradictions or nonsense it may plunge them. No matter how cramped, crooked or obscure your handwriting—though every line of your manuscript may present only "a swell mob of bad characters," out-Choating Rufus Choate's hieroglyphics or even those of Horace Greeley—the most obvious and literal interpretation of your pothooks, however ridiculous, is adopted. There is another class of "typos" who do better with bad manuscript than with good. Like a great general or a famous beauty, they scorn an easy conquest. Give them a great difficulty to overcome—perplexing pothooks to decipher—and they summon all their wits to contend with it; make their path easy, and they stray into bogs and quagmires.

Some years ago the London Times, in speaking of a discussion before the Council of Ministers when Lord Brougham was Chancellor, stated that "the *Chandelier* had thrown an extraordinary light on the question." In the London Christian World, in 1883 a writer, referring to an address at Christ Church by the Rev. Theodore Hookes, represented him as saying that some of the clergy had gone back "to the black *lie* (tie) of their boyhood." In one of the editions of Davidson's Popular English Grammar the principal parts of the verb "to chide" were given as follows: "*Present infinitive*, to chide; *past finite*, I chid; *past infinite*, to have children." In the London Courier, some fifty years ago, his Majesty George IV was said to have a fit of the *goat* at Brighton. Another journal advertised a sermon by a celebrated divine on the "*Immorality* of the Soul," and also the "*Lies* of the Poets"—a work, no doubt, of many volumes. The London Globe once gave an extract from the Registrar-General's return, in which it was stated that the inhabitants of London were suffering at that time "from a high rate of *morality*."

A letter more or a letter less makes strange havoc of a sentence. Early in the French Revolution the Abbe Sieyès, in correcting the proof-sheets of a pamphlet in defense of his political conduct, read: "I have *abjured* the

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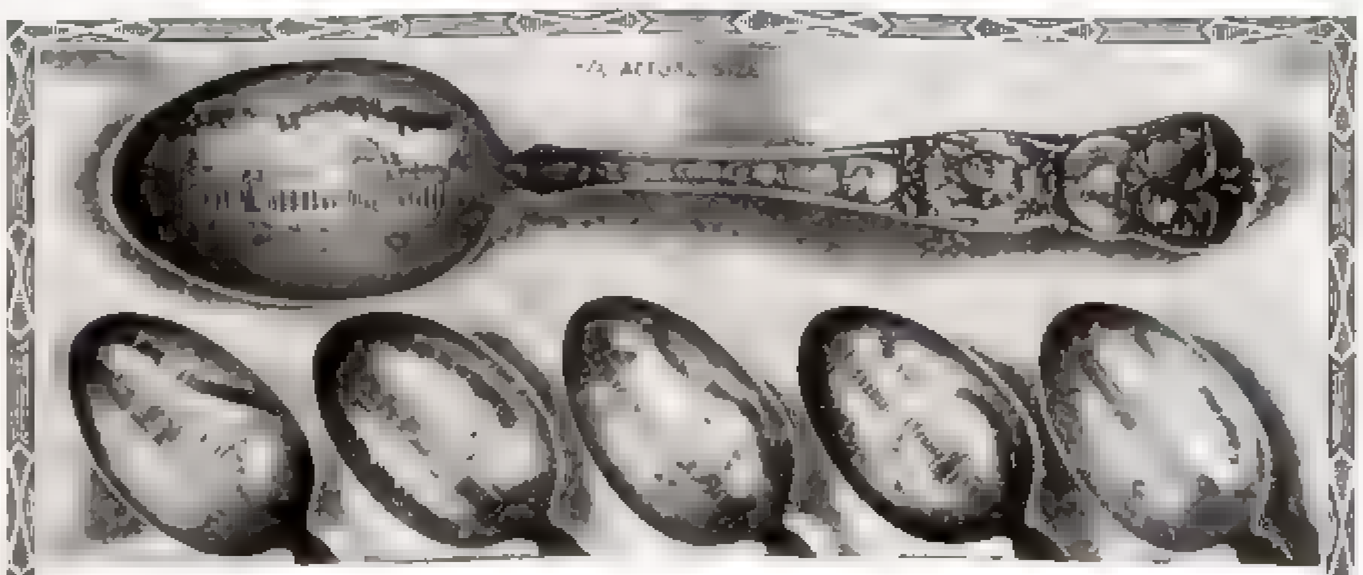

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Republic"—a misprint for *adjured*. "Wretch!" he cried to the printer; "do you wish to send me to the guillotine?" What is treason, once asked a wag, but reason to a *T*—which *T* an accident of the press may displace with most awkward effect. On the other hand, a printer who omitted the first letter of Mr. Caswell's name might have pleaded that it was *as well* without the C

Pope Sixtus V, in order to exclude every possible error from an edition of the Vulgate Bible which he essayed to publish, personally superintended the printing of every sheet; yet it swarmed with errors! Heretical printers made great fun of this demonstration of Papal infallibility—especially of the bull prefixed to the first volume, excommunicating all printers who, in reprinting the work, should alter the text

An edition of the Bible printed at the Clarendon Press in 1617 is known as the "Vinegar Bible," because, in the title of the twentieth chapter of Luke, the Parable of the Vineyard is printed "Parable of the Vinegar." Perhaps the most fearful error of the press that ever occurred was caused by the letter *c* dropping out of the following passage in a "form" of the Book of Common Prayer "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared the passage, to the horror of the devout reader, was thus printed. "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye."

Mistakes in punctuation, such as the omission or misplacing of a comma, sometimes greatly change the sense of a passage; as when a compositor—probably a crusty old bachelor—in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage," put the comma in the wrong place, and made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." Another compositor is said to have punctuated a well-known proverb of Solomon thus: "The wicked flee, when no man pursueth the righteous, is bold as a lion"

Among the masterpieces of blundering typography must be reckoned two perpetrated in a Southern country newspaper. An editor at the South, wishing to congratulate General Pillow, after his return from Mexico, as a battle-scarred veteran, was made by the types to characterize him as "a battle-scared veteran." The indignant general, rushing into the editorial sanctum, demanded an explanation, which was given, and a correction promised in the next day's paper. Judge of the editor's feelings on the morrow, when, as if "to heap horrors upon horror's head," he found the general styled, in the revised paragraph, "that bottle-scarred veteran"! This was less excusable than the blunder of an English journal which stated that the Russian General Backinoffkowsky was "found dead with a long *word* in his mouth"; for no compositor could be blamed for leaving out a letter in a sentence after setting up such a name correctly.

During the last half-century there has been a remarkable improvement in regard to errors of the press. A writer to-day may use the word "eclectic" with full assurance that it will not be metamorphosed by the typographical imp into "electric," and may take up a proof from any respectable publisher without shuddering with fear that, in Hood's phrase, all his roses have been turned into noses, all his angels into angles and all his happiness into pappiness

One Vote Did It

WHILE touring Indiana during this campaign, Senator Beveridge was told at Rochester a story which he later used with his urgent request to "get out the vote." The original narrator was B. O. Johnson, who cast his first vote in the year of 1844, at Logansport, Indiana

Three days previous to the election that year Johnson went to Indianapolis, and, in returning, was delayed a day by a breakdown of the stagecoach. He did not arrive at the polls at his home town until within a few minutes of the closing time. He says he voted a straight Whig ticket, and when the votes were counted Chancey Carter, a Whig, was found to be elected, by a majority of one vote as Representative to the State Legislature from Cass County. When the Legislature met, a few months later, to elect a United States Senator, Jesse D. Bright won by a majority of one vote. The following year Texas was annexed by a majority of one vote by the Senate. "And since that time," concluded Mr. Johnson to the Senator, after finishing the story, "I have always claimed that I annexed the Lone Star State."

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> "I am much interested in your plan. The only wonder is that it has not been carried out before. Your list seems to me a very good one, and while, of course, I think I could improve it perhaps, I am sure that if you can circulate these books as you propose, it will be a great advantage to us all." Truly yours, EDWARD E. HALE.

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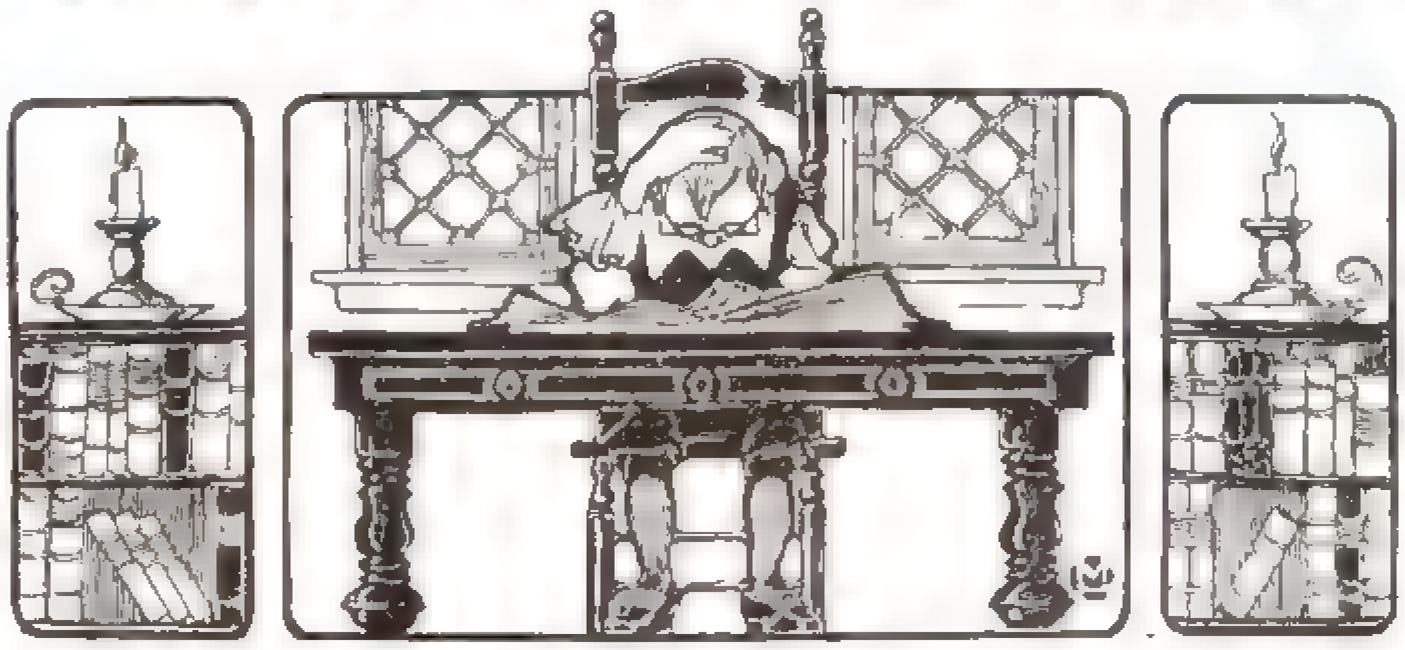
Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science



ARTIFICIAL GUTTA-PERCHA — It seems to possess all the important characteristics of natural gutta-percha and is cheaper.

SURELY a boon to the world is the invention of artificial gutta percha, credited to Adolf Gentsch, of Vienna. It comes at a time when the natural supply of this indispensable substance is threatened with exhaustion, the forests of Malacca and the Malay Archipelago, from which it is chiefly derived, having been destroyed wholesale by the natives. Five million trees are said to have been sacrificed for the sake of the precious gum within the last few years.

The artificial product is made by mixing tar, resin, rubber and mineral wax. First the resin, wax and tar are thrown into a kneading machine, steam being applied to keep the temperature at the proper point. Twenty minutes later the rubber, chopped into small pieces, is added. At the end of three hours the mass is removed from the machine and passed between rollers, coming out in slabs a quarter of an inch thick — the finished material.

The substance thus produced has been found to serve admirably for insulating wires and cables. Two cables made of it were laid, not long ago, for the German Government — one in a river and the other in the North Sea. They worked admirably. Manufacture of the material has already been begun on a considerable scale in England, Austria and Russia. It seems to possess all the important characteristics of natural gutta-percha, including the electrical properties of the latter, and is much cheaper. For belting and various other industrial uses, such as the making of golf balls and toilet articles, it has proved satisfactory.

From 150 to 200 pounds of gutta-percha are required for each mile of submarine cable. No other substance will take the place of it as a shield for the copper wire. It is a perfect insulator, and rather improves than otherwise with length of time, while its elasticity lessens the danger of a break. Hence the great economic and commercial importance of the discovery of a process by which it can be reproduced artificially.

WOOLLESS SHEEP — The Government expert is interested in a sheep that lacks wool and a goat that throws fits.

SOME woolless sheep have been newly brought to this country by the Department of Agriculture. They are fawn-colored, somewhat resembling Jersey cattle in hue, and quite small, not exceeding 100 pounds in weight. Some sheep weigh over 400 pounds.

These animals are of a very peculiar breed, which is known nowhere except in Barbados. It was from these that the specimens imported by the Government were obtained. The general belief is that the variety was originally brought to Barbados from Africa, but nobody knows with certainty. Though lacking wool, they have very superior meat, it is said.

The imported specimens have been placed on the Arlington Farm, which is an experimental farm conducted by the Department of Agriculture, across the Potomac from the city of Washington. An effort will be made to find out what the sheep are good for, and whether their meat is sufficiently superior to ordinary mutton to make it worth while to introduce the stock for breeding in the United States.

Meanwhile, there have been obtained a couple of "fainting goats," which are now under observation at the Department's experimental farm. To the casual observer they would not seem to be unlike any ordinary goats, but if one approaches them suddenly they fall to the ground and have a sort of fit. In a few moments they get over it, and seem to be as well as ever, but it is noticed that they "throw" one of these fits every time they are startled.

The "fainting goats" come from Tennessee, and are restricted to one small locality in that State.

Their complaint, which appears to be some kind of nervous affection, is so peculiar that the attention of the Government experts has been drawn to the matter, and they are trying to find out something about it by making a study of the animals from a scientific standpoint.

IMPROVING THE MUSHROOM — Hitherto no effort has been made to apply the principles of breeding.

ALTHOUGH mushrooms are so extensively cultivated nowadays, nothing whatever has been done to increase their size and improve their quality by selection and breeding. While practically every other recognized food plant has been bettered enormously by such means, the mushroom is permitted to remain unaltered, simply because it has not been supposed that there was any available artifice by which it could be modified.

It has been discovered, however, that the mushroom can easily be improved by the adoption of proper methods, and, under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, experiments are now being made in this direction. The means adopted are so simple that any intelligent grower can avail himself of them. All he has to do is to take a few ordinary milk-bottles, fill them with fresh stable manure, plug the mouths with raw cotton, and kill all the germs in them by boiling them for an hour on two successive days in an open vessel of water. Then let him select from a mushroom bed one or two of the largest and finest specimens, peel off the outer skin, and, cutting off small bits of the mushrooms, insert these pieces in the material contained in the bottles, recorking them immediately.

Young mushrooms should be chosen, and the instrument used for cutting off the pieces should be held for a moment in a flame before being employed, in order that it may have no germs on it. The fungi must not be touched by the hand. In the course of three or four weeks the threadlike vegetation of the mushroom will spread through all the material in the bottles, and the stuff may then be used for planting in the beds like any other "spawn." Not only is there obtained in this way a "virgin" spawn, which is much more productive than the ordinary kind, but the crop it yields will be of the superior variety represented by the mushrooms originally selected. By repeating the process again and again from time to time, the size of the mushrooms raised can be greatly increased, their flavor can be improved, and much can be accomplished toward rendering them immune to the diseases which worry the mushroom grower.

In France, which is the great mushroom-growing country, the demand for virgin spawn is so great that many persons give their whole time to searching for it in compost heaps. It is much more fruitful because its vitality has not been exhausted in the production of fruit. It is sold to growers at a very high price.

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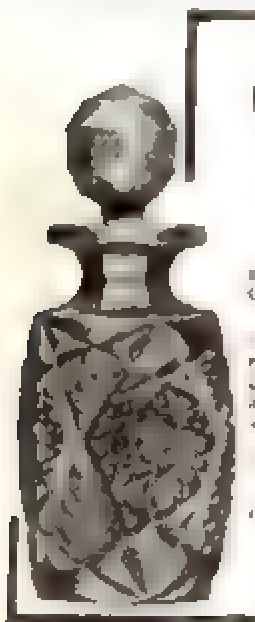
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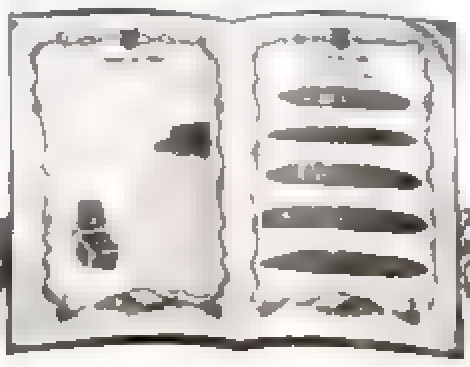

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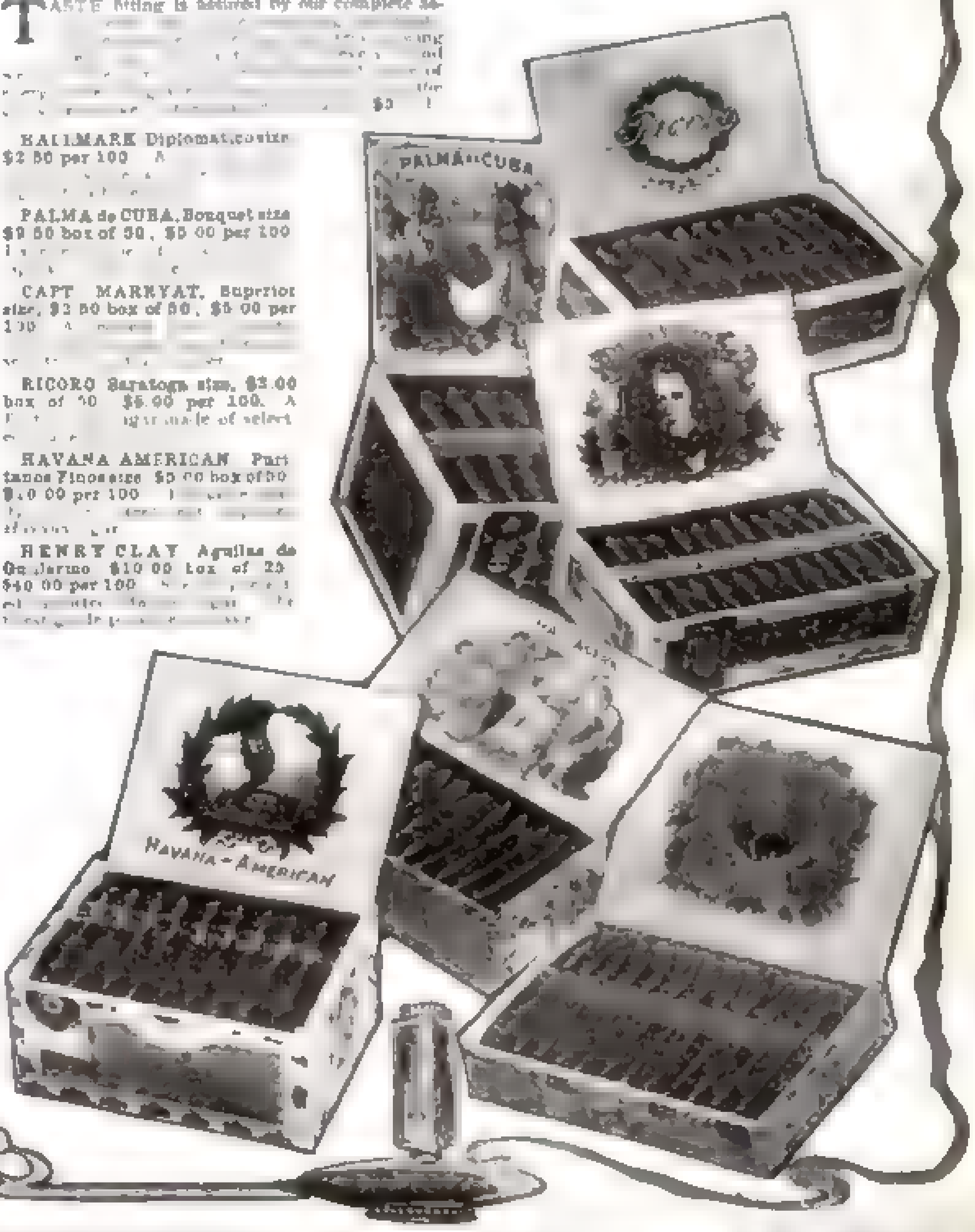

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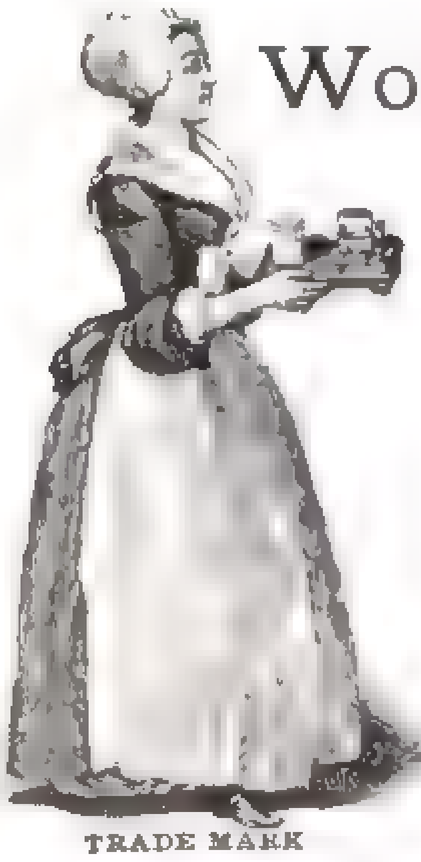

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Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 15)

The sky was rift just above the horizon—the afterglow primrose against the sullen gloom of the cloud banks. Cut into sharp silhouette against this pallid translucence rose the black outline of the house, and right across it the fantastic, old-time chimney stack, at sight of which Rosamond laughed low to herself as one who recognizes the face of a friend. "You never saw such a bunch of chimney-stacks in your life! . . . ."

A faint column of smoke ascended pale against the gloom where the chimneys lost themselves in the skies. As Rosamond noted it her heart stirred; all was not dead, then—the old house, his house, was alive and waiting for her!

They drew up close to the stone porch, open to the night, flush with the level of the out-jutting gables, and the driver, plunging into the black recess, sent the jangle of a bell ringing through inner spaces. In the waiting pause all was very silent, save the stealthy patter from the overgrown ivy clumps that hung across the entrance. There was a rustle, the hop of an awakened bird, quite close to Rosamond's ear, as she leaned out with the eagerness that had been growing upon her ever since her landing.

Then came steps within; the door was opened first but a little space, with the habitual precaution of the lowly caretaker, then suddenly drawn wide. A square of light that seemed golden was cut out of the darkness and

"You're welcome, ma'am," cried old Mary, tremulously smoothing her apron.

Lady Gerardine passed with fixed eyes and straight steps into the hall, but she turned quickly as the words struck her ear. Aspasia, following, saw Lady Gerardine's face illumined by a smile that was almost joy. And the girl became secretly a little alarmed; her aunt's ways had been all inexplicable to her of late.

Rosamond's heart was crying out within her, and it was with actual joy. "Welcome, ma'am," had said his servant—to old Mary the mistress of Saltwoods was Captain English's widow—even to herself might she not now cease to be Lady Gerardine for a brief respite? Oh, then would the manor house be home indeed!

A great sense of peace, accompanied by a sudden lassitude, fell upon her; she sank into an armchair, flinging her arms wide with a gesture of relief.

Opposite to her was a sturdy oaken table, upon which the housekeeper had just placed a hand-lamp. The light fell full upon a rack displaying a hunting-crop, a couple of rough walking-sticks; above there was the sketch of a boy's face. Her gaze wandered, without at first taking in the meaning of what it saw.

Noise resounded from the porch; it was Jani, struggling with the coachman for the possession of the old regimental case.

Rosamond looked quickly up again at the bright living presentment on the wall; then she rose to her feet and staggered blindly through the nearest door. There, in sheltering darkness, Aspasia promptly overtook her, and was terrified, as she clasped her warm young arms around her aunt's figure, to find it torn by sobs.

"Let me be, let me be!" exclaimed Lady Gerardine, pushing the girl from her; "it is good to give way at last."

And Aspasia, pressing her face in wordless attempt at consolation against her aunt's cheek, found it streaming with a very torrent of tears.

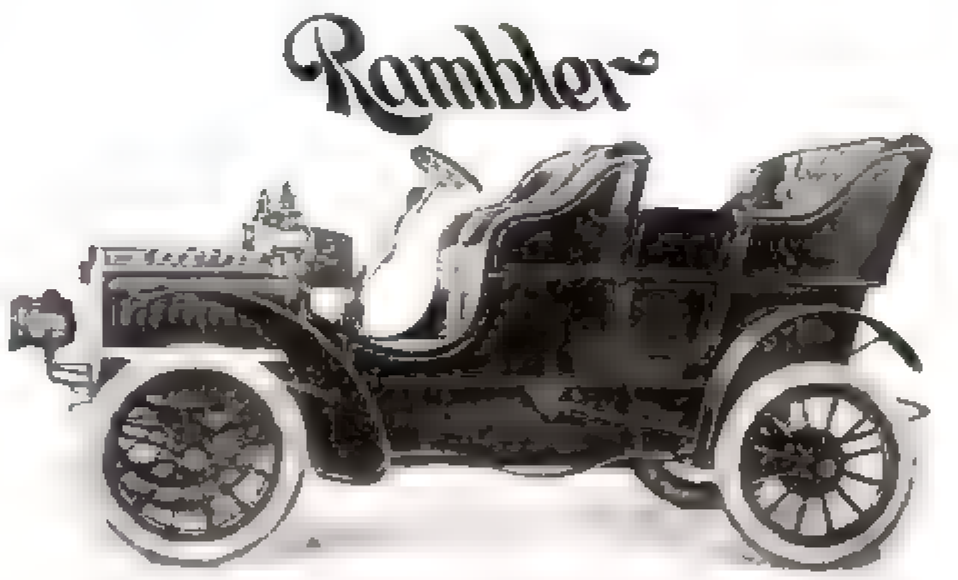
"Ah," said old Mary, shaking her head as Miss Cuningham presently besought her for the feminine panacea of tea, "poor lady, it's no wonder; he was a grand young gentleman!"

It was, indeed, evident that here Lady Gerardine could never be anything but Captain English's widow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

After the War

Oh, how we long to see the day
When strife and battles cease.
And all the dogs of war will make
The frankfurter of peace!



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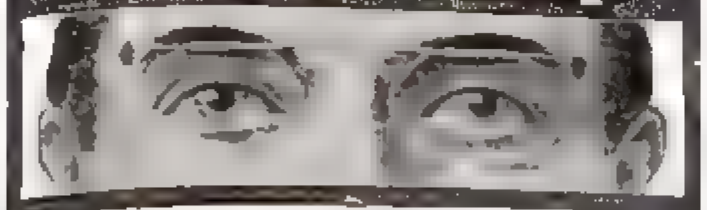

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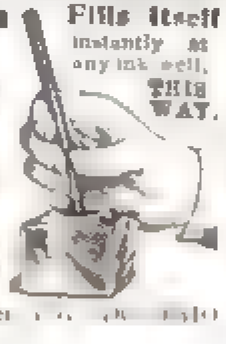

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A Travesty of Justice

Continued from Page 17

progress, nor after its conclusion, save that the result, which is nearly always negative, is communicated to her. In this inquiry any one who is opposed to the prisoner may seek to influence the official mind. I will state a case in point. A friend of mine asked the Secretary of State of the United States, the Honorable John Hay, to interest himself in my case. Mr. Hay replied that he had been informed by the Home Office that I had been "a disobedient and troublesome prisoner."

When I was told this at a visit I had my name entered to see the governor. I insisted that the governor should inform me when, and after what breach of the rules, such a report had been sent to the Home Office. After carefully looking through my penal record he could find no entry to that effect, and concluded by saying that I must have been misinformed. He said that my conduct was good, and that he had never made any report to the contrary. Obviously, therefore, this report from the Home Office to Mr. Hay was due to an adverse influence of which I am still entirely ignorant. Statements are made against a prisoner, of the nature of which she is unaware. Being ignorant, she has no way of refuting them. Worse still, they are retained in the Home Office to her dying day, and the unfortunate woman knows nothing of them or their effect. The only thing certain is that she is condemned.

The humanizing influences can be brought to bear upon prisoners with beneficial results, in my opinion, only when supported by the advantages of religious teachings. During the early part of my sentence there were Scripture readers, laymen and lay [illegible] all convict prisons, to assist the chaplain in his arduous duties; but on the ground of expense these have been dispensed with, practically removing the only means of administering the moral medicine which is essential to the cure of the habitual prisoner's mental disease.

A large amount of crime is due to physical and mental degeneration, for which a prisoner cannot be punished; but her mind can be guided to higher thoughts. A prisoner with whom I worked had got into a very morbid, depressed condition. One day she asked for permission to see me; the permission was refused. She made the request the second time, and the fact coming to the knowledge of the chaplain he advised that it be granted.

I told her that the people of God have the promise of a Comforter from Heaven to come to them and abide with them, even in tribulation and in prison. She promised me she would try to be more submissive, and accept her punishment in a better spirit. For several days after she seemed to improve. But one afternoon she once more made the request to be allowed to see me. As none of the authorities were in the building at the time, and the chief matron could not take upon herself the responsibility of granting the request, it was refused. I felt rather anxious about it, but was helpless.

At five o'clock that evening, just before supper was served, the woman was found dead in her cell; she had hanged herself to the window. How the truth got abroad I do not know, but when the doors were unlocked after breakfast, instead of the women passing out of their cells in the usual orderly way, they rushed out shouting excitedly at the top of their voices, "M—— has hanged herself [illegible] she was driven to it!" In vain the officers tried to pacify them or to explain the true state of things. During the excitement one of the ringleaders caught sight of me and shouted, "Mrs. Maybrick, is it true that M—— was driven to it?" The tumult was increasing and was getting beyond the control of the wardress, when the chief matron, becoming alarmed, sent up word that I might explain to the women. Accompanied by an officer, I did so, and in a few minutes the uproar had calmed down, and the women returned to their respective cells.

I have reason to believe that I always had the perfect confidence of my fellow-prisoners; they were quick to know and appreciate that I had their welfare at heart, and never countenanced any disobedience or breach of the rules.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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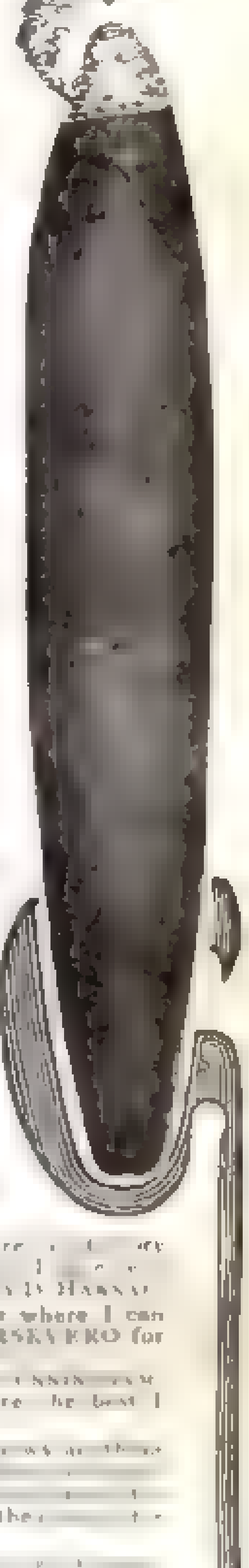

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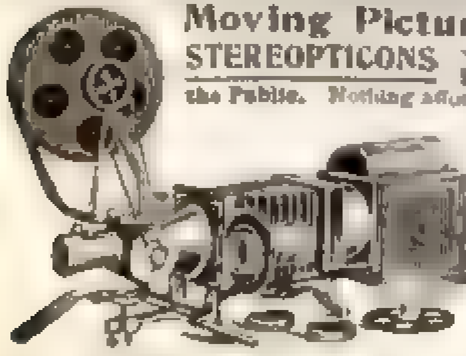

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The Bubble Santa Claus

Continued from Page 9

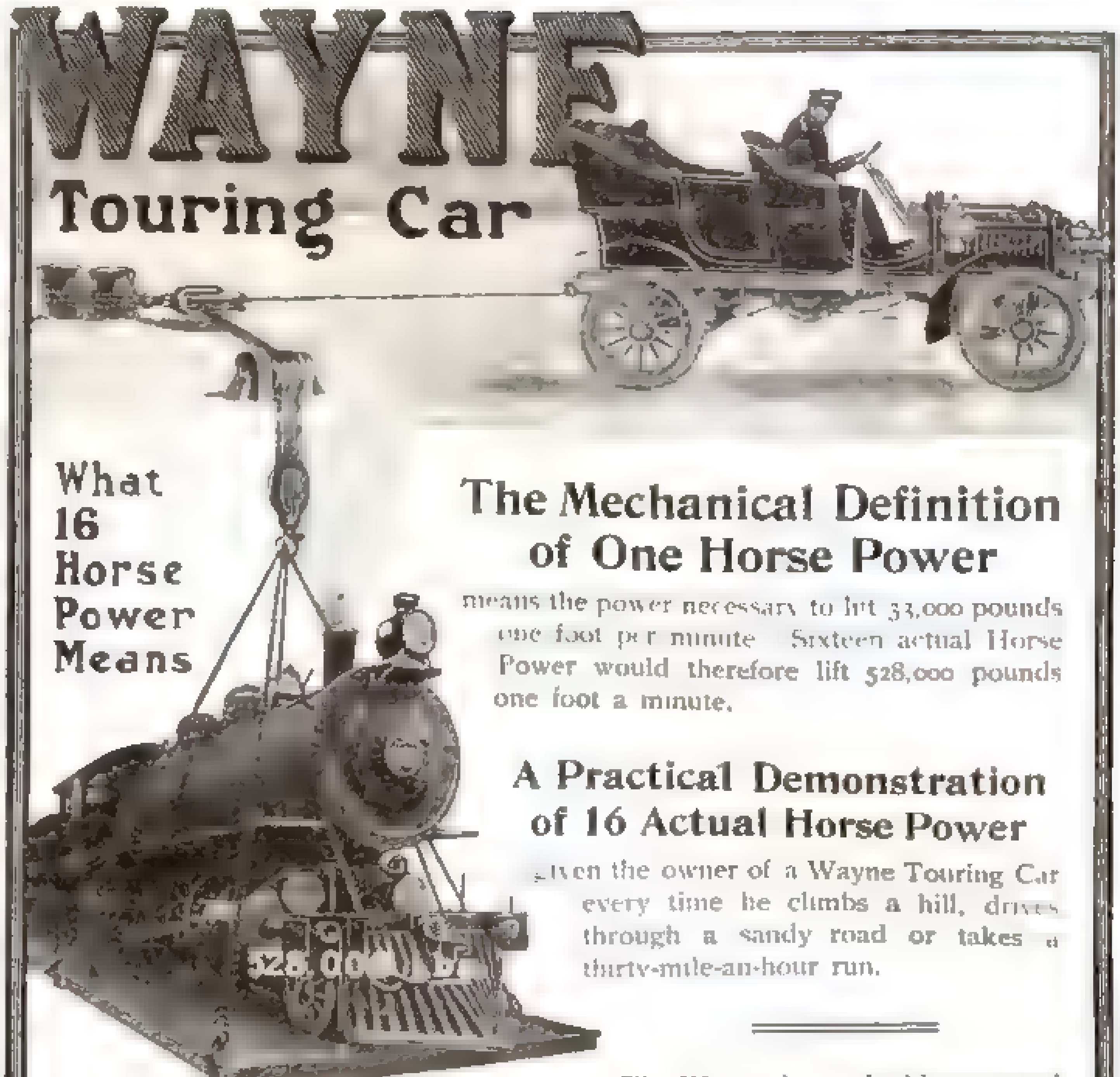
with a lantern, and found them worried, too, for Harry Johnson had taken in Mr. Pym hours before, and the night was something fierce.

Eight o'clock came. Nine o'clock. Ten. Mrs. Pym put on her splendid furs and walked up and down the front porch in a fever, her golden hair flying and lashing under her leather cap. I took another trip to Johnson's, and still there wasn't no sign of Mr. Pym. Then I suppose it kind of came over her that she was spoiling our evening, for she came in, as pale as death, to say how we was to go ahead with the Christmas tree and light up. She put her arm around Kit, who was rocking very woebegone in his little chair, and says something about the happiness of children, and how it must always be our first thought. But neither Kit nor any of us was in the humor for making merry, and he said: "No, let's wait for Mr. Pym—I wouldn't enjoy it without Mr. Pym," till the tears ran down Mrs. Pym's face. The Lord only knows how long we waited, and though I'm not a man to borrow trouble, usually, I began to get pretty well worked up, and was on the point of going back to Johnson's a third time to talk about a search party.

We were all down in the dumps, and bluer than blue, when suddenly we heard the ring of voices outside, and Mr. Pym saying: "Oh, my precious darling!" And in he tramped with his arm around his wife, with Harry Johnson behind them lugging in a hamper and an immense sort of crate done up in sacking. They had had an awful time, them two, getting spilled in a snowdrift, and having to walk miles for help, and then losing their way in the storm. Mr. Pym was in a tremenjous good humor, and he roared with laughter about his mishaps, and what Harry said to him, and what he said to Harry, like it was the best joke you ever heard. There was a turkey in the hamper, and ice cream, and lobster and dressing, and all sorts of good things, including wines, which he turns over to Molly to get out for all hands. The crate affair was stuck against the tree and Mr. Brander Pym he was eagerer than any of us to set the candles blazing, saying it was a shame to have kept Kit waiting; and telling how he had met Santa Claus, and how the old feller had handed out the crate, wanting it to be given to Kit that very night. Kit was sort of shy about opening it, with everybody looking at him, which he did with a knife from the supper-table—Mr. and Mrs. Brander Pym watching him so sweet and kind, with a sort of look that said: "Ain't it nice to make children happy!" Me and Molly was less sure about it, being terrible anxious, the pair of us, and holding our breaths as Kit cut and cut. He pulled away the sacking, and what do you suppose it was? A splendid big rocking-horse, made of real skin, with a saddle you could take off and on! For poor Kit, mind you, eighteen years old, and away up in logarithms and the higher mathematics! Kit he just give me one look over his shoulder—oh, such a look it was!—and then began to go on like he was the happiest boy in Illinois! Yes, sir, jumping on the horse and rocking like mad, and saying: "Get up, H-h-horsey!" and "My, ain't she a beauty!"; while the Pyms clapped their hands, and talked baby-talk to him, and overflowed like you would to a kid, little thinking he was almost a man, with that head on him like a college professor!

Well, Kit rocked and rocked, and the Pyms clapped and me and Molly joined in like we was delighted, too—till, of a sudden, Kit couldn't keep up the pretense a second longer, sobbing out like his little heart would burst, and running for the door and out into the night. You never saw two human beings so staggered as the Pyms. They looked at us, not knowing what to say, while I tried to carry it off with fibs about Kit being such a peculiar child and very sensitive to kindness. But none of that went with Mr. Pym, who turned to Molly and forced the truth right out of her.

When Mrs. Pym heard it she flew after Kit like a whirlwind, never minding the storm or anything, while Mr. Pym he sat down on a chair, and says: "Oh, what have I done?" If he had lost a million dollars he couldn't have been more put out about it. Of course, he had acted awful generous, and it was our fault entirely for not telling him, and the horse must have stood him in all



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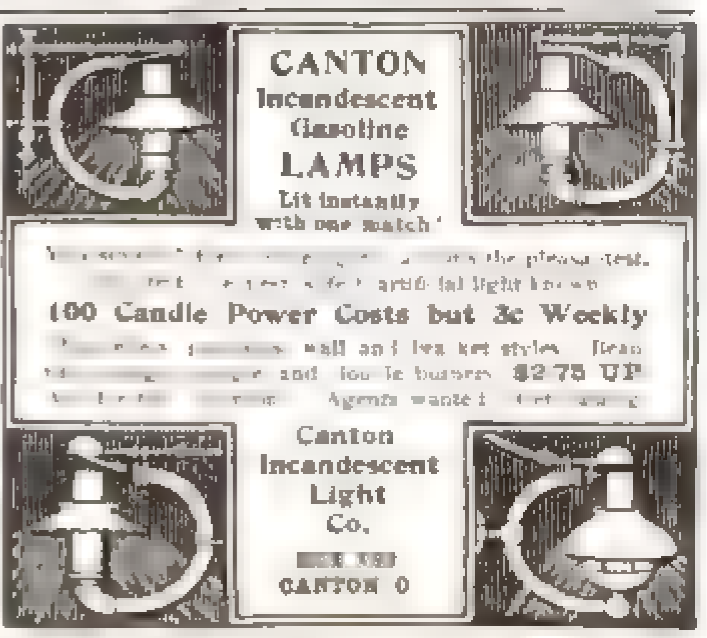

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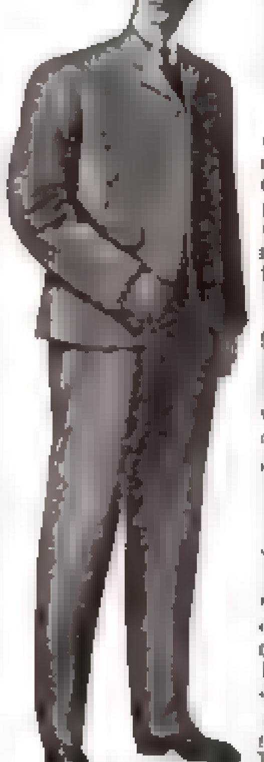

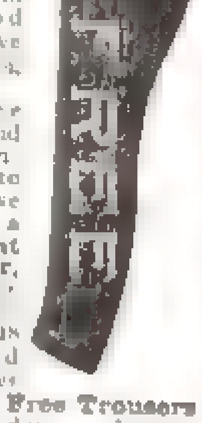

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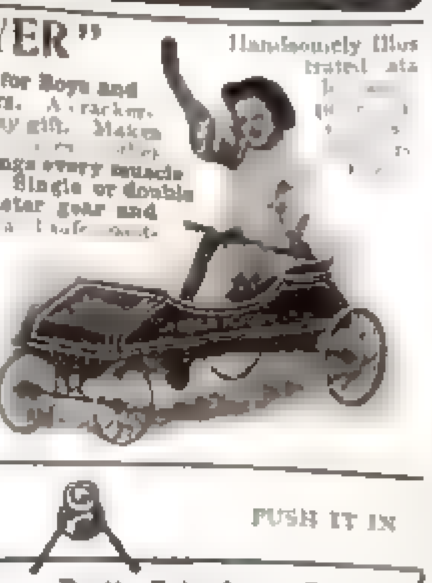

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forty dollars—but he couldn't see it that way at all. He went on about it terrible, stamping around the room and clenching his hands. Finally he goes up to the rocking-horse like he hated the sight of it, and says: "Let's hide the d——d thing." Which he and I did in one of the rooms.

Then Mrs. Pym came back leading Kit by the hand, and we all pretended not to notice his distress, bustling about getting the supper ready.

"Brander," says Mrs. Pym, "Mr. Kit and I have had a talk, and I want him to show you his books!" Mr. Pym he give her a look like he had been detected robbing his mother, and says: "I should be delighted to see them, dearest." And while Kit went into the next room to get them, she whispered and whispered into her husband's ear, me and Molly rattling the dishes and exclaiming over the turkey, so as to escape hearing what they was saying. Kit brought back a stack of books bigger nor he was, laying them on the table for Mr. Pym to look at. This he did very careful and slow, gazing at Kit as though he was more and more impressed with every one he opened. He began with a German book, asking Kit to translate a piece of it, which Kit did triumphant, though his voice trembled. Then he tried a French book, and Kit again knocked him silly. Then he opened one of the electrical textbooks, and asked Kit some questions, saying under his breath: "Great Scott, the boy's a wonder!"

Kit was very pale, like his whole life depended on it, and the way he rattled off answers, and explained diagrams with his forefinger, was a caution.

Then, with it all over, Mr. Brander Pym he laid his elbows on the table, and looked down at Kit with his strong, keen, handsome face.

"Mr. Kit," he says, "what is it you'd like most in the world?"

Kit got whiter than [illegible] and mumbled out something about th[illegible] best literatoor [illegible] ten vollums.

"Tosh!" says Mr. Brander Pym. "A man of your intellect, Mr. Kit, sets his hopes higher than that!"

Again Kit thought a long while.

"Don't be afraid to say it, Kit," says Mrs. Brander Pym, in that honey-sweet voice of hers.

Kit blurted out "A piano for Molly."

"Try again," says Mr. Pym, almost cross. "A young man who's accomplished what you have, and against such tremendous odds, tells himself of bigger prizes in life than a mere piano!"

"If only I could go to college——" says Kit, shivering on the word like he was terrified at his own presumption.

Mr. Brander Pym brought down his fist on the table till the glasses rang.

"That was what I was waiting for," he burst out, like it was the best news he ever heard. "And Mr. Kit, you shall go to college—any one of them you like to choose—and I'm proud to be the means of sending you there!"

Poor Kit didn't know how to answer, and perhaps he couldn't. He simply sat and looked in front of him like he saw the college doors opening, and one big tear rolled down his cheek.

"And you, friend Dan," says Mr. Brander Pym, looking at me with those splendid flashing eyes of his, "you shall build the Santa Maria for me, and I shall pay you $500 for her, the half of it in advance! And when she's off the stocks I want the Mayflower, too, at the same price!"

I was as much knocked out as Kit, and couldn't say "thank you" or anything.

"And you, my dear, sweet Molly," says Mrs. Brander Pym, "so loving, so gay, so tender and kind, you are going to keep this as a pledge of the prettiest little rosewood piano you ever saw!" And off she pulls her superb diamond locket and clicks it on Molly's neck. "And when you're playing it," says she, very soft, "perhaps you'll remember the friends you've taught to love you."

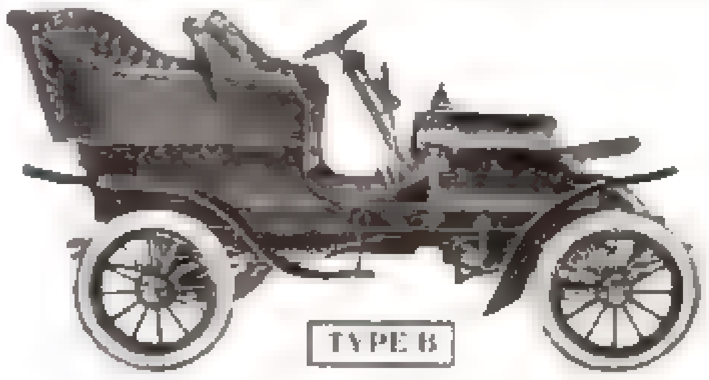
And there we was, all three of us struck dumb, not being able to do nothing but pinch ourselves to see if it was true—when we began to hear the cannons booming above the gale, and the church bells ringing, and the whistles whistling—very faint but plain—in Halstead, seven miles away.

Mr. Pym he draws out his magnificent watch and lays it on the table.

"Midnight!" says he, and then he rises and goes over to his wife, and kisses her before us all.

"God bless you, my heart's love," he says, and then turning to us he adds: "Merry Christmas, everybody!"

The Franklin for 1905



The 1904 Franklin Light Car, with or without tonneau, was the marvel of the year. No other car had so great a proportion of power to weight; no other car of its class established such records for hill-climbing or races; and, as is well known, the

Franklin Light Car of 1904

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The Franklin Cars for 1905 are still more powerful in proportion to weight. We have not added an ounce to the engine, but we have discovered how to get two horse-power more out of the same engine than we did last year.

Besides this, we have added two more cars of higher power—20 horse-power and 30 horse-power. We have also taken a hundred pounds from the weight of the Franklin Light Car, and made it a model by itself—by far the speediest and finest light car ever built.

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Type B—**Light Tonneau** four-passenger Car, $1650

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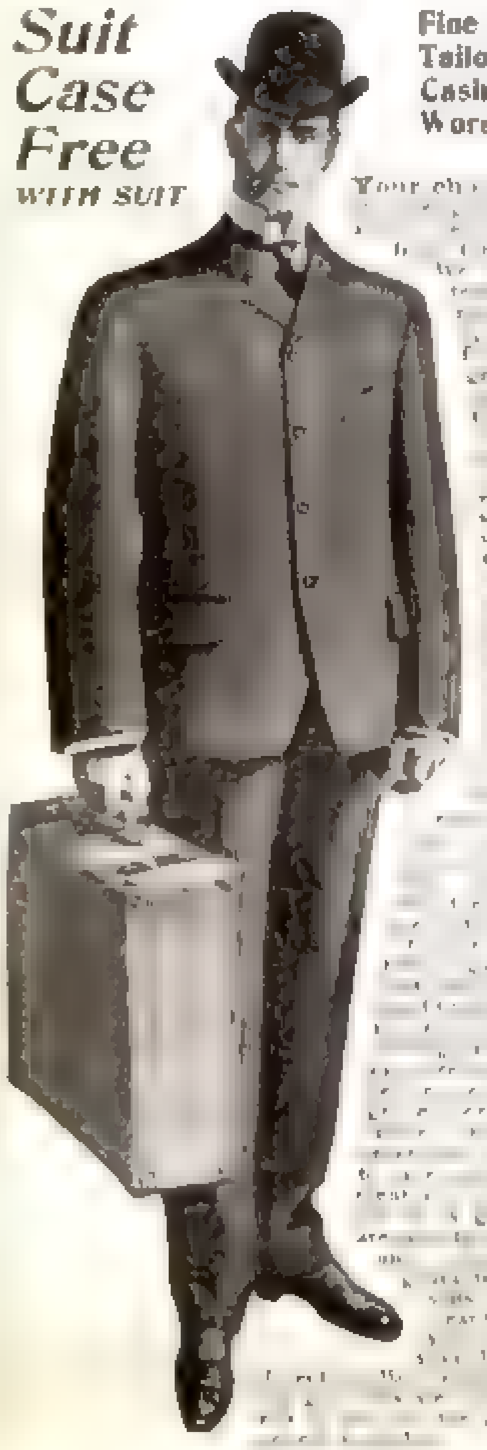

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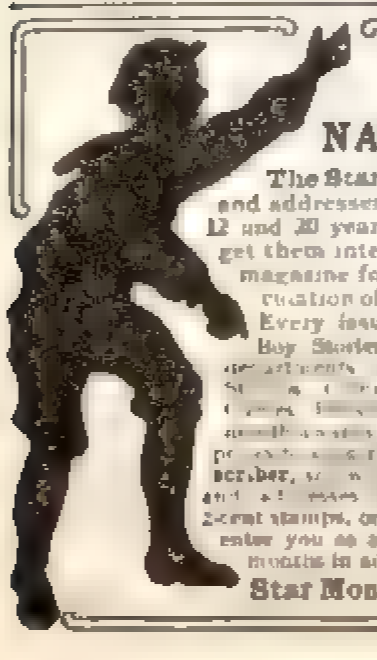

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Star Monthly, Oak Park, Ills.

Shipwrecked Without a Chaperon

(Continued from Page 13)

occasional picturesque slang. Mr. Vanderman's polish and breeding did not need the glitter of knowledge to enhance his attractiveness. Williams, however, did not use what he knew to bore her but to entertain. After that night she always hurried out as soon as Williams came on his first watch. She did not want him to sing, and she seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the change of "guards." Perhaps she watched.

The log bungalow was nearly completed by the end of the week, and even Mr. Vanderman was delighted with it. It was about twelve feet wide inside, and about thirty feet long. The living-room, with a great, wide fireplace in the rear wall, was in the centre, while a small room had been partitioned off at each end, one for Miss Rawlins and one for the men. Each one of them had been provided with a stoutly framed bed, corded with grapevine, and rude but convenient furniture was under way. The broad porch, running across the entire front of the house, facing the sea, was enough to make any one grow enthusiastic.

The rafters were up and logs were being carefully split for clapboards when Williams suddenly grew grave. He saw an end to the moonlight tête-à-têtes. The night before they were to move in he could scarcely wait for Miss Rawlins to appear.

"I guess we have all given up hope, now, of ever escaping from this place," he said as he shook hands with her, the latter being a nightly custom now when they met.

"It looks doubtful," she admitted. The mere fact of preparing such permanent quarters had made them all feel more definitely located.

"I don't care much," he continued. "In fact I don't think I care at all. There are happinesses to which I might attain here that could never come to me back in your world."

She gently disengaged the hand which he was still holding.

"Marriage is a curious convention," he said with an abrupt change of subject—so abrupt that it startled her. "In these modern times it is merely a civil contract sanctioned by government—a wise regulation, but possible in any place where there are three or more persons. Now, suppose there were three people on an island like this, and two of them wished to marry. All that the colony would have to do would be to organize a government, elect a chief executive with power to execute or sanction all civil contracts, and there you are, able to conduct an entirely formal, proper, legal and binding marriage that would be recognized in any civilized country in the world."

Miss Rawlins changed the subject as abruptly as he had done, but she retired in a very thoughtful frame of mind that night, and she was still more thoughtful when she faced the unchanging sea the next morning. It was always there, that sea, unbroken by any hint of sail or smoke, and seeming, every morning, more emphatically to assert that its merciless expanse would never be disturbed by plowing keel nor shadowed by bulging canvas.

"Poor Van, poor Van," she sighed.

The next day they moved into the bungalow. It was so much more like living that Mr. Vanderman, who had been preserving his suavity with an effort, brightened up immediately and made shift at a shave with a pocket knife. In spite of all his efforts to maintain his ascendency over Williams, even ostensibly, he had fallen into third place among them, and he chafed under it continually, though secretly. He stuck to his work, though, like a soldier, and Williams was forced to admire the man.

All their meals were eaten on the porch, and they were at the noon luncheon the next day when Mr. Vanderman looked out over the sea and sighed.

"Always the same," he said. "What a terrible prospect it is to think of growing gray and dying in this lonely spot, lost forever to the world."

"The prospect is not so terrible to me," promptly interposed Williams. "I am happier here than I have ever been before in my life."

Miss Rawlins flushed.

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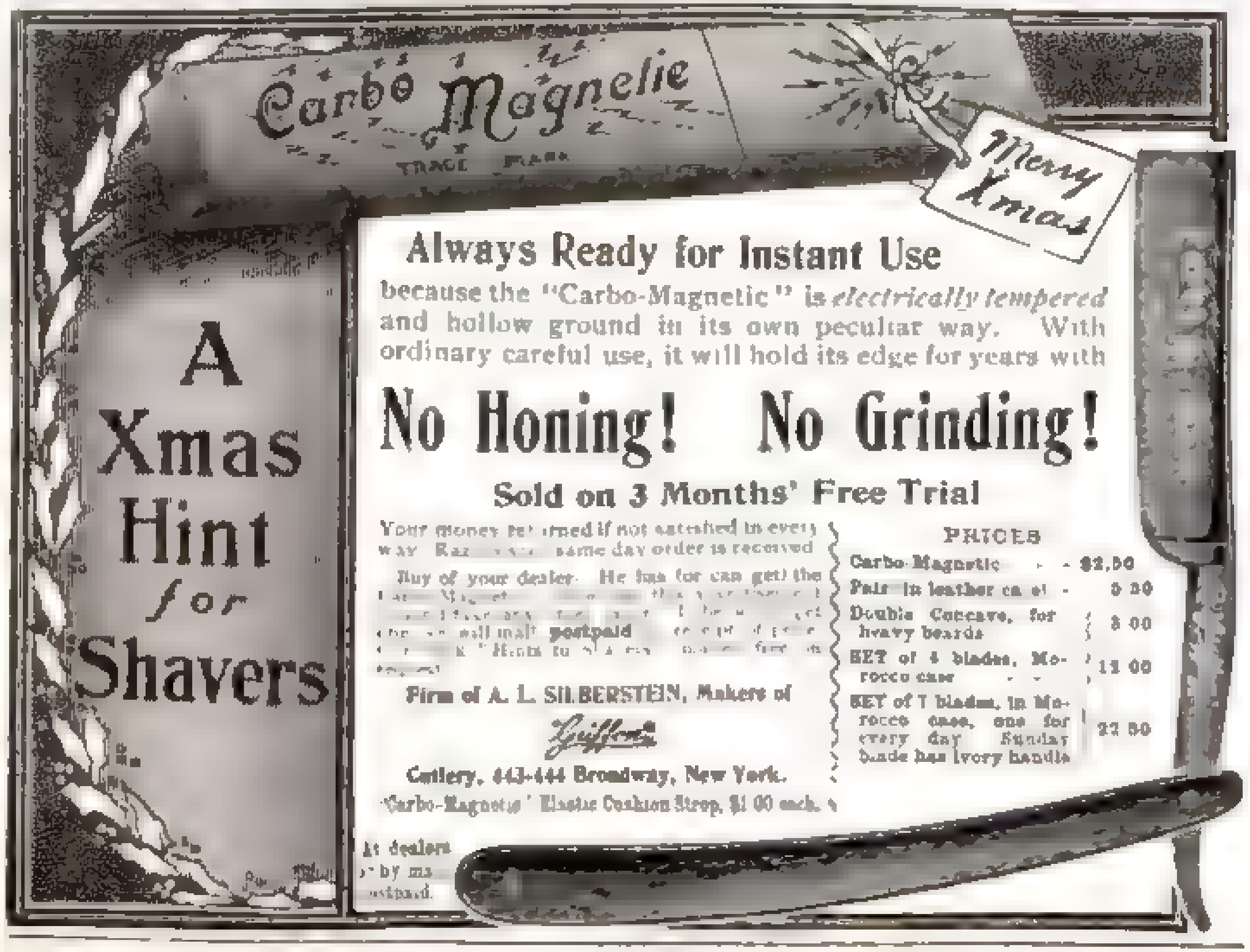

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FANCY goods bring fancy prices. Game is growing scarcer every year, and in many States cannot be marketed. Squabs [illegible] may be marketed anywhere the year [illegible] market is never overdone nor over-supplied. [illegible] is the demand that we have had commission men come from New York to contract for our supply. [illegible] bill of fare of first class city hotels and restaurants and you will see squabs "featured" as a specialty.
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"You and Miss Rawlins are situated alike in one respect, if I remember rightly," rejoined Mr. Vanderman. "You are both orphans and have no immediate family to regret. I have, but there is more than that which I miss. I long for the contact with organized society, law, government, even commerce, the thousand and one things that go to make up the activity of the world."

"We ought to have a government of our own," returned Williams, seizing his opportunity. "I propose that we organize one at once and hereby assume the chairmanship of this convention. Nominations for the Governorship of Rawlins Island are now in order."

He looked intently at Miss Rawlins, and she crimsoned to the roots of her hair, then the tint slowly died out of her face, leaving it colorless. Williams watched breathlessly to see what she would do. It was a decisive moment. The outcome of it might be a struggle to the death between the two men, but she knew this struggle could not be long delayed in any event. She felt Williams' compelling gaze upon her, but——

Mr. Vanderman was looking out over the sea, as was his habit almost continually when at rest, and he was smiling at the idea Williams had just suggested. He had no suspicion of the dramatic undercurrent of the thing, suspicion not being possible to his nature, and he suddenly solved the dilemma in an unexpected manner.

"I have the honor to propose Mr. Arthur Vanderman," he said, rising, making a mock bow and resuming his seat.

"I second that motion," said Miss Rawlins with forced calmness. She suddenly raised her head and flashed at Williams a look which thrilled him through and through! She had never looked at him exactly like that. He was elated, intoxicated with it.

Mr. Vanderman, entering now into what he thought was the spirit of the thing, next moved that the nominations be closed. This motion having been disposed of, he then gave a very clever mock eulogy of the distinguished gentleman who sought their suffrages, and was rewarded with vociferous applause. With due parliamentary observance he was then unanimously, almost hysterically, elected. Miss Rawlins was already appalled, ashamed and remorseful for her part in the farce; but her die was cast and she steeled herself to abide by the outcome.

Mr. Arthur Vanderman, Governor of Rawlins Island, rose slowly to his feet, assumed his most dignified attitude, and thrust his right hand into the breast of his shirt in true Daniel Webster statue style.

"Lady and Gentleman," he began, "I desire to extend my heartfelt thanks for this most unexpected and unsought honor. I—Look! for God's sake, look!"

For once startled out of the self-repression that had been a polite mask to his emotions throughout life, he stood pointing out to sea, his eyes staring and his hand trembling.

On the instant Williams and Miss Rawlins turned. There, rounding the point of the reef and quite near, was a steamer, headed directly for their little harbor, and at that moment it whistled and the bells could be plainly heard clanging for a landing.

"Miss Rawlins," said the calm, even voice of Mr. Vanderman, "kindly put on your traveling dress at once. Williams, you will pack only what you can get into the two suit-cases. I shall not change until I go aboard. This hunting-suit is quite respectable and appropriate under the circumstances."

Mr. Vanderman was himself again, cool, collected, polished: master of the situation.

"Here is where I most regret the absence of a chaperon," he mused as he tranquilly waited in the front doorway for Miss Rawlins to dress and join him. "We shall have to get married at the first port, and even then I presume there will be some disagreeable curiosity expressed when we return home. I shall discharge Williams at the first port, too, with a year's pay and a high recommendation. He is a good man."

The steamer was the Oceanica, on its regular trip from Sydney to Panama, and it had stopped here at familiar Gull Island, known to be uninhabitable by reason of the six months' season of rain and the three months' succeeding period of deadly miasma, in answer to the flag of distress.

When a boat drew up to the beach to bring off the castaways Miss Rawlins had her hand within the crook of Mr. Vanderman's arm, and Williams stood respectfully behind them with a dress-suit case in each hand.

(THE END)

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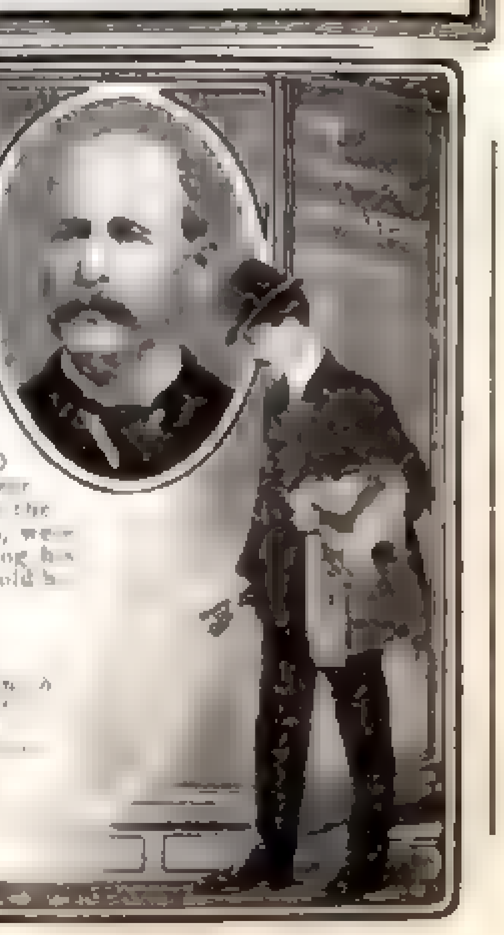

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The Building and Loan Association

Its Usefulness as a Means of Saving Small Sums and as a Home-Builder

BY GEORGE LORD

BY ITS system of periodical payments the building and loan association, devised and organized for the sole purpose of mutual help, is peculiarly adapted to the wage-earner who, usually unskilled in matters of finance, seeks a safe and convenient means whereby he can by systematic effort save a portion of his weekly or monthly earnings, to be applied either in the purchase of a home or the creation of a surplus from which to draw in time of need. To such the building and loan association should and does strongly appeal. Its principal distinguishing features are a system of small periodical payments, a proportionate share in the net earnings, there being no preferred shareholders, and the right of withdrawal. This latter privilege of going direct to the corporation and withdrawing his investment, instead of being obliged to place it on the market, absolutely prevents manipulation leading to a decrease in the value of his stock, so that his actual investment, together with a reasonable rate of interest thereon, is always subject to his command, except when an extraordinary condition prevails, in which case his investment is given a protection

Such a thing as a run on the funds of a building and loan association is of remote possibility, for the reason that in nearly all the States the law governing its operations gives the directors of the corporation discretionary power to restrict the amount applicable to the payment of withdrawing members to a certain proportion, usually one-half, of its monthly receipts: each member to receive his money, upon statutory notification, in the order in which applications for withdrawal are received. It will be seen, therefore, that in case of a general financial stringency the association is not compelled to place its securities on the market at ruinous prices in order to meet the demands of its depositors or members, as is apt to be the case with other financial institutions

The stability of the building and loan system was clearly proven during the years of depression following the panic of 1893, when so many financial concerns were obliged to suspend payment temporarily, and when the strings of credit were tied so tight as to result in thousands of failures. It is a significant fact that in those years there were comparatively few building and loan failures recorded, thus demonstrating that the building and loan association is better able to stand a severe test of business and financial depression than any other form of corporate enterprise. It is true that rascals have occasionally crept into the building and loan business, as they have crept into other classes of business, and, through their manipulation and dishonest management, failures have followed, resulting in losses of a serious and pathetic nature. On the whole, however, it is an undeniable fact that the per cent. of building and loan failures and losses resulting therefrom has been infinitesimally small.

The building and loan association practically stands alone. I venture the assertion that, through its direct influence, more homes have been acquired by our citizens during the last twenty years than have been acquired through the influence of all other corporate enterprise combined. It is a safe estimate that, during the period named, not less than 500,000 homes have been furnished the industrial class of our country as a result of the beneficent workings of this coöperative effort. It is because of the great good accomplished in this direction that both our National and State Governments have most wisely fostered and encouraged the building and loan association by the enactment of laws conferring upon it special privileges not enjoyed by the ordinary corporation

In view of the advantages which the building and loan association offers as a means of saving, and the splendid results it has produced for its members, it seems singular that frequently some one openly warns the investing public that it is an undesirable depository for savings. As a general rule, however, these critics either are prejudiced in judgment or are utterly ignorant of the actual results

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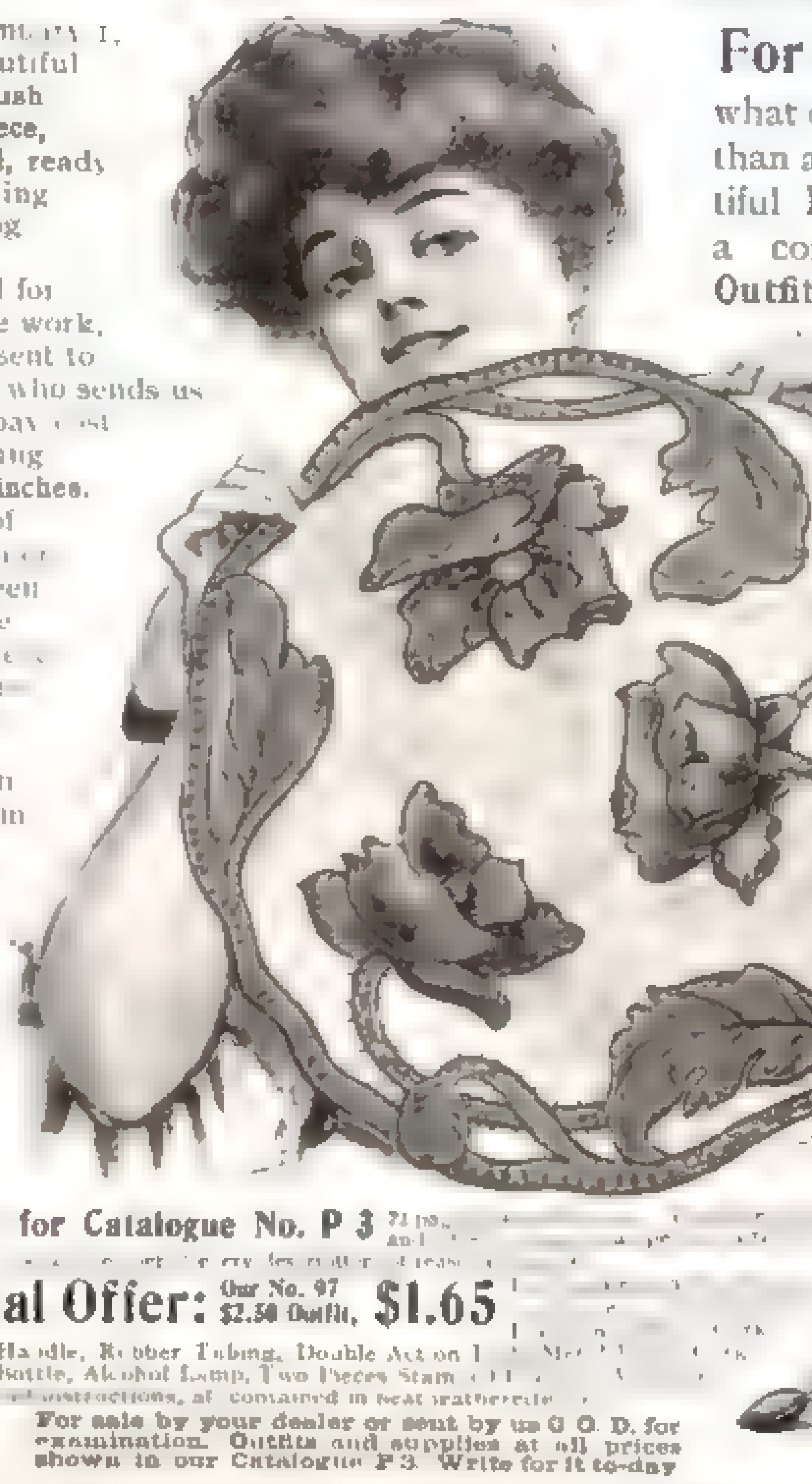

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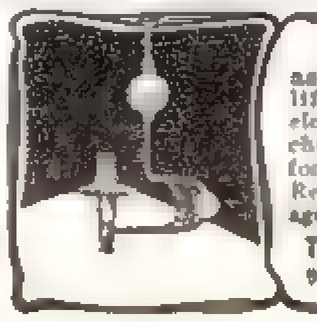

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attained. An article relative to investments recently appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, contributed by a gentleman standing high in financial circles, in which he advised the people to keep out of the building and loan associations. Naturally it aroused the friends of the system to its defense. From my correspondence with the writer of the article I am convinced that there was no willful intent on his part to do injury to the building and loan movement, and in justice to him I submit his letter to me in full:

> CHICAGO, ——, 1904.
>
> *Dear Sir:* I am in receipt of your letter of recent date. My article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was made from a more extended lecture on Investments, in which I confined my criticism of building and loan associations distinctly to my own experience of them in the West, stating at the same time that they had apparently been successful in the older portions of the country. I regret that this restriction was not put in the article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, as I should not like any remarks of mine to disturb the confidence which the owners of stock in these companies in some Eastern cities, such as Philadelphia, seem to have good reason for possessing.
>
> I am glad that you gave me credit for being conscientious in my statement, and absolve me from the idea of trying to help banks at the expense of the building and loan associations, which you will believe never entered my mind. I know of several failures in other cities in the West where I have lived, but I admit that my criticism was based chiefly upon the following facts:
>
> When I was vice-president of the Union National Bank of this city, the president, an able business man, was a director in the Pacific Building and Loan Association of Chicago. He was so sure of its stock as an investment that he turned much of his own money, as well as trust funds, into it, and advised many of his clerks and others to do so. One day it failed, and he not only stood his own loss, but promptly paid the loss in the trust funds and the loss of all of his clerks and others who had followed his advice in taking stock.
>
> At this time I called the attention of a friend of mine (who is an excellent accountant, and who had been placing his savings largely in the Mechanics' and Traders' Building and Loan Association) to the above failure, and asked him if he had not better withdraw from the association in which he was interested. He answered me with an indulgent smile, and the statement that he himself was the annual auditor of the Mechanics' and Traders', and that he, therefore, knew what he was about. Within a few months, however, his association was also in the hands of the receiver, and he lost most of his savings of years by the failure.
>
> It is quite possible that my knowledge of these failures may have overprejudiced me against such concerns, and I think probably that there must be some essential difference in the methods and laws governing these associations in this State and the States where they have been successful. At any rate, I am free to admit that I have not examined the systems in vogue in the States where they have been successful, nor am I familiar with the laws governing them. I regret, therefore, that my remarks were not confined to my own experience, and I am quite willing to believe that the building and loan associations in States where they have the appearance of being successful are as sound as they seem to be.
>
> You may publish this letter if you wish, provided you publish it all.
>
> Yours very truly,
> DAVID R. FORGAN.

In spite of adverse criticism, these associations have, during the last twenty years, grown to enormous proportions, thus demonstrating their popularity as a means of saving. During the period named they have grown from an insignificant number until to-day there are over 5000 of them in active operation, having aggregate assets of nearly $600,000,000, which represent the savings of over a million and a half thrifty working men and women.

After many years' experience in a supervisory capacity, and a careful study of the building and loan system, I do not hesitate to say advisedly that no financial institution ever devised offers a safer and, consistent with safety, more remunerative means of saving than the building and loan association. None have done more to encourage savings and teach habits of economy among the great mass of toilers, and none furnishes a more convenient method by which the workingman may become the owner of house and home privileges. It has very fittingly been designated "The People's Bank."

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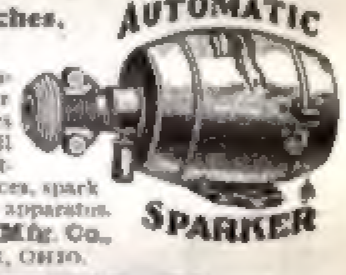

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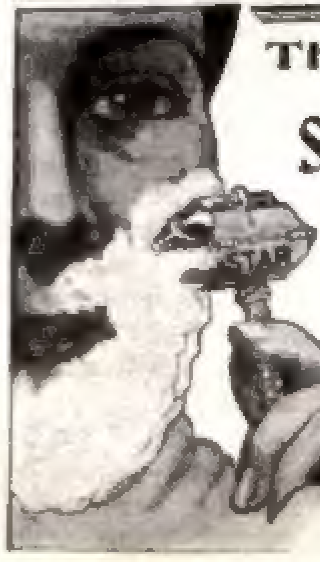

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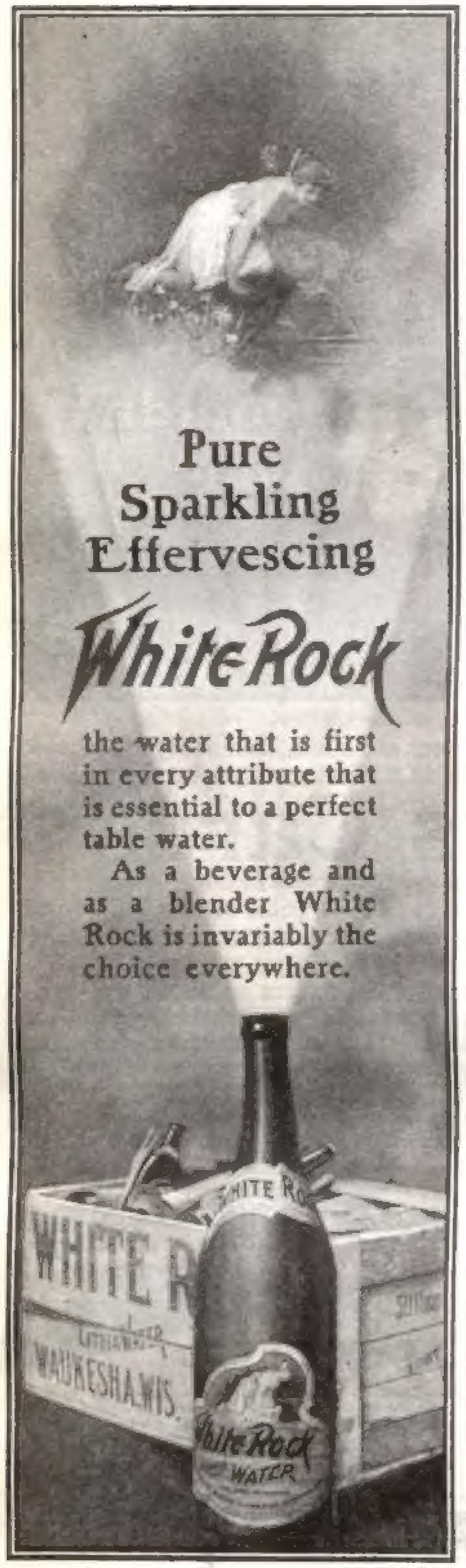

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Jean de Reszke's New Rôle—By William Armstrong

WHEN the news first spread that M. Jean de Reszke, the great Polish tenor, would take pupils, the clang of the bell at his new graystone palace in the Rue de la Faissanderie, in Paris, kept the concierge busy. He has been busy, with slight intermission, ever since.

The absolute art of M. de Reszke has placed him on a pedestal alone among tenors, whose throats as a rule are the substitute that Nature has more or less kindly granted for brains. In his younger days a barytone, it was through hard work and intelligence that he emerged, after several years of retirement, to gain first place among operatic tenors. The mastery of his method is known to every musical tyro. So, when the announcement came that he would teach, the daily procession to his doorway in Paris brought pupils of all nationalities. The majority of these, as might be expected, were Americans, for the American with a sense of the practical knows that a name with a magical value as a singer will have as a teacher a magical value to the student.

M. de Reszke commands the highest price ever given for lessons in singing, $120 an hour, forty dollars apiece for each of the three pupils taken in class for that time. To M. de Reszke himself, who received $800 an hour in opera, the sum is comparatively a small one. But he works over his lessons as he never had to work on the stage, which should be a proof of his love of it.

He is now seated at his piano from half-past one in the afternoon till half-past seven in the evening. With his pupils about him he plays opera after opera without notes, singing the text in French, German and English, and teaching the diction and dramatic action that goes with it, two branches generally given over to separate instructors. But M. de Reszke believes in doing everything himself, in order to get just the results he is aiming at.

On the stage, in a performance lasting three hours, he was actually engaged for only part of the time. There were rests in the wings and in the dressing-room between, for every composer considers the tenor when he is writing an opera. In his work as a teacher there are, on the other hand, six hours of constant activity.

M. de Reszke's music-room in his home is part of a suite of three salons, of which it is the largest. Two portraits of the singer, one a figure in bronze and the other a work in pastels, both representing him as Siegfried, are near the grand piano, placed at one end of the long apartment. The lofty ceiling and walls are done in white paneling and arabesques. There is just enough furniture about the parquet floor to make the place look what it actually is, a workroom.

A wide hall back of the music-room leads to a little theatre with stage, dressing-rooms, scene-settings and the modern appliances of electric lighting. The walls are delicately frescoed, and the seats upholstered in tapestry. The incline toward the stage is steep, giving a clear view of it from every point. It is this part of the house above all others in which M. de Reszke seems to feel the greatest pride, and, when I called on him recently, he tramped up and down stairs behind the scenes with me, showing the cleverness of the arrangement of dressing-rooms and the working of the lighting.

It used to be that M. de Reszke never talked very long before he began to tell of his horses and the Russian grand prizes they had won. But that morning when I saw him they were not even mentioned. After the theatre had been inspected the theme was the study of singing and his plan of training voices.

"It is no new thing with me, this desire to teach," he said, "for I have had it in mind for years. Just before my reappearance the last season that I sang in America I spoke to you of it. Now I have put my project into practice. There was much here in Paris that turned me to it. I was sorry to see the art of singing going down, and I want to bring it to a better standing. You hear some very bad singing at the Grand Opera. The Comique has M. Gaillhard as head, where more regard is paid to such matters.

"Studying with me now are French, Austrians, Roumanians, Italians—one of that nationality has a beautiful soprano—Russians—a fine tenor among them soon ready to come out; but the majority are Americans. And the Americans have the most beautiful voices in the world, with fewer men singers than women.

"What is the chief trouble with the voices that come to me? Lack of relaxation. They all sing at first as if they were strung up with wire. My method of correcting this unnatural tension, when the voice is really held back in a vise instead of given the flow of natural freedom, is deep breathing.

"I would rather teach pupils from the start than those who have studied before. There is much to learn as it is, yet it is easier to learn it when there are no fixed faults to get rid of. But the languages, French, German and Italian, especially Italian, are a necessary preliminary in the equipment of a singer.

"What have I to say of the study of diction? This—that I am the enemy of the speaking pronunciation in singing. The laws of acoustics cause a different phonetic sound in speaking and in singing; for that reason the singing diction must be different from the spoken one. So why waste time on this branch as it is generally followed, and in a way that is a drawback instead of a help when we come really to apply it?

"As to the study of gestures by opera singers, I myself believe in few but noble ones, for they have a broader and more impressive effect, particularly in the great modern opera house, where the smaller things in acting are lost by the audience.

"I am happy with my pupils about me for six hours a day, and we get very enthusiastic. My plan of teaching is to divide the pupils into classes of three; they have then the advantage of listening to the corrections and information given to others. As they advance, they take part in presentations in my theatre.

"Do I miss my old life, and shall I take it up again in America? I enjoy teaching thoroughly, but I am going back to America, just once more, I hope, to say good-by. Not coming in concert, however. I have never in my life been a concert-singer, so why should I begin now?"

But it will probably take some strong arguments to get the tenor back to the stage, for he seems completely absorbed in his teaching and in his home life. He has probably the largest fortune ever accumulated by a singer. In Poland, where his principal estates are, he can drive for four miles from the station to his country house over his own land. To those who have known M. de Reszke only from the off-side of the footlights his present régime will seem a strange contrast. People who have identified him completely with the romantic rôles he has sung would find an enthusiastic teacher and a man completely happy in his own home, as only a man long deprived of it by a public career knows how to be. His household is composed of his little son and Mme. de Reszke, French by birth, and of charming personality and distinction.

To hear him talk presently of the education of his young son and his paternal duties would have softened doubting Thomases into biased musical enthusiasts who provide a pair of wings for every tenor.

"Is it difficult for young American singers to get a hearing?" he repeated, coming back to the main theme. "Not at all. Every day I have letters from managers asking me whether I have some one ready to appear. But I have regretted in some cases that pupils have had to accept engagements before they were ready to come before the public. In one instance a young girl had to stop for lack of funds to keep her in Paris, and took an engagement when, with three months more of study, she would have made a great singer. I said to her: 'If only you had been born an American it would have been well with you.' As it was she had to sign a several years' contract, and when that is ended it will be too late to hope for results that three months' study at the right time would have brought her.

"No people are generous and liberal like the Americans. A number of American pupils are sent me by their wealthy compatriots, who gladly give them the opportunity to develop their talent. Here, on the Continent, such a thing is unknown. To art the Americans are the most generous people in the world."

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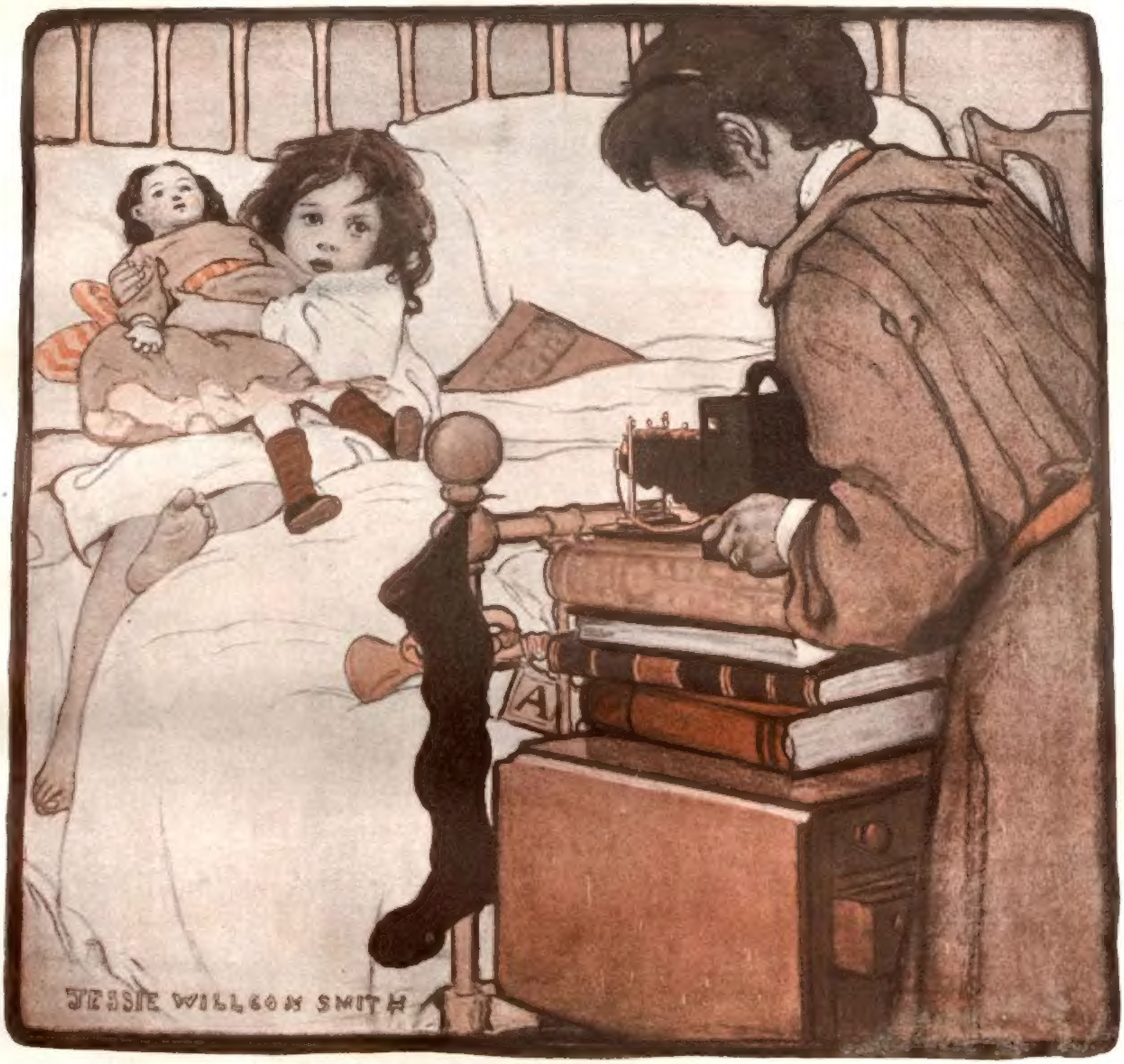

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